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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1900.

PICTURESQUE SPAIN.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

A BIT FROM A BALCONY, MADRID.

It is marvellous, considering the part which Spain has played in the history of the world, that so little is known of it by the people of other lands. The Pyrenees have as effectually separated it from the rest of Europe as if it belonged to another continent. Though a land of adventure and romance, full of historic and poetic and legendary associations, until recently it was a kind of "terra-incognita"—a mysterious realm untravelled by the crowd, and seldom trodden even by the all-wandering foot of the all-pervading Briton.

This, no doubt, was in part explained, so far as Englishmen are concerned, by the remark made by one of themselves, over fifty years ago: "The beefsteak and the tea-kettle which infallibly mark the progress of John Bull, and have been introduced even into Greece and the Holy Land, are yet unknown in the ventas and pasados of the peninsula." This state of things is, however, gradually passing away.

"Africa begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds, and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. The hedges of cactus and prickly pears, narrow streets, and flat-roofed, windowless Moorish houses, heighten the illusion. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

The claim of this country to a

* The admirable engravings which accompany this article are reproduced from the drawings of that accomplished Canadian artist, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A. They are the result of a recent art tour of Mr. and Mrs. Reid through Spain.

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pretty high antiquity rests upon historical evidence too strong to require the questionable support of either myth or fable. It was well known to the Phoenicians at least a thousand years before the Christian era. And the Basque language seems to connect that remnant of the ancient Iberian race with a still more remote antiquity. It is said to have no words for cutting instruments which have not their roots from words signifying stone or rock, all words implying the use of metals being borrowed from other and more modern lan-

SPANISH GIPSY.

guages. This fact would seem to identify the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula with pre-historic times.

As Spain is a sort of connecting link between two continents, so it is between the distant past and the present. What the camel caravan is to the desert, the mule-train—one of the links which connect the present with the distant past—is to the mountain passes of Spain. These same passes are also the scene of the exploits of the adventurous Spanish smugglers. Where hardly a human foot dare pass these bold outlaws will convey the contraband tobacco and cognac dear to the Spanish taste.

Spain has probably been more frequently conquered and overrun with strangers than any other country of Europe. And each of these people who have successively gained a foothold in it, and ruled it for any length of time, has left in some form its mark upon it. It is this which gives it one of its chief charms for the intelligent and thoughtful traveller. It abounds with the relics of the past. These exist not only in the products of ancient art but in the characteristics, habits and customs, and even in some instances in the very dress of the people. Time has not, as we have seen, completely obliterated all traces even of the ancient Iberians. The successive colonies planted there by the Egyptians, Phoenicians, and Greeks have all left behind them some memorials of their occupation.

The Romans, in addition to the monuments which they reared in the shape of substantial and enduring public works, have given Spain its magnificent language. The Arabs and the Moors of Barbary are the last great race that has occupied Spain; and though these people were ruthlessly banished or burned by the Inquisition, they have almost everywhere left their mark behind them. The towns and villages, especially in the southern part of the country, retain much of their Moorish character. And in numberless details of dress and daily life the same influence may be traced. The mantilla, for instance, which forms the head-dress of almost every woman in Spain is simply a relic of the veil worn by the wives and daughters of the Moslem.

In traversing the defiles of the Lower Pyrenees, one forgets the petty annoyances of travel in the

A SPANISH MULETEER.

recollection of the thrilling historic associations of the locality. Over this region for more than a thousand years the tide of battle has flowed. Victorious or defeated armies—Gallic, Roman, Goth, Moor, Spanish, French, British—have poured through these narrow valleys, or done desperate battle among these rugged hills. Here, as we learn from the romantic and legendary chronicles of the Middle Ages—

> "Charlemain and all his peerage fell
> In Fontarabia."

And here, after the lapse of ten centuries, the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle on the soil of Spain.

Among the foothills of the Pyrenees the traveller is constantly reminded of the lower slopes and spurs of the Jura. The scenery, often rich, is always picturesque. But as we proceed southward the scene changes, and we find ourselves passing through a region as barren and desolate as can be well conceived. Far as the eye can reach it is a wilderness of stone—stones, stones, nothing but stones—of all forms and sizes. Sometimes these are piled together like the ruins of Titanic fortresses, sometimes scattered over the surface of the earth; sometimes perfectly bare, and sometimes with a thin and partial covering of vegetation. With rare intervals of comparative fertility, this stony desert continues till far past Avila, and nearly to Madrid. From Tolosa to Vittoria, a distance of about fifty miles, there are scarcely fifty houses.

Of course the towns along the route are few, but every one of them has a history which invests it with more or less romantic and thrilling interest. Vittoria is immortalized by the battle of June 21st, 1813, by which Wellington cleared the French out of Spain. Burgos, which is reached some hours after leaving Vittoria, is a city of much greater interest in every way. Its cathedral is one of the finest not only in Spain, but in Europe. From the hill overlooking the town it forms a magnificent pile of massive towers surmounted by light, airy tracery in which the solid stone has been wrought into

the finest lace-work. On entering it one is literally dazzled by the elaborate richness of the gilded carvings; the whole interior may be said to present one uninterrupted mass of florid decoration of the most faultless design.

But the poverty and wretchedness of the city of Burgos is in striking and painful contrast with the magnificence of this miracle of architectural beauty and perfection. Under the very shadow of these massive and stately towers there are hundreds of starving hidalgos.

A SPANIARD OF RONDA.

All the approaches to the cathedral are crowded with beggars. Indeed, this city—dull, dirty, and dilapidated, with its swarms of beggars—is a perfect type of Spanish poverty and retrogression, and, without trade or manufactures of any kind, there seems to be no hope of its becoming more prosperous.

Yet this dull and stagnant city was once the centre of the national life of Spain. This inhospitable region, with its mountain fastnesses and strongholds, proved the birthplace and cradle of the Spanish monarchy. The people of the same region which held at bay, nearly a thousand years before, the legions of Imperial Rome, defied all the attacks of the impetuous Moslem.

A journey of seventy or eighty miles from Burgos brings us to Valladolid, one of the most ancient capitals of Spain. In it is still standing the house in which Christopher Columbus died. Here too are the houses in which Cervantes and Calderon lived.

Here was the scene of the first "auto-da-fe" of the Protestants in Spain. Here the weak and superstitious tyrant, Philip II., from the balcony witnessed the dying agonies of men "of whom the world was not worthy." This was the centre of the most intense Protestant activity in the days of the Reformation; and here the fire of the Inquisition raged most fiercely for its suppression.

Passing through one of the wildest and most rugged tracts of country in Spain, perhaps in Europe, in which, during a journey of a few leagues, forty-four tunnels and innumerable bridges are passed, at length the Escurial is left behind us, and in about an hour we are in Madrid.

For practical and commercial purposes the situation of Madrid could scarcely be worse. All that can be said in its favour is that it stands in the geographical centre of the country. Of all other places in the entire Peninsula it is the most difficult of access. Standing on an elevated plateau, the edge of which is lined with noble edifices, few cities in Europe, when first seen, make a more favourable impression upon the tourist. At an altitude of 2,450 feet above the level of the sea, the atmosphere, free from smoke and haze, is clear and full of light.

The clergy, though still very

THE ESCURIAL.

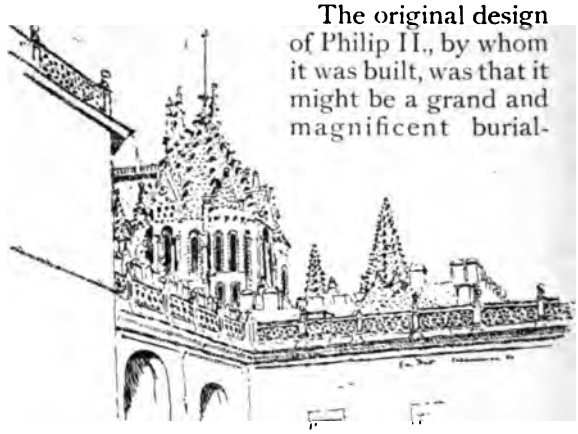
numerous in Spain, are but a minished few when compared with what they once were. It seems incredible, but it is affirmed upon what seems to be good authority, that they were once about one-third of the whole population. At the close of the last century the religious orders of all kinds, inquisitors and secular clergy, numbered about 250,000 out of a population of 10,500,000. In 1764 it was estimated that the clergy possessed one-sixth of the real property and one-third of the movable property of all Spain; and for all these enormous possessions they appear to have paid no taxes, or next to none. In 1836 the possessions of the clergy were declared to be national property, and the sale of them was begun. The result is that the number of the private owners of land has been very greatly increased.

Spain has for some hundreds of years given to the Roman Catholic Church some of its greatest scholars, and most eminent defenders of the faith. And among the Spanish clergy, as well as those of all other Catholic countries, there has, no doubt, been a succession of saintly men. The impression, however, which one gets in passing through the country and mingling with the people is that the bulk of them are not remarkable for either scholarship or sainthood.

It is the doctrines that force is a proper instrument for the propagation of the faith and the suppression of heresy, and that fraud and deception may be innocently resorted to for the purpose of strengthening the faith and stimulating the devotion of the ignorant —doctrines which unhappily are held by the Roman Catholic Church in all lands, but nowhere more firmly than in Spain—which has given the Spanish clergy such an unenviable position in the history of Latin Christianity. It was the first of these which led to the institution of the Inquisition, the synonym of horror itself. To the latter, rather than to any exceptional depravity on the part of their authors, are to be traced the numerous forms of so-called "pious" fraud, and the lying wonders, the memorials of which one meets with so frequently in Spain.

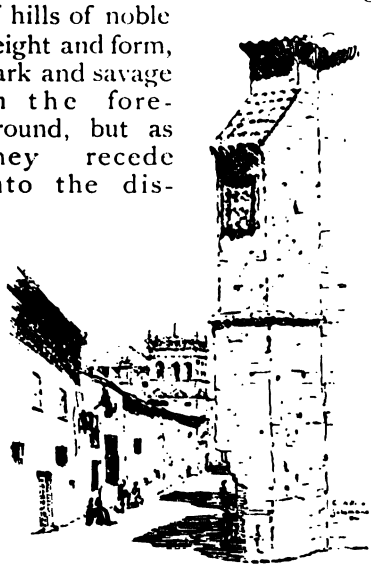
Strangers complain of the want of local colouring and picturesqueness in Madrid. It is said, too, that it lacks individuality and character. Looking from your window you see nothing to remind you that you are in Madrid or even that you are in Spain. These remarks, however, do not apply to the people. You can scarcely

find anywhere more picturesque groups, more characteristic costumes, or more unsophisticated Spanish nature. Here is a gipsy chief; there is a party of muleteers, their mules as gay as scarlet worsted and beads can make them, preparing for their journey; and yonder stands the postilion, ready to mount as soon as the "mayoral" of his diligence shall give the signal. In the older parts of the city the picturesque balconies, the brilliant costumes, and the coquettish senoritas are all characteristically Spanish.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL, SALAMANCA.

The Escurial (see p. 7) is about thirty-five miles from Madrid on the northern line of railway. The situation of this royal palace, though ill-suited for a residence, is very grand as a piece of natural scenery. The vast sweep of barren moor in front of it stretches into the distance in almost endless undulations. A range of hills of noble height and form, dark and savage in the foreground, but as they recede into the distance melting into tender, delicious blue, lie behind it. The snow-clad peaks of the Sierra stand like so many mighty sentinels along the northern horizon.



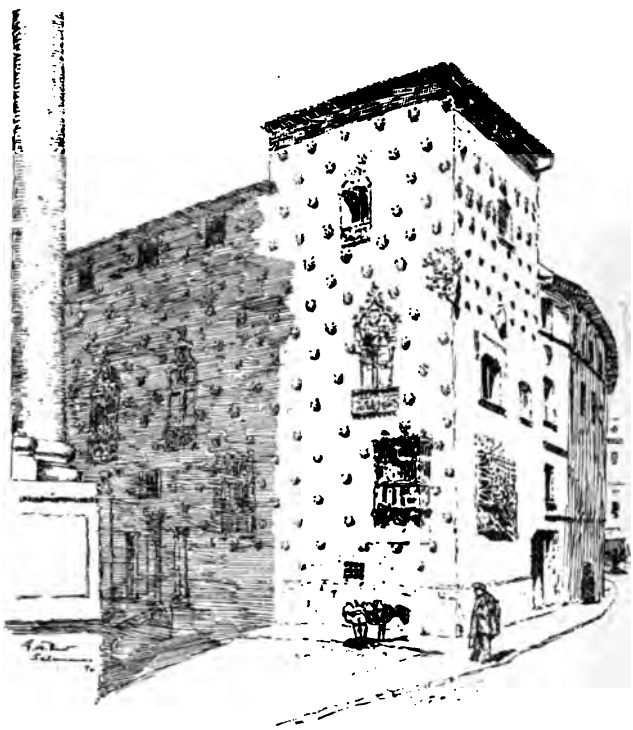
STREET IN SALAMANCA.

The original design of Philip II., by whom it was built, was that it might be a grand and magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns. His plan was, however, afterward so enlarged as to combine the two ideas of a mausoleum and a palace—a residence for the monarchs while living, and a resting-place for them when dead. Nor was the Church forgotten; this magnificent architectural pile embraced a monastery capable of receiving a number of monks.

The Escurial, like all the other edifices in Spain that are not in actual occupation, is falling out of repair. The traces of dilapidation are everywhere visible. Only recently it narrowly escaped destruction by fire; and in the deplorable state of the finances of the country there is little hope of the damage being repaired. In common with many other of the magnificent monuments of the past, the probability is that the Escurial is doomed. In its present impoverished condition the country lacks ability to keep this and other great buildings, the products of a more prosperous era, in repair.

Segovia is to the archaeologist

and the antiquary one of the most interesting cities even in Spain. Without accepting the Spanish tradition, which carries it back to the days of Tubal and Hercules, we must accord to it a very high antiquity. Its monumental remains attest and illustrate its pre-Roman, Roman, Gothic and Moorish occupation. Its lofty situation on a rocky ridge at a considerable elevation above the plain, its picturesque old walls, the Alcazar, the curious round towers, the quaint balconied houses, the Cathedral, and, above all, the magnificent aqueduct—a section of which is represented in our frontispiece—form a spectacle of rare interest and beauty. Once this city was the centre of a vast industry, and enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. But its glory has departed. It is only a wreck of what it formerly was. In the seventeenth century thirty thousand of its population were engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloth; now there are not more than ten thousand people in it, all told.



HOUSE OF THE SHELLS, SALAMANCA.

The aqueduct, supposed to have been built by the Emperor Vespasian, was constructed for the purpose of conveying water over a ravine seven hundred and fifty feet wide and ninety feet deep. It consists of two ranges of arches thrown across, one above the other, the upper one being on a level with the high land on either side. It had when it was complete one hundred and fifty arches. The aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which will give those who have not seen it some idea of the lightness, grace, and beauty of the structure. It is constructed of granite blocks about two feet square, hewn and fitted with such admirable accuracy that they are put together without mortar or cement of any kind. And yet though the edges and corners are rounded and weather-beaten, few of the blocks have been displaced.

Mrs. Mary H. Reid thus describes her impressions of Salamanca during her recent visit to Spain in the following paragraphs:

Rapid decay is the most noticeable thing about Salamanca and Segovia. The sun shines very brightly, but there is a drowsiness

in the air; sounds come to you faintly from far away; sometimes it is the voice of the mule-driver urging on his patient animal, sometimes the shouting of a few stray students, for this ancient university town has still some students to uphold its reputation as a seat of learning. But there is no bustle

THE COURTYARD OF THE UNIVERSITY, SALAMANCA.

in even the busiest quarters; the market-place itself is a drowsy spot where the people seem to be quietly amusing themselves rather than doing business.

Some of the old houses of Salamanca are very curious, not- [redacted]hat known as the Casa de las [redacted]s, from the shells of carved [redacted]hich decorate its exterior. To be quite candid, the repetition of the shells is tiring, the house giving one the same impression that a piece of spotted print does.

The university, dating from the fourteenth century, took rank immediately after Paris and before Oxford, and when at its zenith it had ten thousand students, gathered from every part of the civilized world. Now its corridors and class-rooms are almost deserted, and one finds oneself wondering what cause or set of causes has led to such a decline.

The entrance to the university is a masterpiece of the transition from Gothic to Plateresque; it dates from the time of the Catholic kings, whose arms are over the portal. It was a distinct relief to me one sleepy afternoon, as I sat making a note in pencil of this doorway, to have fifteen or twenty young students rush out from one of the class-rooms with a shout such as I had supposed was the peculiar privilege of American youth during the years allotted to mental culture; it was refreshing to a tired tourist to hear a really hearty sound, and to set eyes on something young in the midst of all the age and mustiness and general dilapidation. I must confess, though, that they were a bit rude; I was somewhat jostled as they crowded about me to see what I was doing. But they were nice boys, after all, and good to look at in their long cloaks and little caps.

A SONG OF THE YEARS.

BY JOHN FOSTER.

Behold, my brothers, how the years are ebbing,
Wave after wave adown the shore of time;
While just beyond the ripple and the sobbing
Rolls God's unfathomed ocean, vast, sublime.

Solemn past years! they sadden and reproach us
With God-given chances idly cast away,
Dwindles our life, eternity encroaches,
The night comes on us, closing up our day.

But past and future both are in God's keeping,
And infinite our hopes are as His grace;
The least of seeds will come at last to reaping,
The feeblest worker take an honoured place.

His guiding Star shines o'er life's heaving billows,
His word of cheer comes through the night of storm;
The crested waves sink into restful pillows,
The wind retires rebuked before His form.

So rise, my brothers, for the time is urgent,
The great, eventful century wanes apace;
Error, long buried, walks again resurgent,
Vice braves the daylight with unshamed face.

While the great heathen world lies sick and weary,
With a dumb longing for the day of Christ,
Send o'er to them the gospel message cheery—
"Rise, wash away your sins, and be baptized."

This is no time for dreading or regretting,
But rather girding on the Spirit's sword;
And taking up God's armour, not forgetting
They conquer still whose Captain is the Lord.

The century's latest year has risen on us,
The circling ages on their hinges turn;
Let us His faithful servants be Who won us
A dateless life beyond time's narrow bourne.

Help me, O God! this year to crown with beauty;
Within my thoughts to write Thine own best will.
To Thee anew I give myself for duty;
Take me, dear Lord, and all Thy plans fulfil!

This New Year makes a year of holy living—
Of joyous deeds in proof of love I owe;
Breathe on my soul a spirit meek, forgiving,
Help me like Thee to share my brother's woe.

As Jesus gave Himself to me in serving,
So now to Him this year I consecrate;
Guide Thou my steps till, from Thy ways unswerving,
I come to Thee, and, in Thy likeness, wake.

—*Rev. V. M. Hardy, D.D.*

SIR G. E. CARTIER.

HON. G. BROWN. HON. J. HOWE.

LORD ELGIN.

HON. R. BALDWIN. SIR J. A. MACDONALD.

HON. L. A. WILMOT.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

MONUMENT OF MAISONNEUVE, FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

I.

I purpose to give in the present series of papers a brief historic retrospect of the position Canada occupied at the time when her Majesty ascended the throne, and to compare it with that the Dominion now holds as a federation of seven provinces and organized territories extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. No one will gainsay Canada's pre-eminence among the dependencies when we consider how much she has done in sixty years, despite the enormous difficulties that have stood in the way of her progress on account of the rivalry of a great republican power on her borders for three thousand miles, which has drawn away from her the wealth and population of Europe, and also a large number of Canadians from year to year up to a very recent period. In this review it is necessary to refer briefly to some leading features of Canadian history.

In these days, when Englishmen have learned at last to take an interest in colonial questions—to recognize the fact that lessons may be learned from even colonial history and colonial statesmanship, we feel no apology need be made even to my English readers * if I ask them to give their attention for a few minutes to a short account of the political evolution of the Canadian federation, which has already passed beyond the first quarter of a century of its existence. In this record we shall see what elements of stability this federation possesses, even when compared with that great power to the south, whose remarkable development has been among the most interesting features of the century now so near its close.

Both England and France entered about the same time on a career of colonization in North America. Champlain was already encamped with his little band of

* This special reference to "English readers" originates from the fact that a part of this monograph first appeared as a leading article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and I have allowed it to remain, though the text has been revised and enlarged.

PLACE D'ARMES AND NOTRE DAME CHURCH, MONTREAL, 1837.

settlers on the picturesque heights of Quebec * when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the rock-bound coast of New England. Then, for a century and a half, the colonies of England and France struggled for mastery. The sturdy independence of the English colonists, accustomed to think and act for themselves, left as a rule to govern themselves in accordance with the free instincts of Englishmen, was in decided contrast with the subserviency of the French colonists, kept constantly in trammels by the king and his ministers, who were always opposed to the merest semblance of local self-government. Under the influence of the freedom they enjoyed, and of the energy and enterprise peculiar to a commercial and maritime people, the English colonists, who inhabited a relatively narrow strip of territory from Maine to Carolina, soon outnumbered the population of the struggling community on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the history of the French-Canadian there is much to interest us. His patient endurance, his fidelity to his country, his adventurous life in the wilderness of the West afford scenes for poetry, history, and romance. The struggles of Champlain, the adventures of La Salle in the valley of the Mississippi, the exploits of the "coureurs de bois" and gentlemen-adventurers on the rivers and among the forests, the efforts of Frontenac and other French governors to found a New France on the continent, have already found in Francis Parkman an eloquent and faithful historian. France dreamed once of founding a mighty empire which should stretch from the Island of Cape Breton or Ile Royale through the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and of eventually having the supremacy in North America; but the genius of Pitt relieved the English colonists of the fears they entertained with reason when they saw a cordon of forts stretching from Louisbourg to the heights of Quebec, Lake Champlain, Niagara, and the forks of the Ohio.

With the fall of Quebec and Montreal in 1759-60, France left the New World to England, and

* Champlain arrived at Quebec (Stadacona) on July 3rd, 1608, and laid the foundation of the picturesque town.

PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL, 1897.

of all her former possessions she now retains only some insignificant islands off the southern coast of Newfoundland, where her fishermen continue to prosecute the fisheries as they did centuries ago before a European had founded a settlement in Canada. The conflict with France had done much to restrain the spirit of self-assertion among the English colonists, and to keep them dependent upon England; but at the same time it had shown them their power and taught them to have much more confidence in their own resources as a people. The capture of the formidable fortress of Louisbourg, one of the triumphs of Vauban's engineering skill, by the New England volunteers under Pepperrell, and the fleet under Warren, was the principal incident in their history, which showed the people their strength and nerved them to enter into what must have seemed to many a hopeless struggle with England. The fall of Quebec may be considered the first step in the direction of the independence of the old English colonists.

II.

When the war of independence was over, Canada was only a sparsely settled country in which the French Canadians were very largely in the majority. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island there was a small English population, chiefly composed of United Empire Loyalists.* Few facts of modern times have had a greater influence on the destinies of a country than this immigration of sturdy, resolute and intelligent men, united by high principles and the most unselfish motives. They laid the foundations of the provinces now known as New Brunswick and Ontario, and settled a considerable portion of Nova Scotia. From the day of their settlement on the banks of the St. John, Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, and in the vicinity of Lakes Ontario and Erie, they have exercised by

* In 1784 there were in Canada 10,000 United Empire Loyalists; in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick upwards of 30,000. In 1790 the population of old Canada was 161,311, of whom 120,000 were French.

MONTREAL IN 1832. FROM BOUCHETTE'S CANADA.

themselves and their descendants a powerful influence on the institutions of Canada, not unlike that exercised by the descendants of the New England pioneers throughout the American Union; and it is to them we owe much of that spirit of devotion to England which has always distinguished the Canadian people and aided to keep them, even in critical periods of their history, within the Empire.

During the war of independence the leading French-Canadians resisted all attempts that were made to induce them to unite their fortunes with the revolted colonists. The British Government and Parliament had seen the necessity of conciliating the conquered people, and had passed in 1774 what is known as the Quebec Act,* which gave additional guarantees to that nationality for the security of their property and the preservation of their language, religion and institutions. Owing in a great measure to this conciliatory policy, and to the efforts of the priests, who have always been firm friends of British rule, the French people of Lower Canada were kept faithful to the king of England, and the history of those times records the death of General Montgomery and the defeat of his troops, who invaded Canada and besieged Quebec under the delusion that the province would be an easy conquest as soon as the invaders set foot within its limits.

With the settlement of Upper Canada by the Loyalists and the English population that subsequently flowed into the country, it was thought advisable to establish two provinces in which the French and English elements would be kept separate and distinct.†

With the light that experience has given us in these later times, it was a great mistake, in the opinion of many statesmen, to have isolated the races, and by hedging in the French at the very commencement of their history, to have prevented the gradual absorption of all nationalities into one great English-speaking people. Parliament formed a legislature for each province, and wished the people of Canada "God-speed" in the new experiment of government on which they were entering. No doubt can exist as to the sincerity and good wishes of the English statesmen of those days, but it cannot be said that they always built with wisdom. In the first place they erected a structure of provincial government which was defective at its very foundation. There was an entire absence of institutions of local government in French Canada—of that system which from the earliest period in the history of the old English colonies, enabled them to manage their local affairs. May it not be said with truth that England herself has received no more valuable heritage than that system of self-government which, cumbrous and defective as it may have become in the course of centuries, can be traced back to those free institutions in which lay the germs of English liberty and parliamentary government?

But in Canada there was no semblance of township or parish government as in New England or even in Virginia. The people of Canada were called upon to manage the affairs of a State before they had learned those elements of government which necessarily exist in the local affairs of every community, whether it be town, township, or village. It was, indeed, surprising that a people like the French-Canadians, unaccustomed to parliamentary institutions or local self-government in

*Imperial Statute, 14 George III., c. 83.

†Constitutional Act, 1791, or 31 Geo. III., c. 31.

its most elementary form, should in the early stages of their legislative history have shown so much discretion. As a matter of fact they discharged their functions for a while with prudence and set to work to understand the principles on which their system of government rested. For some years the machinery of government worked fairly enough, and the public men of both provinces passed much useful legislation.

The war of 1812-15, in which Canada performed her part with credit, in a measure prevented any outbreak of political conflict, since all classes of people recognized the necessity of uniting, at such a crisis, to defend their homes and country. But when peace was proclaimed and the legislatures were relieved from the pressure that the war had brought upon them, the politicians again got the upper hand. The machinery of government became clogged, and political strife convulsed the country from one end to the other. An "irrepressible conflict" arose between the government and the governed classes, especially in Lower Canada. The people, who in the days of the French regime were without influence and power, had learned under their new system, defective as it was in essential respects, to get an insight into the operation of representative government, as understood in England.

They found they were governed, not by men responsible to the legislature and the people, but by governors and officials who controlled both the executive and the legislative councils. If there had always been wise and patient governors at the head of affairs, or if the Imperial authorities could always have been made aware of the importance of the grievances laid before them, or had understood their exact character, the differences between the government and the majority of the people's representatives might have been arranged satisfactorily. But unhappily military governors like Sir James Craig only aggravated the dangers of the situation, and gave demagogues new opportunities for exciting the people. The Imperial authorities, as a rule, were sincerely desirous of meeting the wishes of the people in a reasonable and fair spirit, but, unfortunately for the country, they were too often ill-advised and ill-informed in those days of slow communication, and public discontent was allowed to seethe until it burst forth in a dangerous form.

In all the provinces, but especially in Lower Canada, the people saw their representatives practically ignored by the governing body, their money expended without the authority of the legislature, and the country governed by irresponsible officials. A system which gave little or no weight to public opinion, as represented in the House elected by the people, was necessarily imperfect and unstable; and the natural result was a deadlock between the Legislative Council, controlled by the official and governing class, and the House elected by the people. The governors necessarily took the side of the men whom they had themselves appointed, and with whom they were acting. In the Maritime Provinces, in the course of time, the governors made an attempt to conciliate the popular element by bringing in men who had influence in the Assembly, but this was a matter entirely within their own discretion.

This system of government was generally worked in direct contravention to the principle of responsibility to the majority in the popular House. Political agitators had abundant opportunities for exciting popular passion. In Lower Canada, Papineau—an eloquent

but impulsive man, having rather the qualities of an agitator than those of a statesman—led the majority of his compatriots. For years he contended for a legislative council elected by the people, for it is curious to note that none of the men who were at the head of the popular party in Lower Canada ever recognized the fact, as did their contemporaries in Upper Canada, that the difficulty would be best solved, not by electing an Upper House, but by obtaining an executive which would only hold office while supported by a majority of the representatives in the people's House. In Upper Canada the Radical section of the Liberal party was led by Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie, who fought vigorously against what was generally known as the "Family Compact," which occupied all the public offices and controlled the government.

In the two provinces these two men at last precipitated a rebellion, in which blood was shed and much property was destroyed, but which never reached any very extensive proportions. In the Maritime Provinces, however, where the public grievances were of less magnitude, the people showed no sympathy with the rebellious elements of the upper provinces. The agitation for responsible government in those colonies was led by Mr. Joseph Howe, who in the course of his public life was always animated by truly loyal British feelings, and was never influenced by passion to step beyond the limits of legitimate constitutional agitation.

III.

Such was the political situation in Canada when Queen Victoria ascended the throne on June 20, 1837. If we survey the general condition of things in those troublous times, the prospect was not encouraging. The total population of the provinces did not exceed 1,350,000 souls, of whom nearly one-half were French-Canadians. Trade and commerce were quite paralyzed by the political discontent which had existed for years, and had already broken out into rebellion. The value of the whole trade of British North America—that is, of the imports and exports in the aggregate—was about $25,000,000. The principal trade was in fish and lumber, for the export of which a considerable number of vessels were yearly built in the Maritime Provinces. Not more than four or five banks existed, and none of them had a large capital except the old Bank of Montreal, which has always been the most important monetary institution of this continent.

The total revenue at this time did not exceed $7,000,000, and in more than one province the revenue was insufficient to meet the legitimate expenses required for public works and other necessary improvements. In Upper Canada the situation was extremely serious. In consequence of the construction of public works, commenced in the infancy of the colony, a debt of $5,000,000 had been accumulated when the whole revenue did not reach $300,000, and was inadequate to pay the interest.

The total production of wheat was not beyond 5,000,000 bushels, of which nearly four-fifths, at that time, was raised in French Canada. The French habitants carried on their agricultural operations with little energy or skill, and from their ignorance of the system of the rotation of crops, and of the true principles of farming, were rapidly impoverishing the soil, so that in the course of a few years their wheat crop diminished and its quality became more inferior.

Their farms were on the banks of the St. Lawrence, deep, narrow strips, and their houses were crowded as near the river as possible, as affording the most satisfactory means of communication in early times between the settlements. The most noteworthy buildings were those belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, which then, as now, dominated the province.

The system of land tenure in French Canada was one not calculated to stimulate industry and develop the country. In early days the seigniorial tenure, established by Richelieu with the idea of founding a Canadian "noblesse" and encouraging settlement, had had some advantages. It was a feudal system modified to suit the circumstances of a new country. It made the "seigneur" and the "habitant," or "censitaire," equally interested in the cultivation of the soil. The dues and obligations under which the "censitaire" held his land were in early times by no means onerous. The "seigneur" was obliged to cultivate and settle certain portions of his land at the risk of losing it within a fixed period, a penalty frequently exacted under the French regime. He was expected to erect a mill for the grinding of grain raised in the district, but only in very rare cases was he able to afford the expense of what must have been a great convenience to the early settlers.

But the system grew to be burdensome as the country became more populous. The seigniorial exactions were found troublesome, and the difficulties that arose in connection with the disposal of lands in the numerous seigniories gradually retarded settlement and enterprise in the province. In fact, the system under which lands were granted throughout Canada was not adapted to the encouragement of settlement. With the view, probably, of establishing a State Church, the Imperial Government had by the Act of 1791 granted large reserves, which were in the hands of the Church of England, and much discontent had consequently arisen among other Protestant denominations. Large tracts had also been set apart for loyalists and military men in different parts of the province. The natural consequence of this extravagance was that some of the most valuable districts of Upper Canada were kept idle and profitless for many years. The little island of Prince Edward had been nearly all granted away by ballot to a few landlords in a single day, and until very recent times its progress was retarded by a land question which always created much discontent and prevented settlement.

The means of communication in each province was very inferior, in the absence of any liberal system of municipal institutions, and in consequence of the large districts owned by absentee proprietors or by the Church. If a road or bridge was required in Lower Canada it was necessary to apply to the legislature. Things were a little better in Upper Canada, where there was a system of local taxation which, imperfect as it was, enabled the people in a county to make minor improvements. Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and Toronto were the only towns of importance, and the population of the first—then, as now, the commercial metropolis of British North America—did not exceed 40,000; while their aggregate population was 120,000 souls. The streets of all of them were either ill-lighted or left in darkness, and without pavements. The public buildings, as a rule, had no architectural pretensions.

A few colleges and grammar schools had been established where the sons of the well-to-do classes could obtain an excellent classical and English education for those times. The religious communities of Lower Canada at an early period in the history of the country had established institutions where the youth of both sexes could receive certain educational and religious advantages. But the State had not in any degree intervened successfully in the establishment of a system of popular education. The whole public expenditure for common and district schools in Upper Canada was a little above $40,000 a year, and these schools were very inferior in every respect. In 1838-39 there were in all the public and private schools of British North America only some 92,000 young people out of a total population of 1,440,000 souls, or about one in fifteen.

The administration of justice in all the provinces except in Lower Canada was, on the whole, satisfactory for a new country, where the highest judicial talent was not always available. In the French section there was a lamentable want of efficiency in the courts, and an absence of confidence in the mode in which the law was administered. At times there was a decided failure of justice in criminal cases, owing to the complexion of the juries. In certain cases, where political or national feeling was aroused, a jury was not likely to convict even in the face of the clearest evidence of crime. English and French-Canadians divided in the jury-box according to their nationalities. While the judges of the highest courts were generally distinguished for learning and fairness, the justices of peace were chosen without any regard to their character or ability to try the ordinary petty causes which fell within their jurisdiction. In all the cities and towns the police arrangements were notoriously defective. Immigration was rapidly falling off, owing principally to the distracted state of the country, but also to the mode of transportation. Those were days when the vessels that made voyages to Canada were literally laden with disease and misery. In the overcrowded, ill-ventilated, and ill-equipped vessels that annually sailed up the St. Lawrence death was ever stalking among the half-starved, unhappy people who had left their wretched homes in the Old World to incur the horrors of the holds of the pest-ship, from which for many years had been ascending to heaven the cries of the martyred emigrant.

No feature of the aspect of things in Canada gave greater reason for anxiety than the attitude of the French and English peoples towards each other. The very children in the streets were formed into French and English parties. As in the courts of law and in the legislature, so it was in social and every-day life—the French-Canadian in direct antagonism to the English-Canadian. Many persons among the official and governing class, composed almost exclusively of English, were still too ready to consider French-Canadians as inferior beings, and not entitled to the same rights and privileges in the government of the country. It was a time of passion and declamation, when men of fervent eloquence, like Papineau, could have aroused the French like one man, if they had had a little more patience and judgment and had not been ultimately thwarted, mainly by the efforts of the priests, who, in all national crises, have intervened on the side of reason and moderation, and in the interests of British connection, which they have always felt has been favourable to the continuance and security of their religious institutions.

Lord Durham, in his memorable report on the condition of Canada, has summed up very expressively the nature of the conflict in the French province. "I expected," he said, "to find a contest between a government and a people; I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state; I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races."

Amid the gloom that overhung Canada in those times there was one gleam of sunshine for England. Although discontent and dissatisfaction generally prevailed among the people on account of the manner in which the government was administered, and of the attempts of the minority to engross all power and influence, yet there was still a sentiment in favour of British connection, and the annexationists were relatively few in number. Even Sir Francis Bond Head—in no respect a man of sagacity—understood this well when he depended on the militia to crush the outbreak in the upper province, and Joseph Howe, the eminent leader of the popular party, uniformly asserted that the people of Nova Scotia were determined to preserve the integrity of the Empire at all hazards. As a matter of fact, the majority of the leading men, outside of the minority led by Papineau, Nelson and Mackenzie, had a conviction that England was animated by a desire to act considerately with the province, and that little good would come from precipitating a conflict, which would only add to the public misfortunes, and that the true remedy was to be found in constitutional methods of redress for the political grievances which undoubtedly existed throughout British North America.

FAREWELL.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow,
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low,
Its dirges in my ear.

Grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearing mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears,
For blessings which remain.

—*Whittier.*

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT.

BY REV. DR. S. P. ROSE.

The time is forever past when, either by prohibition or persuasion, the Church may hope to dissuade her young people from reading fiction. For good or evil the novel has come to stay. Whether it be for good or evil will depend largely upon what sort of fiction is read. There is every variety of novel in evidence, from the "mere fashion plate devoted to the description of costumes soon out of date," to "books which mirror human life veraciously," and bear "witness to the innate and indestructible faiths of the human heart." If the Church would save her young people from the frivolous and harmful, she must direct them to what is wholesome. We may only hope to overcome the evil by displacing it with the good.

As a small contribution to this desired end, I invite attention to the wit and wisdom of George Eliot. The established place of this author in literature renders any extended reference to her works superfluous. She has written nothing which is not above the average; she has written much that will endure. My preference is for her earlier tales. "Adam Bede" is her classic. But I must confess a distinct partiality for "Scenes of Clerical Life," not that the tales as such are very remarkable, but because of the charming bits of wit and wisdom which one meets upon almost every page. A careful writer (the Rev. T. G. Selby) has well said of our novelist: "Perhaps few students adequately realize the singular service that much of George Eliot's work may be made to render to the truth." One cannot read her works attentively without repeatedly feeling the force of this judgment.

To give any who may be unfamiliar with her style a "taste" of the good things which abound throughout her writings, the following quotations from "Scenes of Clerical Life" are offered, in the conviction that those who have read these paragraphs oftenest will reread them with the most pleasure, and that any who read them for the first time will hasten to form an abiding acquaintance with so gifted a teacher.

Our author does not share the desire, oftener expressed than felt perhaps, that we might see ourselves as others see us.

"What mortal is there of us, who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbours? We are poor plants buoyed up by the air vessels of our own conceit; alas for us, if we get a few pinches that empty us of that windy self-subsistence! The very capacity for good would go out of us. . . Let me be persuaded that my neighbour Jenkins considers me a blockhead, and I shall never shine in conversation with him any more. Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again. Thank heaven, then, that a little illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—and we do a little."

Teachers, preachers, and public speakers may wisely consider what follows:

"Nothing in the world is more suited to the simple understanding than instruction through familia-

types and symbols! But there is always this danger attending it, that the interest or comprehension of your hearers may stop precisely at the point where your spiritual interpretation begins."

What shrewd and vivid portraiture these lines contain!

"He was like an onion that has been rubbed with spices; the strong original odour was blended with something new and foreign."

And this, written of the same cleric, Rev. Amos Barton:

"The Rev. Amos was very fond of chess, as most people are who can continue through many years to create interesting vicissitudes in the game, by taking long-meditated moves with their knights, and subsequently discovering that they have exposed their queen."

Profoundly wise is the following:

"It is so much easier to say that a thing is black, than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue or green, to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbour is good for nothing, than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion."

George Eliot, like all great teachers from the Prophet of Nazareth to to-day, believed in the common people.

"Yet these common-place people—many of them—have a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence, with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share? Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones."

You are at once brought into relations of acquaintanceship with the man, quite a typical man in his way, of whom it is written:

"It was not in his nature to be superlative in anything; unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity."

Our novelist speaks to the bitter experience of too many, and repeats a warning which we are so slow to heed:

"Oh, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings; for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!"

Supplementary to this wise word she writes thus in another tale:

"It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey."

Too many churches have a history like that of New Zion which had been built "with an exuberance of faith and a deficiency of funds."

The philosopher and the poet speak in the sentences which follow:

"But it is with men as it is with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were

pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty, and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered."

A doctrine which youth is unwilling to profit by, but of which old age is painfully conscious, is taught in the following excerpt :

"The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know when they are gone."

Those whose pathway is overshadowed with sorrow will appreciate our author's contention that, "When our life is a continuous trial, the moments of respite seem only to substitute the heaviness of dread for the heaviness of actual suffering; the curtain of cloud seems parted for an instant only that we may measure all its horror as it hangs low, black and imminent, in contrast with the transient brightness; the waterdrops that visit the parched lips in the desert bear with them only the keen imagination of thirst."

The complement of the painful doctrine, so true to the world's experience, that whatsoever we sow we reap, is suggested :

"But there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labour. We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours."

George Eliot recognizes the good that lingers in evil lives as "those stirrings of the more kindly, healthy sap of human feeling, by which goodness tries to get the upper hand in us whenever it seems to have the slightest chance."

But she is too faithful to the logic of facts and to the power of a sinful will to thwart the divine intention, to teach that "good will be the final goal of ill." The trend of rebellion against the laws of righteousness in one of her characters, is thus pathetically described :

"It was rather sad, and yet pretty, to see that little group passing out of the shadow into the sunshine, and out of the sunshine into the shadow again; sad, because this tenderness of the son for the mother was hardly more than a nucleus of healthy life in an organ hardening by disease, because the man who was linked in this way with an innocent past had become callous in worldliness, fevered by sensuality, enslaved by chance impulses; pretty, because it showed how hard it is to kill the deep-down fibrous roots of human love and goodness—how the man, from whom we make it our pride to shrink, has yet a close brotherhood with us through some of our most sacred feelings."

Students of the history of popular religious doctrines will recognize the wisdom of the statement that, "Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody is itself detestable."

Our novelist was too keen an observer to miss the truth that the

baser metal is often mixed with pure gold in the make-up of the world's heroes. The significance of this fact is thus well stated :

"The blessed work of helping the world forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes of God's making are quite different. . . Their insight is blended with mere opinion; their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfuse itself with their grandest impulses, and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egoism."

Aphorisms challenge attention in almost every page :

"Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside itself—it only requires opportunity."

"Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature; like the gods; and sometimes, while her sword is yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch."

"The daylight changes the aspect of misery to us, as of everything else. In the night it presses on our imagination—the forms it takes are false, fitful, exaggerated; in broad day it sickens our sense with the dreary persistence of definite, measurable reality."

"Heaven knows what would become of our sociability if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should live like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude."

To do justice to the theme of this article a volume is necessary. Perhaps enough has been written to turn the attention of some thoughtful readers to the writings of one of the great teachers of our dying century.

Ottawa, Ontario.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE CENTURY.

BY S. J. UNDERWOOD.

Century, whose days are numbered, thou dost greet thy last new year,
Ended is the long procession thou hast watched in pride and fear.

When another new year dawneth, low will lie thy hoary head,
Men will name thee in hushed accents, as they name the newly dead.

Scarce thy stiffened limbs with decence shall be straightened 'neath the pall,
Ere they hail thy fair successor, while the bells ring one and all.

It is sad, O mighty century, that thy certain end is nigh,
For thy force is not abated, nor grown dim thine eagle eye.

Think not thou shalt be forgotten, for the coming years so grand,
Though they rise to heights undreamed of, on thy shoulders stout must stand.

Linked with thee are men and women who as greater lights shall shine
In the coming century's annals, but their birth belongs to thine.

And whatever more awaits us in achievements most sublime,
Always will thy deeds be blazoned down the spacious halls of time.

Thine the sowing; when the harvest lieth white upon the lea,
Then the sower and the reaper shall rejoice eternally.

So, O century most reverend, be, I bid you, of good cheer,
Undismayed by past or future, thou canst greet thy last new year.

—*Zion's Herald.*

SOME CONNECTING LINKS BETWEEN CANADIAN AND BRITISH METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

In a volume of nearly six hundred pages, recently published in London, England, entitled, "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism," by Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., ex-President of the English Wesleyan Conference, we have a most interesting contribution to the literature of Methodist history covering a comparatively fresh field. The basis of the book is the "Notes" on Conference debates made by the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, extending over a quarter of a century. Though the Notes themselves, in some cases, do not exhibit Rev. Dr. Bunting in the most complimentary light, yet, from the character of the man who took them, even Dr. Bunting himself acknowledged his belief in their trustworthiness, declaring, "I have great confidence in one individual who has been accustomed to take, from year to year, copious notes of the proceedings of Conference." (Speech on Reporting Conference, 1849.) As the notes were taken at the time of the debates, and written out fully shortly afterwards, they are specially valuable for historical purposes.

The Rev. Joseph Fowler was born at Bradford, Yorkshire, in 1791, was converted in youth, and began his ministry in 1811. He was elected a member of the Legal Hundred in 1841, and Secretary of the Conference in 1848. He was stationed at the most important centres in the kingdom, and died at the City Road House, London, in 1851. He was on the high pathway to the Presidency when disease and death intervened. He belonged to "the party of freedom of speech and right of search," which fact made his last years, in a connexional sense, quite uncomfortable.

THE REV. ROBERT FOWLER, M.D.

Mr. Fowler had two sons, one, Rev. Robert Fowler, M.D., of the Canadian Methodist Conference, who died in London, Ont., in 1887, and the other, Sir H. H. Fowler, for some time a member of the Gladstone Government, and still living. The author contrasts the latter, as a leading statesman, with the former, as "administering to the settlers in far Northwestern wilds the consolations of Christianity and the alleviations of science, and who was their veritable 'Medicine man' in a two-fold sense. Here he preached and healed for the rest of his natural life." (Page 39.) To a Canadian who knows that not one of his appointments was among the aboriginal tribes, but in highly cultured parts of the country, the term "Medicine Man" is quite amusing. And, besides, fancy him ministering to the people of such "wilds" as the towns and cities of Oshawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Orillia, Fergus, Ingersoll, Clinton, Listowel, and London! He lived and died a most conscientious and estimable minister of God.

THE REV. WILLIAM SAVAGE.

Another Canadian minister re-

* "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism during the Second Quarter of the Nineteenth Century, 1827-1852." Taken chiefly from the Notes of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler. By the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., President of the Conference 1879. Cassell & Co., London, 1898. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

ferred to in this volume is the Rev. William Savage, now of Guelph, Ont., who, with his brother, the Rev. John Wesley Savage, came to this country in 1854. The latter died in Toronto after forty-one years' service. The former, though superannuated, exhibits, in his eighty-second year, remarkable energy, preaching and lecturing almost constantly. He is also blessed with a tenacious memory, through means of which many interesting facts and circumstances of his earlier life have been furnished to the present writer.

His father, the Rev. Thomas Savage, was a Wesleyan minister, who united with the Conference in 1813. He at one time had a strong desire to labour in Canada, and would have been sent at the time the Rev. William Lord came out as President of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference, had not his wife been taken seriously ill. At that time he published the "Canadian Boat Hymn," some copies of which are yet extant in Ontario. Mr. Savage, Sr., was twice put on trial—one for preaching a temperance sermon, for which he was censured by the District Meeting, and his superintendent, the Rev. Robert Harrison likewise, for not preventing him. How opinions change! The other time was for restoring to the records 245 members of the Alston Circuit, through whose names the preceding superintendent had drawn his pen, and thus expelled them. The liberal-minded members, however, who stood for peace and justice, prevented the charges being presented to Conference. The Rev. W. M. Punshon was a member of that District Meeting. Several years afterwards the Rev. Thomas Savage was elected a member of the Legal Hundred, and thus honour came at last.

THE REV. PETER JONES.

His son William, after spending two years in one of King Edward's schools, was sent to the famous Woodhouse Grove Academy, established by Wesley for the education of preachers' sons. There he was a school-mate of the author of this volume, whom the larger scholars affectionately called "little Benjamin." About 1830 the Rev. Peter Jones, a full-blooded Indian minister from Canada, addressed the scholars, asking for a collection to help him to procure ploughs, harrows, and oxen for the Indians at the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution, Muncey. The boys gave him $5. Before taking his leave, in his evening address to the students he said, "Is there not one of these ministers' sons who will come to Canada to be a missionary to my people?" None responded, but the call made a deep impression upon this lad of twelve. He could not sleep, and at midnight got out of his cot and vowed that if ever his heavenly Father opened up the way he would go to Canada. He little thought that before this event occurred twenty-four years would elapse!

He studied surgery, dentistry, and pharmacy, and ultimately became a qualified practitioner in two of these professions. Afterwards he entered the Wesleyan ministry, becoming a popular young exhorter, and a great temperance advocate. A son of Dr. Bunting's warned him not to spoil a career by preaching on such fads as temperance and social topics. Dr. Lees, Dr. Beaumont, the renowned Palliser, and William Savage debated on public platforms the cause of total abstinence as far back as 1836. In 1840 Mr. Savage, with Dr. Beaumont

and Mr. Dale (brother of the great Congregational minister of Birmingham), with other teetotalers, erected, and became trustees of one of the first, if not the first, large temperance hall in England, with a seating capacity of 2,000. It was a formidable undertaking and required much generosity. Mr. Savage travelled two circuits, parts of two years, but his excessive labours brought on hemorrhage of the lungs, and the young man's early decease was frequently prophesied.

He resumed his profession, and returned to his former standing as a local preacher. He had two shops, one in Bradford and the other in Leeds. In the former city, Robert Fowler and William Savage, two Woodhouse Grove boys, and two future Canadian ministers, each had an office on the corner of the same block. Mr. Savage required three clerks, and his business prospered greatly, sometimes producing $100 per week.

GARIBALDI AND KOSSUTH.

Throughout England there was at that time great sympathy with the aspirations of Garibaldi and Kossuth. A "European Educational Bond of Brotherhood" for England and the Continent was organized. Its purpose was to promote fraternal feeling and sympathy in various European centres amongst educated people —the pioneer of the present Peace Society. Mr. Savage joined early, his card of membership being No. 5. It was decided by the local society to send two delegates to Paris along with others to request the French Government to withdraw its troops from Rome; in other words, not to interfere with Garibaldi in consummating his plans for Italian unity. After this it was intended that the deputation should proceed to Vienna to plead in behalf of Kussuth.

At a very large and enthusiastic meeting, held in Bradford, for the purpose of electing the delegates to go on this mission, three names were proposed, Ald. Diggles, Chartist; Ald. Rawlston, Tory; and William Savage. All three made speeches expressing their views. Mr. Savage was elected by a two-thirds vote over his opponents. A French refugee was elected the second delegate. But just as the English delegates were about to sail, word came that the French had entered Rome, which event took place on July 2nd, 1849, and thus the cause of Garibaldi for this time was lost. Garibaldi himself escaped, and ultimately found refuge on board an English sailing vessel, whose captain was a Methodist local preacher.

A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

In Bradford, Mr. Savage had been very kind to many of the Irish of that city who had become sufferers through the potato rot in Ireland. All the Irish poor had been supplied with medicines gratuitously at his dispensary. One night an Irish mob seized him, presumably in mistake for another person. They evidently intended serious mischief. They carried Mr. Savage from a very high railroad bridge, gagged and blindfolded, and with legs and arms bound, to a large shed in a lonely spot near the gas works adjoining the city. He thought his hour had come, and prayed, "O God, spare me for the sake of my young wife and only child." They found out their mistake, and cried, "Shure, this is the Doctor; let him go." His excellent wife, who sat up that night in great distress till the husband arrived at two o'clock in the morning, passed

away to the brighter land only a few months ago, greatly beloved and respected; and his child, then a year and a half old, for whom he prayed that night, is now Dr. Savage, one of the leading practising physicians of Guelph, Ont., and an official member of the Methodist Church.

As a local preacher, Mr. Savage occasionally rendered service to the New Connexion and Primitive Methodist Churches. For preaching in a chapel of the latter body, supplying for the Rev. J. A. Bairstow, who was then publishing his Bible Dictionary, he was put on trial. When about to be condemned he remembered that the Rev. Richard Reece, an ex-President of the Conference had, on one occasion, done likewise. Mr. Savage defended himself by saying, "If I follow in the footsteps of the President, I cannot be far wrong." The trial collapsed on the ground of "no case." In the matter of preaching for the New Connexion Church he was not tried, but was censured in the Bradford Quarterly Board for supplying the pulpit of the Rev. A. Lynn, an aged New Connexion minister.

Mr. Savage introduced Methodism into Kerby Malham, at that time occupied by no religious denomination save the Church of England. The large room was crowded, and as it was a warm summer evening, Mr. Savage took his stand by the door. In his audience was a constable sent by the vicar of the parish, who was also a magistrate, to arrest him should he attempt to preach. All went quietly until the text was taken, when the constable cried out, "Are you licensed?" Mr. Savage replied, "Yes." "Where did you get your license?" "In the High Court of Heaven, issued by Jesus Christ, endorsed by the Holy Ghost, and accepted by the Methodist Church." The constable rejoined, "None of your nonsense, sir. What magistrate licensed you?" The preacher replied, "I never asked to be licensed." The constable then said, "I arrest you in the name of Queen Victoria." As soon as he laid his hands on Mr. Savage, a number of Yorkshire miners in the audience jumped up, and cried, "Thou shan't touch the lad." The constable ran, and they after him, while the undaunted minister composedly continued his discourse.

In October, 1839, he was honoured by being called to preach one of the Centenary sermons in Kirkgate Chapel, Bradford, after which he was presented with a volume of Dr. Jackson's "Centenary of Methodism."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

In one of the revival services held by Mr. Savage a remarkable incident occurred. He went up to a tall man of gentlemanly appearance, about thirty years of age, and asked him about his spiritual state. He replied, "If you speak to me about my soul I will knock you down." At this Mr. Savage dropped on his knees beside him, and began to pray, continuing a long time. When he arose the gentleman was found forward kneeling. Ten o'clock having arrived, Mr. Savage announced he would close the meeting; but at this moment three tall young women, sisters, said, "O do not close the meeting; there is our brother whom we never saw on his knees before." The meeting was continued, and when twelve o'clock, midnight, struck, Mr. Bradley (afterwards the Rev. Flesher Bradley, of the Canadian Primitive Methodist Church), rose from his knees soundly converted to God. Dr. Towler, of Wingham, Ont., is the son of one

of the sisters above referred to. Two of these ladies became the wives of Primitive Methodist ministers in Canada. Mr. Bradley was named after the Rev. Mr. Flesher, a leading Primitive Methodist minister of England, after whom the town of Flesherton, Ont., takes its name. Mr. Bradley, on a return visit from Canada, reminded his spiritual father of his vow respecting Canada, made in his youthful days, on the occasion of Rev. Peter Jones' visit to Woodhouse Grove Academy. The way was soon to open, but not without passing through some painful, if unique, ecclesiastical experiences.

THE "FLY SHEETS" CONTROVERSY.

About this time the expulsion of Rev. Messrs. Dunn, Griffith, and Everett from the Wesleyan Conference took place, because they would not answer certain questions about the famous disturbing Fly Sheets, nor promise in future to refrain from publishing the proceedings of Conference in a certain paper. The excitement throughout the Church was intense. In five years the membership decreased over 100,000, that is, in the time mentioned the Church lost nearly one-third of its whole membership. One reason for this intense feeling was the fact that the great British principle of "fair play" had been outraged. Dr. Bunting again and again had refused practically to be put on trial in a similar manner by means of questioning without charges, and ministers on his side of the house had repeatedly reported the proceedings of Conference to certain papers, without reproof, much less expulsion. The common people therefore asked, "Why make flesh of one and fowl of another?"

THE "HALL OF REFUGE."

Mr. William Savage had the keenest sympathy for these expelled ministers. He entertained them in his home, hired a hall, capable of seating two thousand persons, for them to preach in, and called it the "Hall of Refuge." The membership of the Church was greatly troubled. For sympathizing with these men hundreds had already been excluded, and hundreds more knew not when the axe, or rather the pen, would deal them likewise a finishing blow. Mr. Savage urged them, however, not to leave the Wesleyan Church, exhorting them to hold together, and declaring that a brighter day would certainly come. In this hall the Revs. Thomas Rowland and James Bromley also preached. The cost of attending meetings to arrange for delegates to present their grievances to Conference, payment of the travelling and entertainment expenses of the expelled preachers, along with the cost of the hall, which was $25 per week, made the total expense foot up to a large sum. It is estimated that in two years and a half the bill ran up to $3,000, the greater part of which fell upon Mr. Savage. But his business flourished exceedingly, and thus he was enabled to meet all calls, which he did cheerfully.

During this time his wife's family, which had been Methodists since 1740, greatly desired him for peace' sake to exhibit a submissive spirit to "the powers that be," and he suffered intensely from the shyness, suspicions and antipathies of his former friends, but "none of these things moved him." The following is an illustration of the intense feelings of the times. In order to show confidence in Mr. Savage, the people of a certain chapel near Huddersfield invited him to preach their anniversary sermon. The superintendent of the circuit, unknown to Mr. Savage, was opposed to this

arrangement. When the superintendent, who himself occupied the pulpit, finally declined to allow Mr. Savage to preach, the people simply lifted him out on their shoulders, and brought Mr. Savage in by the same method. Had the latter known all the facts at the time, he would not have preached under the circumstances.

HIGH-HANDED PROCEEDINGS.

Before leaving the Bradford Circuit, the Rev. Edward Walker, superintendent of the circuit, drew his pen through Mr. William Savage's name, and thus deprived him both of his membership and local preacher's standing, at one stroke. This was in violation of the famous "Plan of Pacification," adopted by the Manchester Conference of 1795, which enacted, amongst other matters, that no member could be expelled without charges, and a trial by his peers. Mr. Savage unearthed this rule, which the Rev. Daniel Walton said had not once been applied in fifty years, though hundreds of members had been treated in exactly the same manner as Mr. Savage. They either did not know their rights, or had not time, ability or courage to maintain them. So Mr. Savage, who had been a local preacher since he was eighteen, and was now thirty-three years of age, and having attended to all the spiritual duties required by his Church, suddenly found himself outside the fold. Would he, like others similarly situated, quietly submit? No. He appealed to the Minor District Meeting, with the Rev. Francis A. West (a warm friend of the Rev. Joseph Fowler, the author of these Notes), as chairman. The District Meeting sustained Mr. Savage's appeal. The case naturally came up in Conference. The young man's father, the Rev. Thomas Savage, was present during the whole time of this painful and exciting debate. I now transcribe from Dr. Gregory the fuller story of this most interesting case.

DR. GREGORY'S ACCOUNT.

"At this nick of time, an incident occurred which checked to a notable extent, the summary evictions. The Superintendent of the sister circuit, Bradford (Kirkgate), on returning from the Conference, had found that a young local preacher had taken part in a public meeting in, I think, the Temperance Hall, the purpose of which was the raising an annuity for the three expelled. The Superintendent was about to leave the circuit, and had chivalrously resolved not to leave the household of faith in an insanitary state for his successor to set right. So having inquired into the report, he found that 'behold! it was true.' He met the sympathizer's class for tickets and withheld his token of membership in the Methodist Society.

"Now it so happened that this young man was the son of a successful minister, a but half-flogged, though full-fledged, Grove lad, and had himself served in the ranks of the ministry in South Shields and at Settle. Being a great out-door preacher and, like his father, a resolute revivalist he had vociferated himself to the grave's mouth. He was the brother detailed to evangelize the overflow of Billy Dawson's congregation, which crowded the capacious sanctuary, Brunswick, Leeds, the last time he stood in its stately pulpit. He was the last man ever arrested in England for preaching out of doors without a license.

THE LEGAL BATTLE.

"Now when he found himself on the wrong side of the Methodist door, he rubbed his solemn penetrating eyes, and asked himself whether this sudden, expeditious dismemberment was quite according to Grindrod. That refractory Judge Blackstone of Methodism not only assured him it was not, but went so far as to point out to him the process of redress. So he reported himself to the Chairman of the District as illegally expelled, and wished to know his remedy. The result was a Minor District Meeting, which reinstated the complainant. This discussion had a very salutary influence, saving hundreds of well-worth-keeping members to the dear 'Old Body.' It showed that members could not be dismembered in the cavalier fashion which

had been set by some respected ministers. This case came up at Conference, and, of course, I watched its progress with intensest interest. Happily for Methodism, the Chairman of the District was no less able, steadfast, cool, and tried a champion of liberty and law than Francis A. West [who represented Mr. Savage]. A determined struggle was kept up, under the leadership of Dr. Bunting, to rescue the over-zealous Superintendent from the humiliation involved in the restoration of the excised member. The question was debated foot by foot, like a battle in a mountain pass. But the veteran commander found himself confronted by a redoubtable antagonist in Mr. West. At last the question turned upon the sweep and stringency of the law of 1835, as applied to private members, and if Dr. Bunting could have made his point, the Minor District Meeting would have been nonsuited. But West then waxed bold, and quietly confronting his interrogators, brought them up by this strong exclamation: 'You will scarcely make our "Declaratory Law" directly contradict the law of which it claims to be declaratory.'

"Dr. Bunting saw that the case was lost, and lost no time in giving up his sword with grace and dignity. He moved the adoption of the report of the committee, which Dr. Newton seconded.

"By this decision a most valuable man was saved to Methodism, besides the hundreds kept within the fold. This was the redoubtable William Savage, Robert Fowler's school-fellow, who became his fellow-minister in Canada." ("Side-Lights," pp. 471–473.)

ARRIVAL IN CANADA.

On the conclusion of this debate his father wrote him of the decision of Conference, saying, "Now, my son, that the victory has been won, you can honourably let all agitation cease" and advised him, on receiving his certificate of standing, and so soon as he could close up business, to retire to Canada, where he might pursue the work of God under less exciting circumstances. He talked over the matter with his brother, John Wesley Savage, who was then studying preparatory to entering upon mission work in China. Finally they decided to come to Canada, where they were both received by the Conference. This was in 1854, when William was thirty-six years of age, and had four children. Thus now was fulfilled the vow of his boyhood. His reception into the Conference was supported by Rev. Drs. Ryerson, Green, Wood, and other influential ministers. Here he laboured in the "active work" most energetically for thirty-nine years, during which time twenty churches have been built on his charges, and since his superannuation, six years ago, he has been "in labours most abundant."

All these years he has kept quite reserved on his English experiences. The late Rev. Dr. Carroll, who always had a keen ear for interesting bits of Methodist history, and who by some means got an inkling that Mr. Savage, previous to his coming to Canada, had passed through some exciting incidents, took a special journey on one occasion to his home in order to glean the facts. But Mr. Savage made no sign, simply saying, "Brother Carroll, I am making history, not writing it." It is only since Dr. Gregory's book has appeared that Mr. Savage has felt called to make any communications upon the subject.

When the Rev. Dr. Thornton visited Canada as President of the Canadian Conference, which that year was held in the Elm Street church, Toronto, he espied amongst the members the Rev. William Savage, his old pupil at Woodhouse Grove Academy. He sent a request to meet him in the vestry at the close of the session. As they met, what reminiscences surged through their memories! The greeting was very touching. Dr. Thornton kissed him, and as he embraced him cried out, "My old school-boy." When Dr. Punshon came to this country, [redacted] ing as he did Mr. Savage's

he told him he was surprised that he took so little part, comparatively speaking, in Conference work. But, save when principle is at stake, Mr. Savage is a most unobtrusive and peaceful brother.

REVISITING ENGLAND.

In 1896, forty-seven years after the famous debate over his case in the British Conference, Mr. Savage returned to England. On Alston Circuit, where his father had once quietly restored 245 members arbitrarily excluded by his predecessor, he was received with great favour, and everywhere introduced as "the son of the man of peace." At the Conference he was also received with great cordiality, and placed in the seat of honour next the ex-Presidents. In the old records of the Conference he had been described as a "Chartist Methodist," which was intended as a term of reproach—a badge of disloyalty. One of the ex-Presidents suggested that if he would send up a request to the President, "that foul epithet" would be removed. "No," replied the veteran, "let the record remain. Every plank of the Chartist petition is now the law of the land, and has been so for many years. I was only living fifty years in advance of the time."

May our venerable brother's hearty laugh, his well-told reminiscences, and his powerfully sympathetic prayers long continue to cheer us!

Guelph, Ont.

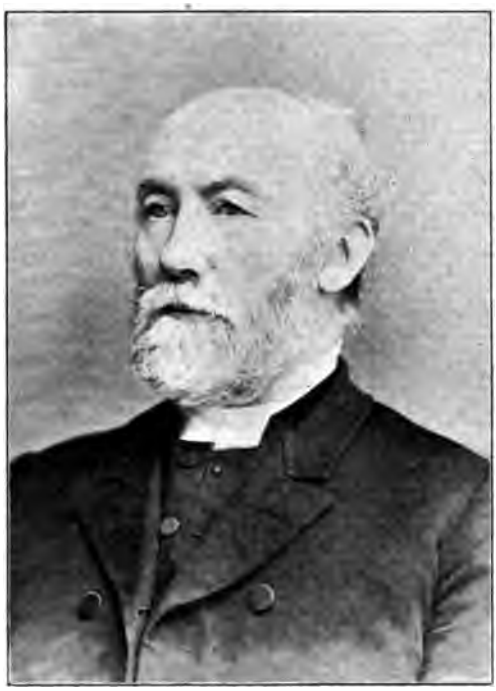
THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bells sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.
. . . . . .
His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Tennyson.*

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.



THE REV. ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.,
General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada.

In no part of the British Empire has Methodism made greater progress than in the Dominion of Canada. Although about a million and a quarter of its population are of French origin, and of the Roman Catholic faith, yet Methodism numbers one-fifth of the entire population, and in Ontario, the largest and most populous province, it claims one-third of the people. The interesting article by the Rev. Dr. Wilson on "Methodism in Eastern Canada,* suggests that a supplementary article on Methodism in Central and Western Canada may find a place in the oldest organ of that British Methodism which is "the mother of us all."

It is a curious circumstance that the first Methodist preachers in both Lower and Upper Canada were British soldiers. In Quebec, Mr. Tuffey, a commissary of the 44th regiment, began in 1770 to

* Reprinted from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for March, 1899.

* See METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, July, 1899, p. 43.

preach to the soldiers and Protestant immigrants of that city. Six years later George Neal, major of a British cavalry regiment, began to preach to the settlers on the Niagara frontier. At the time of the American Revolution a number of British subjects who remained true to the old flag left their homes in the revolting colonies and came to Canada. These were known as the United

THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D.,
Founder of the Public School System of Ontario.

Empire Loyalists. Among them were Paul and Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, and other Palatine Methodists from Ireland, who, in 1765, had organized in New York the first Methodist Society in the United States. They came to Montreal in 1774, and afterwards formed a Methodist class at Augusta on the St. Lawrence in 1788.

The first Methodist itinerants [redacted] visited Canada in 1790 and 1792 were William Losee and Darius Dunham, missionaries from the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. These Gospel rangers preached their way among the scattered settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence and on the Niagara frontier. They were true pathfinders of empire, preparing a highway for the kingdom of God. They made their lonely way on horseback or on foot through primeval forests, their roads marked only by blazed trees; that is, trees from which a great slice had been hewn with an axe to indicate the settler's path. They often slept beneath the forest shade, kindling their watch-fires to keep at bay the prowling wolf and bear, or found a cordial welcome in the log shanty of the pioneer settler, and a sweet repose upon a bed of pine boughs or a bundle of straw. They were mostly men of stalwart frame, for few others could endure the hardships of the itinerant life. Their meagre wardrobe was carried in their saddle-bags, together with their Bible and hymn-book. They studied their sermons as they rode through the forest, and their exultant hymns resounded through its echoing aisles. Where there was no road they threaded the streams and bays in the Indian's light canoe, or in winter walked on snowshoes over the frozen and snow-drifted surface. The scattered settlers gathered in little groups, eager to hear the word of life, in the ample kitchen or barn of some friendly neighbour, or beneath the blue summer sky. Thus were laid by these faithful men the foundations of the goodly structure of Methodism in this land.

Yet Methodism did not escape the persecution which was its fate in the Old World as well as the New. Towards the close of the last century a warm-hearted Irish

Methodist, James McCarty, who had been converted under Whitefield's ministry, began to preach among the Methodist settlements near Ernestown, on the St. Lawrence. We quote from the Rev. Dr. Stone the following record of persecution :

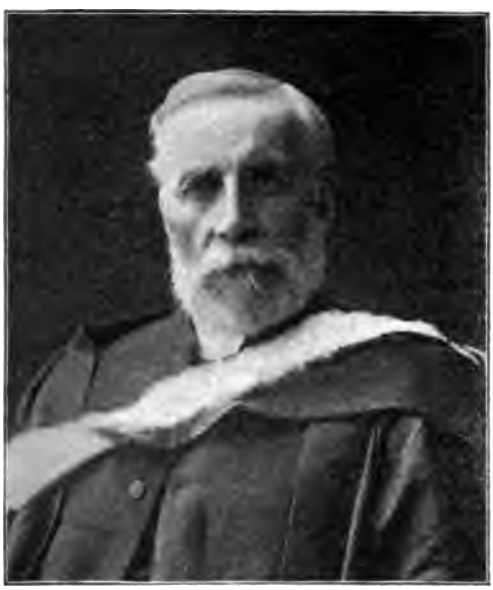
"Under an edict passed by the Legislative Council, that all vagabond characters should be banished from the province, McCarty was arrested by certain zealots of the Church of England, and, after being treated as though he were a common felon, was tried and convicted as a vagabond—the only cause of complaint being that he was preaching the gospel without the sanction of the Church of England—and was sentenced to solitary confinement upon one of the Thousand Islands. Four Frenchmen were selected to convey him to the place assigned ; but they, being more merciful than their employers, put him ashore upon the main land, whence he immediately made his way back to Ernestown, to his wife and family. On the following Sabbath he again held service in the house of Mr. Robert Perry, when he was once more arrested, but released on bail, to appear in Kingston the next day. He did so, was immediately placed in the cells, and shortly afterwards sentenced to transportation. His family never saw him again ; and, whether the unsupported testimony of one man—that he recognized the clothes of a murdered man near Kingston as those of Mr. McCarty—be true or not, it is certain he died a martyr."

One of the most successful of those early pioneers was the Rev. William Case. Our Indian missions, of which he became the father, have been the special glory of Canadian Methodism. He gathered the red-skinned children of the forest about him in an Indian mission settlement, and taught them at once the way of life and the arts of civilization. The labours of the Methodist missionaries in restraining the savage instincts of the red men, often jealous of the invasion of their hunting grounds by the whites, cannot be overestimated. The stories of rapine, pillage, and murder which stained the annals of the early English and early French colonies in America are absent from those of Upper Canada. In the valleys of the Mohawk and Delaware, and later of the Ohio and the Wabash, the dread Indian war-whoop often rang, and the fields, and even the hearthstones, were reddened with the settlers' blood. The Indians bade defiance to strong bodies of troops, and carried widespread ter-

THE REV. S. S. NELLES, LL.D.,
Late Chancellor of Victoria University.

ror throughout the frontier homes. But for a hundred years the just dealings of the British and Canadian Governments with the red men, and the influence, chiefly, of Methodist missions, prevented any hostile outbreak in Canada. Such trophies of missionary labours as John Sunday and Peter Jones, native apostles to their fellow-tribesmen, have pleaded on the platforms of British Methodism the claims of Indian missions.

It will be very gratifying to Englishmen to know that the British Methodists, Woolsey, Rundle, and Evans, were the pioneers of Indian missions on the vast prairies of Western Canada, where roamed innumerable herds of buffalo, and in the "Great Lone Land," where roll the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca. It was Evans who invented the syllabic characters which reduced to writing the widely spoken Cree language. By its use an intelligent Indian can learn to read the Bible in two or three weeks, or even less. In this character the Scriptures were printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Cree hymn-books, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and other books are printed at our Toronto Book Room for our missions.*



THE REV. NATHANIEL BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

Mr. Evans cast his first type in metal made from the lead-foil linings of tea-chests sent to the Hudson Bay forts. His first ink was made from gunpowder,—a much better employment of this agent in spreading the Gospel than in firing hostile bullets. When Lord Dufferin was told of Mr. Evans' invention, he declared that many a man had received a monument in Westminster Abbey for a less noble service to mankind.

The memory of Rundle is perpetuated in the name given to a noble mountain in the Canadian National Park, at Banff. A short distance from its base is the Indian mission, Morley, named after the revered and beloved William Morley Punshon, for five years President of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference. Here is the McDougall Orphanage, perpetuating the memory of the Rev. George McDougall, the intrepid missionary whose eloquence has been heard on British platforms. After forty years of missionary toil he was found frozen to death on the prairie. The story of his heroism would fill a volume. His son, the Rev. John McDougall, walks in his footsteps and carries on his work.

British Methodists are familiar with the stirring tale of the labours among the Northern Indians of the Rev. Egerton R. Young, who travelled hundreds of miles on snowshoes, and slept in the snow beneath the sub-Arctic skies with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero. He was one of many who encountered similar hardship for the building up of Christ's kingdom in these waste places of the earth. Where the Rev. George Young, over thirty years ago, planted the first Methodist mission in the Red River Settlement is now

* The same principle has been adopted by the Rev. William Murray in preparing syllabic symbols in the Mandarin dialect for [illegible] and for *sighted* persons in China. See [illegible]le by Miss C. F. Cumming, in *Mission-*[illegible] *Review of the World* for February, 1898.

the mid-continent city of Winnipeg, with forty thousand inhabitants, nine Methodist churches, and a well-equipped Methodist college. The Manitoba and Northwest Conference, organized in 1884, now numbers 199 ministers, 526 preaching appointments, 17,692 members, and last year raised for connexional purposes $189,975.

On the Pacific coast another Methodist missionary, Dr. Ephraim Evans, planted Methodism in Victoria, Vancouver Island. Through the labours of Thomas Crosby, the Indian settlement of Fort Simpson, once a scene of pagan savagery, has been converted to a prosperous Christian village. Its beautiful church, which will contain eight hundred people, was erected chiefly by the contributions of the Indians, and largely by their personal labour. Here is the Crosby Orphanage, and a hospital managed by Dr. Bolton, a devoted medical missionary. In the steam-yacht "Glad Tidings" Thomas Crosby has sailed many thousands of miles along the coasts and up its rivers, founding missions and confirming the Indian churches. Russ, Robson, and Browning—the last a son of the venerable local preacher who recently passed to his reward after labouring to well-nigh his ninetieth year—have been pioneers among the miners of Cariboo, the colliers of Nanaimo, and the scattered Indian tribes of the sea coast and of the Rocky Mountains.

Of the vast and lonely prairie region of the mid-continent, the poet Whittier wrote :

> I hear the tread of pioneers
> Of nations yet to be ;
> The first low wash of waves where soon
> Shall roll a human sea.

His prophecy is being fulfilled. Populous towns and cities are springing up, humming with busy industries and beautiful with churches and schools. Its fertile soil needs merely to be "tickled with the hoe to laugh with a harvest." In its huge granaries are stored for transhipment its surplus grain. In 1897 there were exported from our Western prairies twenty million bushels of wheat and many thousand head of cattle.

At Rossland, a new gold-mining centre, we have an energetic missionary, and to meet the rush of gold-seekers on the Klondike our Church has sent a medical and an itinerating missionary, to be followed by others as the work develops.

THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.,
Secretary of Education.

We cannot describe in detail the triumphs of Methodism in the older provinces. In Montreal we have nineteen beautiful churches. One of them, a magnificent stone structure occupying an entire square, is the most costly church in Canadian Methodism. Here for fifty years the Hon. James Ferrier was superintendent of one of the oldest and largest Sunday-schools in the Dominion, returning every week from the Senate at Ottawa to be present at its sessions. Here, too, is a vigorous branch of our Toronto Publishing House.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, TORONTO.

In Toronto we have thirty-four churches, many of them of great architectural beauty. Forever associated with the memory of William Morley Punshon, to whom it owes its erection, is the Metropolitan church, which stands in the heart of the city, in a square of four acres, and which seats two thousand five hundred persons. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, on a recent Sunday, worshipped with us, and were greatly impressed with the evangelical beauty and fervour of the service. In its beautiful lecture-room hangs a portrait of that man well beloved in Canada, Dr. Punshon, and one of its windows beautifully commemorates the elect lady, his wife, who sleeps among our honoured dead. Over its platform-pulpit is the white bust of that noble son of Canadian Methodism, Dr. Egerton Ryerson. In front of the Government Department of Education stands, on a lofty pedestal, his monument—the only bronze statue of a Methodist preacher that we know, save that of John Wesley in front of City Road Chapel. But his noblest monument, one more lasting than brass, is the public school system of Ontario, whose foundations he laid broad, deep, and stable, and whose economy he successfully administered for thirty-four years.

At Toronto, too, is our Publishing House. The Christian Guardian, now in its seventy-first year, is a power for righteousness of incalculable service in moulding the life and thought of this young Dominion. Its Sunday-school periodicals have reached a circulation of three hundred and thirty thousand copies, with an issue of eighty thousand printed pages every day. This house, with three hundred work-people, under the able ad-

ministration, for the past twenty years, of the Rev. Dr. Briggs, last year issued more copyright books than all the other publishing houses in the Dominion together. Its occupies, with adaptations and additions, the historic British Methodist church, whose audiences have been thrilled with the eloquence of such British visitors

THE REV. DR. SUTHERLAND,
Missionary Secretary.

as William Thornton, George Scott, Joseph Stinson, W. Morley Punshon, Gervase Smith, and Alexander Duff.

Through the munificence of a Methodist layman, the late Hart A. Massey, Toronto possesses the best equipped Methodist city mission on the continent. It is a beautiful structure, erected at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, with a Methodist minister in charge, two deaconesses, a hundred lay workers, and is a perfect hive of religious and social activity. Mr. Massey has also given to Toronto the largest public hall in the Dominion, and one of the largest on the continent, which holds five thousand persons. Here the great religious assemblies, the Moody evangelistic services, our Epworth League and Methodist missionary conventions are held.

The generosity of the same gentleman, a man sprung from the people, a man inured to toil, has bequeathed two million dollars to religious and philanthropic purposes, to be administered chiefly by the Methodist Church. His sons—who are at the head of one of Canada's great manufacturing industries, employing sixteen hundred men, and sending agricultural implements by the thousand to Australia, Argentina, and Bulgaria —maintain the traditions of their father's house by active service in the Methodist Church, and by generous aid to its efforts.

In all our cities, from Quebec to far Vancouver, Methodism is represented by goodly churches, faithful pastors, vigorous Sunday-schools, and active Epworth Leagues, while scarce a hamlet in the Dominion, or frontier settlement, or lonely fishing station, or mining camp is without its modest Methodist meeting-house. Methodism is foremost in every good work and social and moral reform, and especially in the great temperance campaign now in progress in our country.

In Queen's Park, Toronto, is our splendidly equipped Victoria University—which recently celebrated its sixty-third birthday—one of the oldest and best endowed in the Dominion. Its beautiful college buildings, costing two hundred thousand dollars, are the gift of the generous Methodist layman, the late William Gooderham. In federation with the Provincial University of Ontario, it is largely moulding in secular education the intellectual life of the community, and is also one of the great

theological schools of this continent. Few colleges have had more able and scholarly presidents than the late Drs. Ryerson and Nelles and the present Chancellor Burwash; their administration of this institution covers forty-eight years. We have a strong theo-

THE REV. DR. BRIGGS,
Book Steward at Toronto.

logical School at Montreal, in affiliation with McGill University, under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. W. J. Shaw, as it was for many years under that of our blind man eloquent, Rev. Dr. Douglas. We have also, besides our university and college at Sackville, N.B., successful colleges for both sexes at Stanstead, Belleville, St. Thomas, Winnipeg, and New Westminster, and vigorous ladies' colleges at Whitby and Hamilton. The genial and eloquent Dr. Potts, so well known in Great Britain, is the indefatigable Secretary of Education for our Connexion, and is in labours and travel more abundant in the administration of his office.

The seal of the divine approval has been signally placed upon the union of the Methodist Churches of this land. Its numbers have increased from 1,663 ministers and 169,803 members at the date of the union in 1883, to 2,031 ministers and 282,259 members in 1899. Its resources have been greatly increased, its institutions have been strengthened, its missions have been multiplied, its spirituality has been deepened. The remarkable growth of the Epworth League, and its missionary and evangelical enthusiasm, are of brightest augury for the future of Canadian Methodism.

We must not omit to pay a tribute of appreciation to the self-denying toil and consecrated zeal of our apostolic chief superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carman. At the call of duty he surrendered his life tenure of the episcopate in one of the uniting Churches for a quadrennial election in the united body. He has been unanimously re-elected to his high office, and has survived two of his revered and honoured colleagues, the Rev. Dr. Rice and the Rev. Dr. Williams. He seems to renew his youth in the vigour and vivacity with which he travels from end to end of the Dominion, and gives, more than any other agent, unity and solidarity to its operations, alike in our large cities, among the fishing villages of Newfoundland, the lumber camps of our great northland, and the mining settlements of British Columbia. In 1898 he visited Japan to confirm the churches and encourage the missions in the Land of the Rising Sun.

The missionary interests of our Church were long administered by a faithful son of British Methodism, the late Dr. Enoch Wood, then by Dr. Lachlan Taylor, and for the last thirty years by Dr. Alexander Sutherland, who is con-

METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

stantly on the wing, travelling from Bermuda to Japan to superintend its operations.

At the General Conference of October, 1898, Canadian Methodism made another forward movement. Inspired by the example of the mother Methodism of Great Britain, it resolved to close the century with a million dollar thank-offering for the signal manifestations of the favour of God. This project has been taken up with enthusiasm, and we are confident will be accompanied by great blessing to the Church at large and to its individual members.

Dr. Wilson's able article on Methodism in the Maritime Provinces has so fully covered the ground, that we omit further reference to the vigorous work our Church is carrying on in that part of the Dominion.

It is in no boastful spirit, but in recognition of the good hand of God that this record of progress is made. To God alone be all the praise.

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice.
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

NEW PATHS.

We wake to see a new world spread
With whiteness from above,
The sullied paths of yesterday
With joy we find are swept away,
In this new *proof of love.*

And now, as we again step out
To make fresh paths to-day
We gratefully this day receive
And strive with humble hearts to leave
A pure unsullied way.

WALLACE WIGHT.

BY THE REV. JOHN MACLEAN, M.A., PH.D.

WALLACE MONUMENT, ON THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

"Fell Southrons said that Wallace felt na sair
Guid devotion, sae, was his beginning,
Conteined therewith, and fair was his ending."

Romance has pictured no grander career, though he died upon the scaffold, than that of Sir William Wallace, the hero of Scotland. The glorious deeds of the Cid are inwrought in the literature of Spain, but there is not a Scottish heart that does not thrill with emotion at the mention of the name of him who laid the foundation of the liberties of the men of the heather. A halo of immortality [illegible]ircles the uncrowned heads of Wallace and Burns which increases in brightness with the passing years. Scotland enjoyed a period of tranquillity, and was more civilized and prosperous during the reign of Alexander III. than at any other time in her history. It was a sad night for the country when the good king rode along the coast of Fife, near Kinghorn, and in the dusk was thrown over a precipice and killed. The date is worth remembering—March 19, 1286—for it marks the close of a time of peace and plenty, and the incoming of an era of adversity and red-handed war.

Alexander departed enshrouded

in the affections of a grateful people, and the keen eye of the Southron king, Edward I., watched for the opportunity of uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland. The hour had not yet come, for there were barriers in the way of subjugation or peaceful annexation, and Edward was an astute statesman, who preferred the peaceful mode of litigation to the

STIRLING CASTLE, FROM CHURCH TOWER.

doubtful measures of war with a courageous and patriotic race. The fragile maid of Norway, daughter of King Eric, and granddaughter of Alexander III., was the heiress to the Scottish throne, and Edward saw a chance of uniting the kingdoms by the marriage of the fair maid to his own son. The young couple were cousins-german, and within the degrees prohibited by the canon law, so

the Southron monarch sought a dispensation from the Pope. The fates were against him, for with the arrival of the papal bull granting permission, came also the announcement of the death of the young queen at the Orkneys.

The cupidity of the unscrupulous king was aroused by the claims of no less than eleven competitors for the throne of Scotland, of whom the chief were Baliol and Bruce. He had resolved to subdue the kingdom, but as he was not prepared to use force of arms without a pretext, he resorted to legal process for discovering the rightful claimant to the throne by an examination of the State papers, meanwhile asserting his right of over-lordship.

On November 17, 1292, Edward declared in the hall of Be[illegible]

Castle in favour of Baliol. Three days later John Baliol swore fealty to the king of England, and his coronation as king of Scotland took place at Scone on the last day of the month. King John, as the vassal of Edward, was subjected to a condition of humility and isolation, and, goaded by the Community of Scotland, he renounced his allegiance to the King of England. The Scots took up arms, only to be defeated with great slaughter by the English troops at Dunbar Castle. John resigned his kingdom on behalf of Edward, and poor "Toom Tabard," the king of Scotland, was sent to the Tower for safe keeping. His heart must have been strangely warmed when he heard some years afterward of the decisive victory of Bannockburn.

STIRLING CASTLE.

The conquering Edward passed triumphantly through Scotland, distributing offices to his favourites, established a new Treasury at Berwick on the model of the Treasury at Westminster, made a new seal for the realm after destroying the Great Seal of Scotland, removed the Holy Rood, and carried away the Stone of Destiny, upon which the kings had been crowned, and enshrined it in the coronation chair of Britain. These acts aroused the turbulent spirit of the people, and the day of retribution was at hand.

An obscure young man of Scottish blood felt keenly the sad condition of his country. With the soul of a hero burning with passion, he vowed to free the land from the rule of the oppressor, or die in the attempt. Blind Harry, the minstrel, waxed eloquent as he sang the virtues of William

Wallace, " In happy tym for Scotland thow was born." The hero of Scottish liberty was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Elderslie. He was born in 1274 or 1275. The Wallace family belonged to the county gentry, and their son William enjoyed such training as fitted him to become bold and free among men. He received the elements of secular and religious education from the monks of the Abbey of Paisley, which was then the centre of learning for the district. The youth was able to read and write English, Latin, and French. He understood Gaelic, and was versed in ancient and modern history, the science of his day and simple mathematics. He was sent to the priest of Kilspindie, in the Carse of Gowrie, for further instruction. It was while there that, in his seventeenth year, he entered upon his career as the avenger of the wrongs of his native land. While at Kilspindie he was grossly insulted by a young Englishman named Selby, and in the scuffle struck his assailant dead. He escaped to the house of a friend, where the lady disguised him in a dress of her own, and set him down to spin. At night he fled from the town. His father and brother had been slain by the English, and the young man brooded painfully over his troubles. Branded as an outlaw, he fled to the hills. While fishing in the waters of Irvine, five Englishmen passed by, and proceeded to appropriate his fish. He fought with them, and killed three of the men. He sought refuge in Laglane Wood with a single attendant. In several single-handed combats

DOUGLAS ROOM, STIRLING CASTLE.

worsted his enemies, and the news of his prowess awakened the public mind to a prophecy that the English should be turned out of Scotland by the hand of a Wallace.

"For sooth, ere he decease,
Shall many thousands in the field make end,
From Scotland he shall forth the Southrons send,
And Scotland thrice he shall bring to the peace,
So good of hand again shall ne'er be kenned."

band was reduced to only sixteen men. Several times he narrowly escaped being slain, and twice was compelled to disguise himself as a woman to elude the scouts who were intent on securing his head. His victories aroused his countrymen, and he became the champion of the liberties of Scotland.

Hope sprang up in the breasts of the men of the heather. With a

GREYFRIARS CHURCH, STIRLING.

Wallace gathered a band of fifty young men of heroic hearts, and rode toward Loudon Hill to await in ambush for an English convoy proceeding to Ayr. The one hundred and eighty horsemen scorned the small band on foot, but so valiantly did the hero and his men ply their swords that one hundred of their enemies were slain. With a force of only fifty men he defeated five hundred English. By frequent skirmishing, his little heroism that could not be daunted they said:

"The rycht is ouris, we suld mor ardent be;
I think to freith this land, or ellis de."

While Wallace was smarting under terrible wrongs, the hopes of patriotic Scotsmen rose high, and troops of friends enlisted under his standard. While quietly returning from mass, he was set upon by two hundred men. He reached his own house, and his wife held

ıemy in parley while he es-
The English put his wife
th, but their crime was soon
ed when Wallace returned
ılew its perpetrators. The
ıion of Scottish freedom be-
ıo popular that he found him-
: last at the head of three
ınd horsemen and many foot-

n nearly the whole of Scot-
orth of the Forth was under
ntrol of Wallace. The stal-
:hampion, on learning that
ıglish army was making for
g, hastened to dispute the
:e of the Forth. The Eng-
:neral sought to induce Wal-
› come to the king's peace,
s proposals were indignantly
:d. As the hero sternly
:d from the slopes of the
Craig the enemy slowly de-
ıcross the bridge, at the op-
ıe moment the blast of his
:t was the signal for attack
the divided forces. The
h army was completely
, and so great was the
r that in ten days not an
h captain was left north of
weed, except in Berwick
oxburgh. Scotland was de-
, and Wallace became the
an of the realm.
otland for the Scots" was
im of the great deliverer.
Harry puts into the mouth of
ro the chief thought of his

ıs I am a natyff Scottis man,
ıy dett to do all that I can—
ıd our kynrik out of all dangeryng."

land was suffering from
scarcity of food, and to re-
he distress as well as to re-
order, strengthen the de-
and foster industry, Wal-
vided the country into mili-
istricts, instituted energetic
res, and made frequent raids
England. Again Edward
extensive preparations for
war. A great battle took place at Falkirk, when the flower of the Scottish army was slain. It was a terrible blow to Wallace, and was due chiefly to the superior numbers of the enemy, to internal dissension, the precipitancy of the Scots, and above all to the treachery of Comyn, who commanded the cavalry, and heedless of what befel the foot-soldiers, fled without striking a single blow.

Great was the rejoicing in London at the news of the victory. Wallace, saddened by the defeat, but more by the causes which led to it, resigned the office of Guardian of Scotland, and quietly went to France. In his retreat he sought to further the interests of his native land by appealing to King Philip, the Pope, and the King of Norway. After being absent four months, he returned to begin anew his guerilla warfare.

In the meantime Bruce had been appointed by the Scots nobles Guardian of Scotland. Edward's attempts to subdue the fractious nation met with no success, and the Scots, united in the defence of their country, made repeated raids into England. The Pope laid claim to Scotland as a fief of the Holy See, a claim that was rejected by Edward as well as the barons of Scotland. The king of England made preparations to resist the attacks of the Scots, and was defeated near Roslin.

The treacherous Comyn submitted to Edward, Bruce bowed his knee to the Southron king, and Stirling Castle surrendered to the English. This was not a victory to boast of, as there were only twenty-six persons in the castle. In this dark hour the one Scots leader who was determined to live or die a free man was William Wallace.

There was not much heard of Wallace for the next five years after the battle of Falkirk, but he

was not inactive. Vain were Edward's attempts to conciliate the man who feared not death, but boldly said, in the language of Blind Harry :

> " In this caus that I wend,
> Sa that we wyn, I rek nocht for till end,
> Rycht suth it is that cenys we mon de ;
> In to the rycht, quha suld in terrour be ? "

Such a man must be caught if he could not be won, and who should lead the hunt but a renegade Scot, Sir John de Menteith. Foul befall the name of the man who could so far forget his country. His reward may be seen in the traitor's face cut in stone in Dumbarton Castle, where formerly he was governor. A trap was laid to ensnare Wallace under the guise of an interview with Bruce to talk over the affairs of the kingdom. A treacherous attendant removed his arms as he slept, and sixty men secured the man whom Edward feared. He was hurried by by-paths to London, where he arrived on August 22, 1305. The farce of a trial was gone through next day at Westminster, and he was condemned to death for treason. They dragged him at the tails of horses through the streets of London to the place of execution. The Psalter which he habitually carried about with him was held, at his request, before him by a priest until his executioners had done their will. His head was placed on London Bridge, and the four quarters of his body were sent to Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling, and St. Johnston. Here was a patriot dying for his country, who was stigmatized as a traitor, but he never did homage to the king of England, and was only a prisoner of war. He laid the foundation of Scottish independence, and sealed his faith with his blood. There would have been less rejoicing in London could the English have [illegible]en six months ahead, for in that time the banner of freedom waved defiance from the towers of Lochmaben, and Bruce was crowned at Scone king of Scotland. Soon after Edward II. invaded Scotland, and with thirty thousand men met Bruce at Bannockburn, but was utterly defeated, and Scotland was declared a sovereign and independent kingdom.

Let us for a brief space look at

> " The manlyast man, the starkest off personn,
> Leyffand he was ; and als stud in sic rycht
> We traist weill God his dedis had in sycht.

He was of gigantic proportions, with strength in agreement with his size, of goodly mien and boundless liberality, a man of indomitable courage. He was a political and military genius. Opposed by the ablest generals and most seasoned warriors of his day, he defeated them all. He was humane toward all unwarlike persons, saving women, children, priests, and weak folk, but unmerciful toward men of war. His men loved him as a brother, and were faithful to him as their chief. He was keenly alive to the needs of the kingdom as seen in his earnest endeavour amidst warlike activity to resuscitate its industry and commerce, and reorganize civil order. He was destitute of personal ambition.

NOTE.—It strangely illustrates the spirit of the times that the father of Edward I. left charge that his bones might not be buried till they were borne in triumph from Berwick bounds to the utmost highlands. King Robert himself ordered that his heart should be embalmed and sent to Palestine to be buried in Jerusalem. According to tradition, the good knight Douglas, charging against the Moors in Spain, hurled the precious casket containing the king's heart "a stone cast and well more" into the ranks of the enemy, exclaiming,

> " Now pass thou forth before
> As thou wast wont in field to be,
> And I shall follow, or else dee" ;

and then fought his way to it and recovered it, " taking it up with great daintie." It was brought back and buried in Melrose Abbey.—ED.

He was a man of the people, and was loved by them with a devotion which words cannot express. He made the ascendancy of Bruce possible, and was in every sense the true deliverer of Scotland.

Scotsmen are doing their share in imperial expansion, consolidation and administration, but that share would be indefinitely deferred and marred, did not the uncurbed passion of freedom pervade their nature. Freedom has found its truest type for Scotsmen in the name and person of Sir William Wallace, and is it too much to say that as all the world loves the lover and the hero, so it cannot help admiring the man who loved Scotland more than himself. Like the peal of a clarion do the stirring words thrill the hearts of the sons of the heather—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots wham Bruce has aften led."

Neepawa, Manitoba.

NOTE.—A word as to our cuts. The royal borough of Stirling, with its famous castle, perched upon a lofty crag, is one of the most picturesque and historic places in all broad Scotland. The view from the ramparts, of the lovely valley of the Forth, and the purple-vested Ben Voirlich, Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi and the rest of the Titan brotherhood, is unsurpassed even by that from Calton Hill. "Queen Mary's View" is a small opening in the wall where the "fair mischief" watched the tilts and tourneys in the jousting yard below. Here is a quaint old hall, adorned with strange mythological figures, where the ancient parliament of Scotland used to meet. In a gloomy chamber of the palace, James V. slew with his own hand his guest, the Earl of Douglas; below is the monument of bold Wallace Wight, shown in our initial cut, and hard by the world-famous field of Bannockburn. —ED.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Farewell, Old Year, the rustle of whose garment,
Fragrant with memory, I still can hear;
For all thy tender kindness and thy bounty
I drop my thankful tribute on thy bier.

What is in store for me, brave New Year, hidden
Beneath thy glistening robe of ice and snows?
Are there sweet songs of birds, and breath of lilacs,
And blushing blooms of June's scent-laden rose?

Are there cold winds and dropping leaves of autumn,
Heart-searching frosts, and storm-clouds black and drear?
Is there a rainbow spanning the dark heaven?
Wilt thou not speak and tell me, glad New Year?

As silent art thou of the unknown future
As if thy days were numbered with the dead;
Yet as I enter thy wide-open portal,
I cross thy threshold with glad hope, not dread.

To me no pain or fear or crushing sorrow
Hast thou the power without *His* will to bring;
And so I fear thee not, O untried morrow!
For well I know my Father is thy king.

If joy thou bringest, straight to God, the giver,
My gratitude shall rise, for 'tis His gift;
If sorrow, still, 'mid waves of Grief's deep river,
My trembling heart I'll to my Father lift.

If life's full cup shall be my happy portion,
With thankful joy I'll drink the precious draught;
If death, my waiting soul across life's ocean
But little sooner to my home 'twill waft.

So, hope-lit New Year, with thy joys uncertain,
Whose unsolved mystery none may foretell,
I calmly trust my God to lift thy curtain;
Safe in His love, for *me* 'twill all be well.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE NATION.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

We celebrate to-day the sixty-third anniversary of the founding of our college by Royal Charter, in 1836. The event was in itself one of no little importance to our Church and to our country. To our Church it meant the founding of her great moral and religious work upon principles of the highest intelligence, and the advancement of her people to the position of prominent influence which they occupy to-day. To our country it meant a new advance in the struggle for civil and religious liberty and equality, a struggle long since crowned with permanent and perfect success. In the advancement of these principles, the charter was a step forward, not for Canada alone, but for the whole Empire, for it was the first Royal Charter for an institution of higher education granted outside the control of the Established Church.

Our Charter Day anniversaries in the past have repeatedly marked important points in our own college history. Such were the opening in 1841, by Dr. Ryerson, of the first college in Ontario with university powers; the opening in 1851, by Dr. Nelles, which was almost a new beginning of our academic history; the opening in 1887, when Dr. Nelles was ending a life-work which had given Victoria a permanent place in the educational history of Canada. The present is another such epoch, as it closes the old century. Another year will launch us into the new.

This turning-point between the centuries is being marked in many [redacted] our churches by an effort for the more thorough equipment of the Church's work at home and for a wider extension of her work abroad. In this effort Victoria is taking her part and good progress is being made, as we have already reached the seventy-sixth thousand in our endowment movement. An important part of this movement is the work undertaken by our graduates. Already over eight hundred graduates in arts have gone forth from the halls of Victoria, and more than two thousand from her faculties of medicine, law, and divinity, while since her first opening, sixty-three years ago, more than five thousand students have received from her hands their highest educational advantages. The class leaving college last spring was the largest in the history of the college, and the entering class of the present year is most encouraging both in numbers and ability.

It is a very fitting thing that the college and the university should take their place in this twentieth century movement, for they are a noble part of our heritage from the past century, and they are inseparably linked in with the history both of our churches and our country. It is now just a hundred years since the foundations of our university were laid in Upper Canada. The twice-sifted settlers who came to Canada to preserve their British institutions were many of them university men. They well understood the importance of education in the founding of a new country. They built perhaps more wisely than they knew when they resolved first of all to make provision for a university, then for

* [redacted]n address given on Charter Day at [redacted]ria University, 1899.

four collegiate secondary schools, and finally for elementary schools. But the problem which presented itself to them in the founding of this provision for education was no easy one. Our U. E. Loyalist fathers were religious men. They recognized the importance and office of religion in the work of education. Their conception of education embraced the development of the moral and religious elements in education as well as the physical and intellectual. But here arose the difficulty which delayed the educational foundations of 1799 for full thirty years, an entire generation.

If morals and religion are the basis of education, and the State takes charge of education, how can education stand independent of all entanglement with the Church? The answers have been various. The sentiment of our people has been that the moral and religious side of education rests with the Church and pre-eminently with the Sabbath-school, while the State in the system of public schools takes the general charge of the secular side of education. So far as public schools and high schools are concerned, there has been an attempt made to solve the problem, but when we come to the college we meet a new difficulty, and we see the attempt to solve it in the federation scheme in our great Provincial university to-day in which the various Churches have their colleges linked in with the Provincial university, some of them doing their work in one way, others in another way, some taking the full responsibility of an arts course, as Victoria, others confining themselves to theological work, as Wycliffe and Knox, and others combining the work to some extent, as the case of St. Michael's just across the way; but in all cases the Church taking part in this great work of education side by side with the State, but at the same time on thoroughly independent lines, the Church receiving no aid from the State, and the State free from all entanglement in religious matters.

Recently we have heard a great deal of criticism with reference to the Provincial University. We do not wish to take time to-night to repeat that criticism; perhaps if we did so it would be giving it undue importance. The criticism may be right and it may be wrong. There can be no doubt that there are dangers that lie around a State university, like all State institutions. The professors may degenerate into small officials of the civil service, and you know the character that officers of the civil service are likely to assume. We do not think it can be said that the professors of the university are of that character. We know them pretty intimately, and know that the great majority of them are men who love their work and are devoted heart and soul to it, men who are laying their very best talent and ability and energy upon the altar of their country in this great cause of education. In saying that we are only doing justice to these men.

There is also perhaps a danger in connection with a State university of the great body of the people feeling that the university is provided for out of the public funds and that they need have no care or interest with reference to its support, its enlargement or its future. To take that position is, of course, to throw the university, like all other branches of the public service, into the sphere of politics. It is to devolve upon the Ministry in power the entire responsibility of every addition that might be made to the university endowment and of every other expenditure that might be necessary for the more perfect efficiency

of the university work. We think this very undesirable. The university should live in the hearts and affections of all the people. It is peculiarly the institution of all the people. Some classes of our society, especially the labour unions, are disposed to look upon it as peculiarly a rich man's institution.

We know the university students thoroughly. Two-thirds of the boys pursuing their university studies have to win their own way by the sweat of their brow, sometimes by the most laborious employments. Some have delivered newspapers, others have worked as conductors or motormen, or in factories, and many labour on the farms to win their way. It is not the sons of rich men who are climbing up to the top of the ladder in our university class lists, and are winning the medals and scholarships, but the sons of those who are born without the patrimony of wealth.

That means that the university is above all other institutions in this land the friend of the poor man and the poor man's children, the institution which brings up the best blood and the best brain of the ranks that had least money, and places the brainy men in the highest positions in the land, keeping the whole machinery of our commercial, industrial and clerical life in touch with the great body of the people from whom these recruits are continually being brought, through the instrumentality of the university. It is peculiarly a popular institution for the benefit of the people, and especially for those people who might be disposed to grumble at any extra expenditure or outlay for the university. It is said that the man who would enjoy a higher education should pay for it, but this principle would lead to the [illegible]er knowledge becoming a prerogative of the wealthy people and to the wealth ruling our country.

The first work of the university is to furnish the country with men, men in the very best sense of the term, and the very first criterion which should be applied is, "What kind of men does it produce? Where do you find your university men?" In judging of university systems, and especially in judging university systems in the world, perhaps that criterion is the very best that could apply. There is no doubt that in the matter of scholarship the German universities, especially during the past century, have stood pre-eminent as places where the most thorough type of scholarship has been produced. While that is true, no country under the sun has been so served with grand men, all-round men, moral men, men whose intellectual powers have been called out, all-sided men, men of profound faith, of high social culture and polish; no country in the world has been so served with grand men as has old England, God bless her. When one speaks of that side of university life, and of the results of university work, it seems to me that the English universities, after all, have done the grandest work, all over the country, of any institution in the world to-day.

But another function of the university is to furnish the country with the necessary scholarship. There never was an age when scholarship, when learning, was more necessary than to-day; the entire industrial revolution has made the world more than ever dependent on scholarship. One of the best young men in the university has left his post as teacher at $1,000 or $1,200 a year and has been employed by a great manufacturing establishment in this city at $4,000. That means that this institution is so dependent on

the higher learning in the department of chemistry that it can afford to take the most perfect scholarship and skill and pay high for it for simply industrial purposes. Then in the department of medicine the call to-day is for the highest scholarship. Medical knowledge is not of an empirical character. Medical science to-day is founded at every turn upon the most careful investigations of a scientific character, which needs men of the highest scholarship. Physical science is running the street-cars to-day, and controls nearly all means of communication, and perhaps in the century to come, when the rivers to the north of us are devoted to running machinery throughout the province in the absence of the coal which we do not possess, it will be still more essential. Scholarship is more necessary than ever before, and to the university we must always look as the fountain head in which scholarship can be acquired.

Again, the university is the fountain head from which must come the knowledge supplied to all our people through the public schools. The university prepares the high school teacher for his work, and in turn he trains the teacher of the elementary school. The university becomes not the apex, the climax of our educational work, not the lonely summit of the mountain attained by the few, but the very foundation of the whole structure. The method of teaching and the subjects taught, and the entire ideal of education, are dominated from the university. If, then, the millions expended in our educational work are well spent, if the methods, subject matter, and ideals of education are to be perfect, we must keep a most jealous eye upon our university. It is the very heart of our educational life.

Looking at the future, there are two or three things which we think are greatly needed: first of all, the loyal, hearty support and co-operation of all our people in the work of building up a great national university; second, in the university itself we need the harmonious working of all the elements of the university on perfectly equal terms, with no one jealous of any other branch or department; third, we want our Government and all our liberal people to take hold of our university, we want our people to take hold of our colleges and our Government to take hold of our great central university and put it in a position second to none on this continent. "Let us join heart and hand," he concluded, "in this great enterprise, and let our gift for the twentieth century be such a gift as our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren will bless us for in the days to come."

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Make it a glad one, Thou dear Lord,
To whom the years belong;
Make it a happy year, all crowned
With love, and praise, and song.
Fill it, yea, let it overflow
With loving gifts from Thee;
And best of all, dear patient Lord,
A grateful heart would be.

A heart to thank Thee for the gift
Of each new year of life,
A heart to trust the Hand which sends
Each joy, or care, or strife.
A heart to pray (and to believe
That Thou dost answer prayer),
A heart to hope, a heart to love,
A heart to keep and share.

O tender Christ, bless Thou this year!
Bless Thou its dawn, and bless
Its noon-tide and its evening, Lord,
And let each heart confess
As days and weeks and months go by
To help the year grow old,
That of Thy glory, King of kings,
The half not yet is told.

THE OLIVER CROMWELL STATUE.

BY THE REV. DR. LATHERN.

THE NEW STATUE OF CROMWELL AT WESTMINSTER.

An Oliver Cromwell celebration meeting was held in Queen's Hall, London, on November 14th, 1899, at which Lord Rosebery was the principal speaker, and on the same day a Cromwell statue was unveiled in Parliament Square.

It has been a humiliating thought that England has been so long unable to find for Oliver Cromwell a place in her trophied temples, or niche of honour among her ancient and renowned kings.

Stuart statues crown some of the

noblest squares of English cities, and portraits of the indolent and frivolous Charles II., and the voluptuous beauties of his court, line the national galleries. But, until now, no fitting place has been found for the ablest statesman, the greatest soldier, and the most sagacious and enlightened ruler of his time.

The erection of this colossal statue in front of Westminster Hall signalizes righteous reaction from the period of the Restoration. "It was an extraordinary, a singularly significant, spectacle when a peer who had been prime minister was seen addressing an assemblage, in which were Bishops of the Established Church, members of the House of Lords, and Commoners of all political parties, in praise of a regicide in whose honour a Conservative Government had erected a statue in obedience to the will of the people." Lord Rosebery's speech on the occasion is said to have been the finest he ever delivered, and to have aroused an intense enthusiasm.

And yet Cromwell needs no monument of stone. Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches" must ever constitute for him a noble and enduring memorial; while the unveiling of a national statue will add new zest to the perusal of those magnificent volumes. They are a complete revelation of the man; and, making allowance for the rough work which fell to his lot to accomplish, exhibit a character of singularly consistent and noble type, and a mind regal in its simplicity and grasp. Through the infallible test of continuous and consecutive correspondence, an ordeal that few public men in troubled times can creditably sustain, these letters afford ample refutation of the partial and puerile histories, with their medium of distortion and prejudice from which many of our earliest impressions were received.

Simultaneously with the unveiling of the Parliament Square statue, appears the first instalment of Oliver Cromwell's Life, by John Morley, profusely illustrated, in the current number of The Century Magazine. It promises to be a most brilliant biography of the illustrious Puritan. Speaking in his Prologue of the figure of Cromwell emerging from the mists of time, Mr. Morley hints at alleged contradictions of career and varied semblances, from the hypocritical usurper to the transcendental hero. But it is claimed by this latest and probably most gifted biographer that Cromwell's largeness of aim, "his freedom of spirit, and that energy which comes from freeness of spirit; the possession of a burning light in his mind, though in the light of our times it may have grown dim; his good faith, his valour, his constancy, have stamped his name, in spite of some exasperated acts, upon the imagination of men over all the vast arena of the civilized world, wherever the English tongue prevails."

The first appearance of Oliver Cromwell in public life, 1628, was not prepossessing. He was a respectable farmer, of good lineage, but there was about him no expression of polish or gentlemanly refinement. Yet underneath an ordinary appearance, uncourtly manners, seamed and sallow features, and harsh, untunable voice, might be detected the stamp of highest manhood. A powerful frame, firmly compressed lips, a massive brow, over which fell flowing hair, parted in the middle, and resolute attitude, as of conscious destiny, marked him out for leadership in troubled times. His utterance was vehement, and his sentences were often bewildering in their confused verbiage, but these parliamentary speeches had

the weight and force of practical wisdom, and from the first were "very much hearkened unto."

Those were days of deep humiliation, perverted justice, trampled right, arbitrary taxation, unconstitutional levies, forced loans, exorbitant fines, wholesale monopolies, feudal exaction, the Thorough and Star Chamber, and a government without parliament for nearly twelve years. They were days of Charles I., given to dark and perverse ways,—for the Guise blood was in his veins,—and of Strafford and Archbishop Laud.

Even more galling and irritating than the deeply designed and despotic schemes of Thorough, by which the rights of a free people were so seriously imperilled, was the tyranny of ecclesiastical administrations. Innovations were made in established forms of worship. Canons and ceremonies were multiplied to a vexatious degree. For the upper classes, there were flowers and incense, millineries and upholsteries; and for the common people, sports upon the village green. For loyalty to conscience and conviction there were whips and pillories, slit noses and mutilated ears, fines and imprisonments. A system of surveillance was extended to every corner of the realm, and during that regime England was "merry England," no more.

Short parliaments having been vexed into tempestuous violence and hastily dissolved, the Long Parliament met in 1640. Grievances were now redressed with an unsparing hand. The boundaries of constitutional liberty were accurately defined. Strafford was impeached and Laud imprisoned. The Star Chamber and High Commission were swept away. A "grand remonstrance" was presented to the king. Extreme measures produced reaction, and a royalist party was organized, that for a time gave promise of wiser administration.

But Charles, who promised to consult responsible advisers, proved incurably prone to a wretched king-craft. He preferred other counsels, and chiefly through his perverseness and duplicity the nation was plunged into fratricidal strife.

For nine long years there was civil conflict in England. With varied and alternating fortunes, the tide of battle between royalist and parliamentary forces swept through the land; but ever with a bright light in Cromwell's conquering track, until his "crowning victory" was won, and he became master of the Revolution.

To the Lord General, Milton addressed his matchless sonnet, 1652:

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies and His work pursued,
While Darwen's stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

Transition from civil war to established government, always a thorny track, was extremely difficult at the period of the Commonwealth. But the Lord General was no longer the simple Puritan squire. His mind expanded with the greatness of the occasion, and, by the right divine of the gift of ruling, he proved himself to be regal in all but name.

Had Oliver Cromwell's administration not been thwarted by obstreperous parliaments, and by fierce and factious sectaries, who regarded his magnanimous policy

as time-serving compromise, it would probably have presented a model of moderation and wisdom. As it was, under all its disadvantages, the Protectorate is entitled to honourable recognition and a bright record in the annals of English history.

In an age of political and ecclesiastical intolerance, civil and religious liberty were established on lines to which there had been no previous parallel. Constitutional law was administered upon a greatly improved system. Parliamentary representation was reformed with such thoroughness that even now, after centuries of tolerant legislation and enlightened State policy, we are but working out the same programme. The public service was opened to fair and honourable competition. Learning and literature were patronized and protected. Oxford and Cambridge universities were fostered, and Durham University founded. Eminent men, irrespective of party or political principles, such as Owen and Usher and Jeremy Taylor, were specially distinguished. On the bench was Sir Matthew Hale,

> "For deep discernment praised,
> And sound integrity, not more than famed
> For sanctity of manners undefiled."

John Howe, the illustrious author of "The Living Temple," became chaplain to the Protector; while greater Milton, already meditating his sublime and immortal song, filled the important office of Latin Secretary of State.

But the consummate and commanding ability of Oliver Cromwell's civil administration was even surpassed by the splendour and successes of his foreign policy. The maritime superiority of England, lost under the Stuarts, was regained, and her proud commercial rival, the United Provinces, was glad to accept of peace at any price. A special mercantile treaty was negotiated with Denmark. An embassy was sent to Sweden, and Oliver Cromwell won the romantic interest of the young Queen Christiana. He commanded the friendship of France, the haughty Louis and the crafty and brilliant Mazarin, and from them received costly presents of wine, tapestry, and Barbary horses. The proud empire of Spain was humbled, her treasure-ships were brought in triumph to London, and the valuable island of Jamaica wrenched from her western possessions. Pirates of Tunis and Tripoli, long the scourge of commerce, and the terror of the high seas, were chased and chastised. With the conquering Blake he swept the Mediterranean, and fixed his eagle eye upon Gibraltar as a strategic fortress rock and a most desirable acquisition to his country. The Vatican was threatened by the thunder of his guns, and persecuted communities in distant Alpine valleys, and blood-stained Piedmont, were protected by the potency of his name; so that, in recent Armenian atrocities, the thought uppermost with Protestants of England was, "O for an hour of Oliver Cromwell!"

Thus was realized the "splendid improbability" to which the Lord Protector was pledged, that, before his death, he would make "the name of an Englishman as much feared as ever was that of an ancient Roman."

"England," says Goldwin Smith, "feels safer beneath the aegis of his victorious name; and the thought returns in danger, not that we may have a Marlborough or a Black Prince, but that the race which produced a Cromwell may at its need produce his peer, and that the spirit of the Great Usurper may again stand forth in arms."

Halifax, N.S.

DR. BUTLER AS I KNEW HIM.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

This eminent Irish-American, scholar, preacher, and missionary, whose great work in India and Mexico is so well known to all readers of Christian enterprise, spent a few weeks in the Lower Provinces during 1866. His recent death brings back to memory some singular circumstances in his career as related by himself in public and in private conversation. It rarely falls to the lot of a man who springs from ordinary life to go through such marvellous extremes of danger and honour, of hope and fear, as followed each other in Dr. Butler's history. He was a noble specimen of manhood in those days of his prime. Fresh of face, portly, alert, brimful of the humour of his native land, eloquent and versatile, he carried an audience through a two hours lecture giving them scarce time to breathe. Bursts of applause were broken into by the impetuous speaker sometimes, in his impatience to overtake the ideas that hurried upon his memory and imagination.

His lecture before the Conference of 1866, which survivors will always regard as the crowning occasion of the old Centenary, St. John's, existence, was the treat of a lifetime. The spacious building was crowded with the members of Conference, at that time attending from Newfoundland to western New Brunswick, before the first Union of Canadian Methodism.

Notable hearers had the lecturer, many of whom have been numbered with the host beyond, to whom Dr. Butler himself has recently been gathered. Dr. Richey, the Nestor of the Conference, was there, his fine classic features, his silky curls of grey hair, and his expressive eyes making a marked picture as he leaned over the pulpit, in front of which the lecturer occupied a large platform. Dr. Dewolfe, too, whose besignant expression and flowery eloquence were associated with keen scholarly intuitions, sat among the elevated group of notables, sometimes suggesting a word, when Dr. Butler, just returned from India, hesitated, as the English language now was partially rusty to his tongue. Brewster, the man of marvellous imagination; Narraway, the logical, persuasive orator of Provincial Methodism: Albrighton, whose ear and eye and tongue were trained in all the proprieties of personal appearance and speech; MacMurray, also an Irishman, the theologian among his brethren. These and many other appreciative hearers mingled with the best citizens of St. John listening to Dr. Butler.

His subject was, "The Sepoy Rebellion." For over two hours he stirred his audience, from the philosopher to the beardless boy. All clapped and wept and laughed by turns. Dr. Butler had been entrusted with the serious duty of organizing the converts of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that vast territory into compact shape. While there he found himself in the centre of the cyclone that swept over wide districts and shattered the best structures of society far and near. He described how he first went into Lucknow or Cawnpore with letters of introduction to the authorities, going up to the Residence on the back of an elephant, and guarded right and left by British

soldiers, for there was suspicion of treachery before the rebellion broke out. This strange experience he contrasted with his last visit to the same city before returning, and after the war was over. There were bazaars open along the principal streets, sellers and buyers perfectly secure under new laws and police guardianship. A rollicking son of Erin, relieved from soldier's duty for the day, went out loaded and primed with strong drink for fun and mischief. Beginning at one end of the bazaars he strode along the street shouting and shaking a heavy stick, the Sepoys fleeing in every direction.

An officer stepped into the magistrate's court and reported the wild conduct of the Irish soldier. "Arrest him at once," said the irate magistrate. "We have tried," answered the officer, "but he is wild, and we cannot take him." "Send out a corporal's guard, then, and bring him, if necessary, at the point of the bayonet." The soldier and his shillalah were at length brought in. "What do you mean, man," said the man of law, "by this disturbance of the peace?"

"Arrah, there, yer anner," was the reply, "I've jist bin perfarming me vow, please God. Manny a sore mar-rch I've had after the villyuns, across the hot sands, and I promised the Holy Lady if oncet I got a chance I'd flake them. And now, if yer anner jist says the wurred, I'll clane the streets of the city of 'em, I will."

Then the lecturer aptly quoted the words so descriptive of a cowed and conquered people, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." No better picture of the terrible revenge which Nana Sahib brought upon his hordes was ever presented than in that passage. But the inimitable drollery of the Doctor's recital, as he brought out the Irish soldier's yells and contortions, sending the Sepoys scurrying in all directions, kept his audience in uncontrollable laughter. Dr. Richey was hidden behind the pulpit, above which his head would emerge at times long enough to show the effects of the fun on his classic features. This writer sat near him and enjoyed Dr. Richey's defeat in his attempts to keep cool and grave, quite as much as Dr. Butler's electric storm of eloquence.

Another memorable picture of that great lecture was the scene of the guard which Dr. Butler and some companions organized in self-defence. After describing the narrow escapes from the savage rebels, whose cunning and cruelty were too much for many innocent Europeans in those terrible days and nights, he told of the gathering on the mountain top of a few scores of men, women and children, with no food and in momentary danger of insult and death. The troop of Falstaff, he told us, was not more grotesque than this self-constructed guard. The women and children were huddled away in a cave, while the men—merchants, tourists, mechanics, and this minister of the Gospel, provided as best they could means to defend them.

A pathway leading to the mountain summit, wound about a point some distance below, where the Sepoys must show themselves if they approached. This path the beleaguered men cut away so far that only one person could pass at a time. "Then," said the Doctor, "we took turns, musket at shoulder, to watch that narrow pass and pick off any scoundrel enemy who might show himself." Some one in the audience called out, "Would you have fired, Doctor?" "Fired?" he asked. "Yes, minister and all; and when the last bullet went

out I would have turned the butt (the boot he pronounced it) end of my gun and clubbed them to my last breath." It was a tremendous applause that greeted him then !

It became my happy lot to drive with Dr. Butler over the marsh country of Tantramar, being then stationed in Sackville. He was looking at this time toward Mexico, where he subsequently repeated, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, the same organizing methods which he had followed in India. His amazing energy, his almost restless ambition to be employed for his Master, his massive ideas, his clear apprehensions of the divine possibilities open to the Church if only she were willing to go forward, his masculine manhood, joined to so sweet and tender a spirit, kept one thinking and wondering and questioning at every turn in the conversation. On our return we obtained from him and Dr. Dewolfe a privilege we highly esteemed of having them both engaged in dedicating our child in baptism, bestowing their joint names on the occasion.

We have known many men mighty in the eloquence of pathos and description, but the equal of Dr. Butler on the platform we have never listened to. There were and are great orators on that rare bench of Bishops across the line, several of the very chiefest of whom we have heard, the versatile McCabe, the superb Fowler, the massive Newman, the intense Foss, the scientific Warren, the unique Taylor, with others of wide fame, but Butler, who never was called Bishop, was yet worthy of being ranked among the noblest Romans of them all. He finished his great work, and his day's darg was done.

New Glasgow, N.S.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door,
When the sands were wasting thin;
And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch,
And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch
To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair,
And warmed by the Old Year's fire;
And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze
As he stretched his hand to the fading blaze,
And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Years will,
Of summer and vanished spring;
And then of the future, with grave advice,—
Of love, and sorrow, and sacrifice,
That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened, and warmed his heart,
In the bloom of the Old Year's past;
But he gave no heed to the thorns that lay
In the bud and blow of a coming day,
And nodding, he dreamed at last.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
And warmed in the Old Year's chair;
And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept,
Then forth in the night he softly stepped,
And left the New Year there.

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

AT THE GRAVE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

Denis Patterson's illness lasted a long time. The injuries received on that day of riot and mob-fury were of a serious nature. A stone had struck his head as he fell into the river, and the previous rough handling from his assailants had also left traces. He had suffered more than any one; the other Methodists, even Mr. Wesley, had escaped with nothing worse than menaces and bruises.

The squire was carefully and kindly nursed in the Haworth parsonage. But, when he had partially recovered, he craved for his own home in Longhurst, and Mr. Wesley granted his faithful follower a furlough at last. The squire came back to Longhurst when October splendours were lighting the woodlands. As he sat in the post-chaise—he was not strong enough for horseback travelling yet—he watched all with the eager delight of one who has been shut away from "the goodly earth and air."

A yellow ash drooped at a turn of the road; it was like a sudden gleam of sunlight on the dark hedgerow. The elms were striped with russet and pale gold, and the fading bracken clung around their feet in splashes of cinnamon and ochre. There were scarlet hips along the roadside, and drops of coral on the hollies. A blackbird sat feeding hungrily as the squire passed, plunging his slender yellow bill among the berried sprays. All the pleasant country sights and sounds stole in on the sick man's consciousness in a healing harmony.

When he reached the long pasture before his house, he sat up, leaning forward to look. There stood his home, fair and well-kept as ever. Rows of trim stacks behind it testified to Tom's farming ability, and sleek-looking cattle were grazing in the meadows. The lattice-panes of the house-windows glittered, clear as diamonds. Late pink roses were on the porch, and Michaelmas daisies stood in sober, cheerful array along the garden paths. The door opened as the chaise drove up, and a tall boy ran out, shouting, "Welcome!"

The squire looked at him in uncertainty. "Is it——?" he began.

"You have not forgotten me, have you?" cried Tony reproachfully. "I have been living in your house all these years, and Bethia says your kindness has made a man of me. Don't you think" (anxiously) "I shall be a man before very long? I am ten, and big of my age. Tom says I am a wonderful help to him. We have ever so much to show you, Tom and I. There are new calves, and such a beauty of a foal; and we have got the harvest up, and drained the swampy meadow, since Tom last wrote to you. Oh, do come in and hear about it all."

The boy's chatter was useful in dispelling the emotion which the squire, still weak from illness, felt at seeing his old home again. He laughed at Tony's enthusiasm, accepted his

hand to help him out of the chaise, and was able to return composedly the quieter greetings from Hannah and Bethia who awaited him in the porch.

It was very strange to come back and find his home so changed, and yet so unchanged. Mr. Patterson had only visited it twice for a day in the four years since he left it, and had not had time then for more than a surface glimpse. As a sick man now he spent of necessity long hours indoors, and the household life flowed on in its quiet stream before his eyes. At first it was with a pang (though it had happened by his own wish) that he saw strangers so at home by his old hearth. When little Bab perched herself on the chair that had been his wife's, or children's laughter rang from the room where she had lain silent in death, it smote him sharply. But he soon perceived that his sacred past was guarded with all the reverence he could desire. Frances' books and Frances' workbasket were in their old places, and never touched by careless hands. Every little relic she had left was safely preserved, and when he visited her grave in the churchyard, he found it beautiful with the starry white flowers of the small everlasting.

"Bethia planted them," Bab confided to him shyly. "She said it was the only return we could make for your great goodness."

Bethia's place in the altered household was naturally a prominent one, and the squire watched her actions with curiosity and interest. He admired the tact she brought to bear on various delicate relations. She was not the mistress of the house and never aspired to be, but he saw that even the stiff-willed Hannah bent to her opinion, while Betsy served her with the devotion of love. The children under her care were well trained, and throve like happy plants in the sunlight. The squire thought the plan he formed long ago at the Foundery had succeeded well.

Bethia was sitting by the parlour fire one winter evening, teaching Bab and another of the orphan girls to knit. The warm light shone on her fair hair and sweet, gentle features, and touched into ruddy tints her neat dress of sober brown. The little girls wore gowns of dark red, as simply made as Bethia's; but she could not deny them the brighter colour, knowing that children love gay hues as they love flowers. Mr. Edmonds sat near, buried as usual in his book. Tony was in the kitchen, discussing some farming business with Tom.

No sound broke the quiet except the little girls' voices as they asked for help in the difficulties of their work, or Bethia's soft tones as she answered them. The picture was so pleasant and homelike that the squire could not keep his eyes from it. Looking up, Bethia met his gaze, and blushed a little.

"I have some news for you, Mr. Patterson," she said, recovering herself. "I met the vicar to-day in the village, and he bid me say he would call on you soon."

"That is news, indeed," said the squire, rousing himself. "He has not lately been a warm friend to me."

"He is changing, I think," answered Bethia.

"Yes, so Hannah told me," returned the squire, looking interested; "she said your visits to his old nurse had influenced him."

"Mary Pilgrim's influence might tell on him, mine could not do much," replied Bethia, vexed to feel a rosy flush creeping up on her cheeks, and hoping the squire would think it the reflection of the firelight.

"Others would not say so," said Mr. Patterson with an animation that surprised himself, and caused Mr. Edmonds to look up from his book.

"Ah, what are you saying?" he asked, pushing back his spectacles. "Were you talking of the vicar? He has lost his evil genius now that bad man Larkins is seized for the war, and he is improving fast. We shall see him a Methodist yet."

"May your prophecy prove a true one," said the squire, relapsing into silence, while Bethia, delighted to hear her father identify himself so clearly with the interests of religion, smiled across at him and forgot to notice that Mr. Patterson's eyes were resting with quiet intentness on her again.

"Call Tony and tell him to bring his Latin grammar," she said to her little sister, when the knitting lesson was over.

Bab darted off on the errand; she was her sister's willing helper on all occasions, and would grow some day into a winsome maiden much like Bethia.

"Who teaches Tony Latin?" said the squire. "Your father?"

"No; I do," answered Bethia, wondering if he thought the accomplish-

ment unfeminine; for the studies of ladies in the eighteenth century were usually confined, as Lord Byron wished them always to be, to their Bible and the cookery-book.

"I had to learn many things of the kind to help my father when he was a printer," she added, almost in apology for her own attainments.

But the squire did not think such an apology necessary. He had the reverence for learning which a scholar who studies late and with difficulty his own, found her answers so full and fresh, that an hour flew by in conversation that was delightful and invigorating to both.

When the squire went up to his room, he opened his Bible by chance at an unexpected place. Mr. Wesley, with a touch of the superstition of that age, sometimes consulted the sacred volume as if it were an oracle. Denis Patterson had caught the habit from his leader, and he started as his eyes fell, without any warning, on a

THE PROPOSAL.

generally feels. He listened admiringly to the patient instructions bestowed on the somewhat reluctant Tony, and took home for his own use certain clearly-put explanations.

"How much you must have read and thought before you knew so much," he said, privately determining to ask her opinion on some points in new sermons he was making.

"I have had a quiet life, with leisure to think," answered Bethia modestly; and the squire, putting before her certain mental difficulties of

line from the Proverbs: "A prudent wife is from the Lord." The colour mounted to his face. He trembled and felt shy as a girl. Yet a flood of strange, unexpected happiness seemed to rush, warm and living, upon him.

Were there new ties, new love, possible, besides those that lay, broken and cold, in the grave by Longhurst church? Hannah had often said to him since he returned: "Miss Bethia is one of the mistress' own [redacted] but the squire had not hit

tached any special meaning to the words. Now the vision of the soft gray eyes and serenely smiling face rose up before him, and he felt it was worthy to set beside the face so long and dearly cherished in his deepest heart.

Frances would have wished him to be happy, he knew, for she was always unselfish in her love. Bethia was like her, and would never grudge the prior claim of the dead wife. The squire lay sleepless all night, wrapt in his new dream of delicious enchantment till, sudden and cold, a sharp fear smote him :

What would Mr. Wesley say ?

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT DID MR. WESLEY SAY ?

A visit was due before long from the great evangelist. Longhurst was included in his regular rounds, and just now he was anxious about the recovery of his valued assistant preacher. Under other circumstances Mr. Patterson would have looked forward with joy to his leader's coming ; but in the present case a certain consciousness made him shrink from encountering those far-seeing eyes.

He had not said a word to Bethia of the new thoughts and emotions springing up in him in a flood tide not to be restrained. He was loyal to Mr. Wesley, and would not take so great a step without his sanction ; and if his leader frowned upon the new plan, Denis would endure the frowns alone, they should not fall upon Bethia.

But he watched her now with a lover's earnestness, and every day her charms multiplied in his eyes. The sound of her voice as she sung lullabies to Sophy's little Harry, her gentle admonitions to the other children, and her low tones of sympathy to the villagers who brought her their troubles, were sweet as music in his ears. He knew her face by heart; each shadow and light in the soft gray eyes, the smooth brow surrounded by the gold-tinted hair, the modest, frank glance, the serene curve of the lips, as sweet in rest as in smiling; these things came sometimes even between him and the new sermons he was making. He reproached himself, he was angry in secret at his own weakness; but, after all, he was only a [illegible]. Also he recognized—or the [illegible]cientious squire would have fought a stronger battle with himself—that this love had more that was spiritual than earthly in its elements. Once again God was using a woman's hand to lead him upwards.

Mr. Wesley arrived in the dusk of a December evening. The farmhouse kitchen was alight with the glow of a hospitable fire, and the faces of the little company that had gathered to meet him shone with as warm a welcome. Mr. Wesley gave a smile and a greeting to all present—his memory was as marvellous as royalty's—and a special kindly word to the bairns. He preached them a sermon like himself, clear, pointed, spiritual. The meeting broke up and the evening passed, before there was time for the personal intercourse his host was dreading.

It came at last, however. Bethia had taken her part as usual in the household duties, and then retired with her youthful charges. Mr. Patterson was unaware that he had followed the maiden's movements with watchful eyes ; indeed, he had tried to keep his glance from wandering to her sweet face. But Mr. Wesley was a keen observer. When Mr. Edmonds, now grown rather feeble and tottering, had taken his candle, and they heard his slow steps ascending the stairs, Mr. Wesley turned to his sole remaining companion, and said with startling directness :

" Brother Patterson, beware of idols."

The blood rushed to the squire's fair-skinned face. He stooped and adjusted a crackling log on the hearth before he answered :

" Idols win the heart from God, Mr. Wesley. Nothing does that with me, I humbly trust."

" Perhaps your thoughts are more of earth than you know, Brother Patterson," was the uncompromising answer. " I fear that young maiden is proving a snare to you."

" She has helped me more than any one but you—and one other," replied the squire with energy.

" Then it is true that you love her ?" said Mr. Wesley.

" I do," and the squire looked up, his blue eyes shining as he made the avowal.

John Wesley was silent, gazing into the depths of the ruddy fire. Perhaps something in the squire's words reminded him of episodes in his own life. He had loved " not wisely but too well ;" and his memory must have held many a bitter-sweet page.

Disappointment and trial met him whenever he tried to find happiness in woman's love and home life. It was from a nest stirred up and shaken that he took his eagle-flights. Perhaps his own denials added a shade of austerity to his character, but perhaps they gave also a deeper insight and sympathy; for no gain can teach like loss. He began in a softer tone:

"But you are pledged to the life of a field-preacher, Denis Patterson; will you give it up and turn back?"

"No," said the squire, with quiet decision; "if she takes me, she takes me as I am."

"Then you will leave this pleasant home," said Mr. Wesley, looking round at the room in which they sat, with its air of comfort and safe shelter; "you will leave all this, though further brightened by a wife's affection, and go out again to face cold and weariness and peril for the Master's sake?"

"Have not I promised it?" said the squire, with a grave simplicity that won his hearer's admiration.

"You are a brave soul," cried Mr. Wesley, grasping his friend's hand warmly. "But still, you are falling to a lower level," he added, contemplating him with regret, for a touch of his early High Church asceticism clung to John Wesley long.

"A lower life." The squire smiled happily. "In Eden God gave man a helpmeet, and whenever now He does the same a bit of the lost Paradise comes back."

Mr. Wesley looked at him, a smile thawing all severity out of his face.

"You are far gone, I see, Brother Patterson; and arguments will not avail. This thing I will say, you might search far without finding a worthier bride. Bethia Edmonds is not only fair of face, but most sweet and pious of soul."

"It is true," answered the radiant squire.

"So I give my blessing on your projected union, and will join your hands when you ask me to do so," said Mr. Wesley, looking at his friend with sympathy and affection.

This was more than Denis Patterson had dared to hope. He lay down to rest with a light heart, and rose up in the morning joyful, till the remembrance came that he had still to win his bride; and to his astonishment he found himself turning bashful as a girl at the prospect.

Bethia wondered, having no clue to the mystery, what made her host stammer and blush in addressing her for several days after Mr. Wesley's visit. She grew shy, though she could not have told the reason, of being alone with him; and avoided him so successfully that poor Mr. Patterson began to despair of ever gaining his opportunity.

One came when he least expected it. Crossing a distant field on his farm one wintry afternoon, he saw small, delicate footprints in the snow, and to his joy espied a trim figure moving a few yards ahead.

Bethia wore a hood and a long cloak of dark green, a colour that might have been borrowed from the clumps of green-needled firs she was passing. A lock of her fair hair had escaped from its hold and curled round the edge of her hood in pretty contrast to the dark green hue. A soft pink rose to her cheeks as the squire's steps came beside her, and in her look and air there was an agitation which her lover hoped must augur favourably for him.

"Do you know that after Christmas I shall leave Longhurst again?" he asked, plunging into his subject without giving himself time to choose phrases.

"I did not know, but I supposed it; I knew that your life allows scarce a halt," answered Bethia, feeling uneasily that the squire's blue eyes were regarding her steadily, and that the hot blood was mounting to her face in response.

"Yes," replied her companion, taking up her words gravely, "mine is a broken, changing life; and, therefore, I have scarcely the right to ask what nevertheless I do ask of you."

"I have time for more work," said Bethia, thinking Mr. Patterson was going to lay some fresh plan for the benefit of the village before her.

"I was not thinking of work," he answered, to her surprise, his voice deepening with emotion, "but of love. Bethia, will you share such a precarious, unresting existence as mine? We have the same hopes and the same aims, we work for the same Master; but our lives apart are lonely. I for one should be stronger with your love to support me; and you, Bethia, would not my love bring you a little happiness?"

He tried to take her hand, but she resisted, looking troubled.

"You forget, Squire Patterson," she said, purposely giving him his village title of respect, "I am your inferior, your pensioner! weighed down too

of the burden of helpless ones I must care for. Go and ask some happier, freer lady."

"Your cares have made you what I love," he answered tenderly; "and in taking you I will take your burdens, too."

"No, no," she replied, with determination, looking up at him; but then meeting the love in his eyes, her own dropped, and the rosy blushes came.

"You love me?" he whispered, bending over her.

The blushes vanished, and paleness came instead.

"But, Squire Patterson—your wife," she returned in a low tone, holding him off.

His face changed.

"Have I said I should forget her?" he asked, in moved accents. "Do you think that my life will ever be as though she had not lived? No, you may know the truth of my love by this; that, even to you, I must and do profess that she will always keep her own place in my heart."

"That is right and just," Bethia answered warmly. "Indeed, Squire Patterson, I could not love you if you had been disloyal to your wife's memory."

"Then you do love me," said Denis, quick to take advantage of her unconscious avowal.

The warm colour dyed even her brow. Her eyes sank in utter confusion, and she tried again to recover the hand of which her wooer, in spite of her, had managed to gain possession.

"I did not mean—oh, what was I saying?" she stammered.

"But you will not unsay it," said the squire, growing bold; and, although the mounting colour made her fair face like a damask rose, Bethia did not unsay it, then or afterwards.

"Mr. Wesley was afraid you would want me to give up my preaching," said the squire, as they paced up and down the snowy field, which, to their fancy just then, seemed perfumed and blossoming as spring.

Bethia opened her shining, happy eyes, in astonishment.

"How could he think so? He does not yet know me. You could have no title I love better than—Denis Patterson, Field Preacher."

"I knew you would say so," was the lover's quiet rejoinder of intense satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END, BUT A NEW BEGINNING.

Denis Patterson was well now, and needed back at his work. The early Methodist preachers were allowed but a short space in their lives for romance. Wooing and betrothal and wedding must all take place by Christmastide, unless the lovers wished their marriage to be indefinitely postponed. And Christmas was only three weeks away.

Mr. Wesley wrote word that he would marry the pair as he had promised. But it was difficult to find a church near, in which the clergyman would allow him to perform the ceremony. Bexley, where the vicar was an old friend, was talked of, and the bride and bridegroom also debated whether they should go to London, where there were several liberal-minded clergymen whose churches would be freely offered to the great evangelist.

In the midst of these discussions, the Vicar of Longhurst walked up one day to the farm.

"I have called," he said, in a manner dashed with embarrassment, yet sufficiently cordial, "to congratulate you on your coming marriage, Mr. Patterson. The bride has won many hearts in Longhurst beside yours."

"Thank you for your praise of her," returned the squire, much pleased, while the vicar cleared his throat, and hesitated before speaking again, in a way very different from his old bluff readiness.

"I have heard," he began at last, "that you wish the Rev. John Wesley to perform the marriage ceremony. My church is at his service, Squire Patterson; though, perhaps, you will let me take some small part in making such an old friend as yourself happy."

Denis was surprised and very touched. His own voice faltered as he said:

"This is great and unexpected kindness, Mr. Noakes, and no place could be so pleasant for me to be married in as Longhurst church."

"So I supposed." The vicar cleared his throat again unsteadily. "And to such an old friend as you, squire, I may say that a man makes mistakes sometimes; but, if he is a man, he will own them. I have said hard things of the Methodists; I wish to take them all back."

"Then no Methodist will ever remember them against you, Mr. Noakes," said the squire heartily.

The vicar bowed gravely, and went on:

"Your wife—that is to be—has lived the life of a saint in the parish; her influence has gone further than she knew. And you, squire, have done much to show me my mistakes. May we be friends once more?"

"Gladly," answered Mr. Patterson, grasping the other's hand.

"Mrs. Noakes will be at the marriage, which takes place, so Mr. Frant tells me, on Christmas Day; and I hope many parishioners will attend, too, to show how high in our esteem

"THE PREACHER AND THE BRIDEGROOM RODE AWAY."

and love you and your future wife stand."

The vicar said good-bye, and hurried away. Under his formal phrases a good deal of emotion was hidden, and the squire hastened joyfully to tell Bethia what had passed.

He was glad, as he knew Mr. Wesley would be, at such a reconciliation with the representative of the church in Longhurst. The early Methodists clung to the church in which they had been nurtured, and did not leave it till after long thought and careful deliberation. But

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Between the old and new there need be no disagreement. Why, on the contrary, are not the old churches proud that new and vigorous branches should spring from them and take separate roots? Those who say persistently that "the old is better," forget that growth, when hindered, means decay and death.

On Christmas Eve Bab came running excitedly to her sister.

"Bethia, here comes a grand coach up the pasture. It is drawn by fine gray horses, and a little black page sits on the box by the coachman. What grand madam is coming to visit you?"

"I do not know."

Bethia looked out of the window in some perplexity, but then her face changed brightly.

"Why, Bab, do you not see? It is sister Sophy."

"I have not seen sister Sophy for so long I almost forget her," said Bab, drawing back shyly.

"Go and fetch Harry to welcome his mother," Bethia bade her, and ran down the stairs to greet her sister at once and warmly.

"What brings you here through the frost and snow?" said Bethia, leading Sophy in to the fire, and taking off her wraps with affectionate haste.

"Your wedding," answered Sophy. "It roused up every spark of curiosity I possessed, and I begged Lady Amelia" (Sophy had long left the Countess of Huntingdon's sober household, and was now companion to a

dashing young lady of rank) "to lend me the use of her coach and men, and she good-naturedly allowed me to come."

"I am very glad," said Bethia, who was on her knees chafing Sophy's cold hands and looking up into her sister's face.

Sophy had changed more in the four years than Bethia. Her dress was as gay as it used to be; she had long left off all signs of widowhood. Her hat, with its purple veil, set off her dark curly head and flashing dark eyes becomingly. She wore velvet and costly furs, fastened by jewelled pins. But there were lines in her brow where Bethia's was still fair and smooth, and a hardness in her face and voice that contrasted with her sister's gentleness and repose.

Bab entered, leading little Harry by the hand.

"Give me a kiss, child," said Sophy, leaning down carelessly. "There, don't cry," she added, as the boy fixed big, startled eyes on his almost unknown mother. "I have sweetmeats and toys for him in the coach. Go, ask the black page for them, Bab."

Then, as the two children went off together, she said:

"Harry is a disappointment to me. He does not grow like his father."

"But he is your child," cried Bethia, longing to awaken more mother-love in her sister and soften that hard look in her face.

"More yours than mine, I think," answered Sophy, arranging her hair at the glass. "I never cared for children, you know."

They sat together later in the day in Bethia's chamber. Sophy had made the squire's acquaintance, and asked his hospitality for herself and the servants she brought till the next day. It was granted willingly, and Sophy condescended to approve of her future brother-in-law.

"Pity he is a Methodist, though," she remarked privately to her sister. "Did you infect him, or he you?"

"We are both Methodists by conviction," answered Bethia with dignity, on which Madam Sophy put her head on one side and laughed.

"I have brought you a present of a wedding gown," she said, after a long chat on various subjects, old and new.

Bethia looked dismayed, rather than grateful. Sophy understood the look.

"Oh, you need not be frightened," she said with a smile. "I know that you Methodists dress as plain as Quakers. But what fault can you find with this?"

She pulled the wrappings off a parcel, and showed a white gown, of plain, but rich, stuff. Not a bow or frill marred its pure simplicity. Bethia's eyes rested on it with pleasure.

"I made it myself, and I shall dress you in it to-morrow; you will look like a lily in it, or a white nun; I don't know which," said Sophy, pleased that her gift was appreciated. "Tell me, Bethia, you are happy in this marriage?"

She spoke with more emotion than had been heard in her tones before.

"Very," Bethia assured her earnestly.

"You are so meek you can put up with a second place," she said, eyeing her keenly; "and men are so different to women. The squire can love once again. If I had been in his place—ah, there will never be more than one Harry for me!"

She uttered the words passionately, and a tear fell on the white surface of the wedding gown. Bethia saw it and was glad. It showed that at the core of her sister's nature there was a soft spot still, and she hoped that the human love so fondly cherished might some day lead Sophy to the divine.

Christmas morning came with pealing bells. A north wind blew, but sunshine too fell on the snow-clad fields and the distant hills. Bab and the other children had gathered great bunches of red-berried holly, and ivy, and pure Christmas roses, and stood in a bright, smiling, youthful group at the church door as the bride and her father came up. The church was full. Sophy was there with intent, dark eyes that for once had forgot to smile. Mr. Frant stood by the squire on this happy day, as he had stood by him in many a good deed before. There were old people Bethia had nursed, little children she had taught and cared for, nearly all Longhurst had brought good-will and kindly wishes for the pair they knew and loved.

Mr. Wesley spoke the words of the service, looking on the bridegroom with brotherly sympathy. The vicar gave the responses, and Bethia listened, wondering that such joy and brightness should come to surround a life like hers, once so lonely. She was like a lily, as her sister said,

in her white dress with her crown of golden hair; and the people pressed on each other to get a glimpse of her sweet face as she passed down the aisle after the service. Bride and bridegroom paused at a quiet grave in the churchyard. The snow had been swept from it, and a fresh wreath of white everlastings lay on the green mound.

Love is immortal," said Bethia, as they stood beside it.

"What she began you have finished," said the squire, in broken tones.

Next morning the preacher who had joined their hands and the bridegroom rode away. Bethia sent her husband forth, as the lady wished to send her knight in the poem—

> To make straight distorted wills,
> And to empty the broad quiver
> That the wicked bear along;

and she remained behind to do her old work among the orphans and the poor, and to keep a flame of home happiness burning, to which the squire could return and warm heart and soul, in the intervals between his arduous work.

"You will be happy, my brother and sister," said Mr. Wesley, "for you live for something higher than each other."

And Bethia, as she watched them ride away, her husband turning again and again for another glance, wore on her face the bright calm look of one for whom the prophecy was already being fulfilled.

THE END.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"The Lord, he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee."—Deut. xxxi. 8.

He, hereto Who safe hath kept thee,
Safe to keep henceforth is near;
Fearless, then, thou mayest enter
On another untried year.

What it holdeth—more of suffering,
Or some marvel of relief;
Sweet surprise of joy re-given,
Or new mystery of grief;—

Whether to its latest moment
Thou must tread earth's toilsome ways,
Or if almost ere it open
Past shall be thy pilgrim days;—

He, and only He, discerneth,
At Whose word the seasons move;
But His wisdom faileth never,
And unchanging is His love.

Hereto safely He hath kept thee,
Henceforth safe to keep is near;
Fully, then, in Him confiding,
Enter thou the untried year.

Toronto.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee!

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace:
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES.*

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

"YOU TAKE THIS AND HOCK IT."

CHAPTER I.

There is nothing so hard to kill as a baby nobody wants. If some one had loved your little brother—whose name was James—perchance he would have turned his face to the wall and died; but being unloved and fatherless and a burden to his mother, who longed to be rid of him, he lived on, in spite of cold, hunger, whooping cough, measles, marasmus, and long-continued and heartless neglect—for it seems sometimes as if nature hates to make a little grave unless she knows that it is to be kept green with tears.

"It's just to plague me that he lives!" his mother cried. "Why ain't he like other people's young uns? There's nothin' ever a-goin' to kill him." And she set him on the floor with a hard thump.

Thus the floor became early in life the abiding-place of little James, who developed, while in the crawling stage, a remarkable sagacity concerning things good and things evil; concerning pins that were meant to be held for hours in the mouth without swallowing, and apple-cores and orange skins that were to be swallowed with impunity—at least by your Little Brother James.

He was a cunning baby, after the fashion of a little cub—but with far greater need of cunning! He would lie for hours with his cheek against the floor and his thumb in his mouth; his eye fixed on a distant, unattainable, beloved object, until discretion ceased to be the better part of valour. Then with breathless activity, when the right moment came, would he scramble and wriggle over chairs, boxes, and rickety tables to carry out the long-cherished campaign of acquisition, by which a crust of bread on the window-sill became a toothsome morsel in the hungry little mouth.

As he grew older, he toddled out the front door alone into that great

* Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday-school Times*, in introducing this impressive story to the American public, describes it as a narrative of facts, and emphasizes the importance of its lessons. "It gives a glimpse," he says, "of a large class of outcast children in our great cities, neglected and wronged by those who should be their protectors.

"It shows that such children are often led to believe, and that many believe of themselves, that they are hopelessly under the curse of their parents' misdoing. Misunderstood science and perverted Christianity have combined to induce the belief that not only is there a real sense in which the children feel the evil influence of the sins of their parents, but that in all things the

wide world, which he knew as The Street, and which became to him henceforth home, school and playground. When he fell down he picked himself up without haste or wounded pride, and, if hurt, he knew better than to cry aloud.

At eight years of age little James was a curly-haired, bright-eyed youngster, whose knowledge of life had been gained by deep experience. The trolley cars which had lately begun to run in the neighbourhood failed in their endeavour to crush him beneath their wheels, while the horse cars, which they displaced, had long ago given up the attempt in despair, albeit he had always been seen on the track until the horses' hoofs were upon him—only to reappear on the curbstone smiling, unharmed and unconcerned, after the car had passed.

He attended school in an irregular fashion, and learned enough to read the signs of the shops, and to write his name with chalk on the steps of other people's houses. He had become an expert in the art of pawning household goods, and ever since he could remember had undertaken these mercantile transactions, not only for his mother, but for various other women in the neighbourhood.

"You take this and hock it," his mother would say, giving your Little Brother a push down the steps, while she laid in his hands a bundle and a scrap of paper containing an almost illegible request to the pawnbroker to send the money back by bearer. Little James knew the choicest resorts where articles of all kinds could be "hocked," including those select and highly favoured merchants who never asked any questions.

His mother was absent very frequently all day, and the door locked; so that it seemed not only safe, but perfectly just for little James—if he wanted anything to eat—to withhold a portion of the proceeds, and report that this was all he had received, or that he had lost the ticket, or that a big boy had robbed him of the missing pennies, or that a "Cop" had chased him, and he had fallen down and the pennies had rolled out of his pocket. He varied these explanations from time to time, and presented the most appropriate with a winning smile and a deeply apologetic air.

A lie is a wronged child's only defence, and your Little Brother's shield of falsehood was adjusted to meet all the emergencies of life.

In the evening little James was to be seen on the street until ten and twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes all night, when it seemed the part of wisdom to keep out of his mother's sight.

Your Little Brother's experiences were not confined wholly to the streets. Various charitable institutions took charge of him for limited periods, while his mother was secluded in a city prison, but he invariably escaped from their custody and returned to his old haunts. His third escape from the good intentions of the charitable made up the last indictment that deprived him of the sympathy of respectable people. The officers of the Humane Society were obliged to hunt him from shelter to shelter, from stable to packing-box, from alley to highway, until at last they collared the child and brought him before a magistrate for commitment to a reformatory.

Little James, in his ninth year, now entered the ranks of a scientific classification. He was enrolled as a "Juvenile Offender." His character was briefly summed up on the magistrate's page as "incorrigible," and without any further charge against him than the fact that he had run away from three separate orphan asylums, he was committed to the House of Reformation.

"Why did you run away, boy?" asked the magistrate, with an air that was both judicial and benign.

A procession of all the things he particularly detested in institutional life passed through the mind of the small culprit, and he appreciated the importance of making a wise selection. It is always difficult to produce a

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children's teeth must be set on edge because of the sour grapes their parents have eaten.

"It shows also, and here is a prime value of the narrative, that this view of the case is not a right view; that all souls are God's, and that every child has God for a Father, and may claim by faith a place in the family of the redeemed. 'Heredity' in this sense gives hope for every child of the Father of all, and gives a claim for brotherly help to every 'outcast' child in city or country. 'Environment' may be changed, if 'heredity' cannot be. An outcast child can be surrounded by the best of influences, if only those are found who will be ready to care for him in love. In this narrative it is shown not only that the best work in caring for children is done by the individual for the individual, but also how this loving care can best be secured."

creditable reason from that well of likes and dislikes which is the mysterious source of childish energy.

A vision of children sitting down and standing up simultaneously at a given signal, passed through his mind; of interminable rows of mugs and slices of bread on a long, narrow table, with benches on either side: of a large, desolate room known as the "play-room," with nothing to play with except benches, which could not be stood on, jumped over, nor moved from their place along the wall, and the echo of an oft-repeated command rang in his ears:

"Children who put their fingers in their mouths will be sent to bed with one slice of bread and no milk."

Of course, it would be absurd to mention this last restriction to a grown-up human being. It was an idiotic, personal insult, the memory of which filled him with scornful anger—but it could never be mentioned to an adult—least of all to a magistrate, although it had contributed largely to his persistence in seeking escape.

All the other horrors were of the same class; they were equally unmentionable, because the universal rule of childhood is:

"Never explain to grown-up people what they cannot understand."

So your Little Brother, after a long pause, during which he fidgeted from one foot to the other, at last drew from the depths of his mental processes the following:

"I ran away because they whipped me and didn't give me enough to eat."

This bold statement was promptly dissected and laid bare as a calumnious falsehood, corporal punishment being forbidden by the managers of the institution, and the diet known to be both wholesome and abundant.

The magistrate and the officer of the Humane Society looked sad, and your Little Brother's pallor increased, notwithstanding his air of defiance; but he did not whimper as the constable stepped forward and led him away to the House of Reformation.

If the sum of his offences left anything to be desired, his rags, dirt and scowling forehead completed the portrait of the juvenile offender, against whom society must arm itself with high-walled reformatories, stripes, bars, compulsory tasks, and military discipline.

And as yet he had offended no one being but a child of nine, homeless and friendless—and many had offended him from the moment of his birth, and of them is it not written: "It were better that a millstone were hanged about their necks, and they were thrown into the midst of the sea, rather than that they should offend one of these little ones"?

But it is not given to the sons of men to see as do the angels in heaven, in whose eyes this child stood as the offended one, and not as the offender. It was not given to your Little Brother to speak with the tongue of men or of angels, and tell the story of his wrongs. He could not explain to the worthy magistrate, nor to the representatives of a great Christian charity organized for his protection, how unendurable seemed the restraints of the well-managed Homes from which he had escaped; how dear and familiar those muddy streets, which his baby feet had trod as nursery and playground. Nor could he describe the shame and despair that fill the heart of the charity child when he finds himself robbed of all individuality. Like an infant Hercules he had wrestled with the monster Neglect, and had wrung the gift of life from a thousand untoward circumstances. But this pitiful, unnatural independence of a baby, with its silent reproach for the past, and its dreadful significance for the future, served only to fit him with a title that was so effective as to place him at once beyond the pale of human sympathy.

CHAPTER II.

"Are all these young children really bad?" asked a gentle-faced visitor as she stood in the centre of the well-lighted workshop in which two hundred inmates of the reformatory were busily engaged. The Prefect lowered his voice as he replied, with emphasis:

"I don't like to shock you, madam, but I assure you every boy in this room is more or less depraved and unfit to associate with other boys. It would be an outrage to allow them their liberty."

The visitor shivered, and looked from one boy to another with evident shrinking. Little James was among the workers, and bent his cropped head low over his task. He had overheard neither question nor an-

swer, but he understood perfectly the meaning of her glance. His mind was already stamped with the consciousness of his classification, and one of the greatest of the many unavoidable evils of a reformatory was rapidly sapping the foundations of character.

Your Little Brother soon fell into a routine of work, study, pastime and punishment. He attached himself to various comrades, and discussed with the air of a connoisseur the petty crimes for which these lads had been committed to the institution. No care on the part of the managers and superintendent was able to prevent this filtering of evil knowledge from the graduates in crime to the beginners. The deeds of the juvenile law-breaker became the common property of the inmates. The first question asked of a new arrival was:

"What did you do to get here?"

His story of transgression was heard with eagerness, and passed from one to another. In this way, boys who had done nothing worse than play truant from school learnt all there was to learn of till-tapping, house-breaking, and petty larceny of all kinds. Little James heard many a detail he had never known before, and imparted similar information to those who came to the institution more innocent than himself.

He progressed rapidly in the schoolroom, and laboured with great apparent zeal in the workshop. He discovered the art of chewing tobacco without detection—notwithstanding that the practice was strictly forbidden—and learned to sham sickness in order to escape overwork; to listen attentively to the discourse in chapel, and to sell forbidden eatables to his comrades at the same moment. His knowledge of crime became greatly extended, while at the same time he earned two honour marks and a pocket-knife for good conduct.

But after six months of reformation he was unexpectedly discharged into the custody of his mother, who, for reasons of her own, applied for his release immediately after her own from the House of Correction. The Reformatory happened to be overcrowded at the time, and he was permitted to leave it before the expiration of his term, in order to make room for others.

After his release it seemed to little James that the streets were swarming with ex-inmates of the House of Reformation.

He met them on every street corner, and claimed their acquaintance in that spirit of free-masonry that distinguishes tramps and jail-birds all the world over.

A few months later he was drawn into a company of petty thieves calling themselves the "Flying Heels," several of the members having made his acquaintance in the Reformatory. Your Little Brother was delighted to accompany them on their nightly pilgrimages. His mother being again under arrest, he took up his abode with his new friends.

An agile, quick-witted, trusty little boy is useful in all emergencies, but for purposes of crime he is doubly valuable if he happens to possess an innocent, childish face, and can look you straight in the eye and tell an astounding falsehood without winking. Your Little Brother could do all this, and he had besides a vast experience in disposing of salable goods. He was put forward to do the dangerous part of the work—to climb through the broken shutter of a store, to squeeze through the iron grating of a cellar window, and to open the door of a vacated house at midnight to his more cautious companions.

The "Flying Heels" dealt chiefly in lead pipe. This may not seem to the uninitiated a very valuable commodity, but to petty thieves there is nothing more alluring than the prospect of such booty. It has a recognized market value, and there are places where it can be sold and no questions asked. If questions were asked, your Little Brother could always parry them, and utterly mislead and confound his interlocutors. Many were the adventures in which he figured as the hero, and the depredations of the gang were becoming a source of mystery and annoyance to the police.

It was in September that the climax of these adventures was reached. An unoccupied house was broken into and yards of expensive plumbing were cut away, to the destruction of fine woodwork, frescoed ceilings, and velvet carpets. Little James, growing bolder with each victory, carried a sample of the booty to a hitherto untried dealer. The man examined the pipe carelessly and turned to the dusty shelves to replace a faded shawl—and to press an electric button.

The little thief waited impatiently

and half-angrily for his decision, but without any sense of danger—until a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he found himself in the grasp of a powerful city detective. Tears and struggles were of no avail. By night he was lodged in the Central Station House, and after a brief hearing the next morning before a magistrate, he was carried in a van with a number of adult prisoners, and thrust into a cell in the county prison to await trial at court.

The waiting cell of a city prison is not a pleasant resort, even to the most degraded criminal. The air is close, the food intolerable, and the walls, floor and bedding generally infested with rats and vermin. Your Little Brother wept bitterly for days after his incarceration. The vermin distressed him by day, the rats terrified him at night, and the food at all times made him ill. The hours of darkness were insupportably long, and after daylight had faded from the high, narrow aperture that served as a window, little James fell upon his knees and sobbed aloud with his head pressed against the stone wall. The screams of miserable wretches insane from drink, pierced the stone walls (impenetrable only to joy and sunlight) and smote his ear with fresh terror.

"Oh, Mister, gimme a pardner—why can't I have a pardner?" he wailed.

A kind-hearted keeper, who brought him soup and bread, smiled grimly, and thrust in a burglar of nineteen to share his cell. This soothed the fears and added greatly to the comfort of your Little Brother. He fell asleep without more tears. The time passed quickly the next day, and the hours were spent in talking, playing cards, and chewing tobacco.

Sunday was distinct from other days, owing to the arrival of a band of evangelists, who sang hymns and preached a sermon for the benefit of the prisoners. When the service was over, the door of the cell opened, and a middle-aged gentleman, hymn-book in hand, opened a conversation with his little younger Brother, whom he failed to recognize.

"How shocking to see a little boy in a place like this! What have you been doing?"

"I got took up," said little James, tearfully, ignoring first causes.

"You see," continued the old gentleman cheerfully, "the way of the transgressor is always hard. I have very little time to-day, as I have a great many poor souls to talk to. But I want you to remember two things—one is, that Jesus loves you, and the other is, that He wants you to love Him. Do you know who Jesus is?"

"Yes," lisped the Little Brother, looking up with eagerness, having been carefully coached by the burglar of nineteen to meet all the requirements of Sunday visitors, "He was born in a manger in Bethlehem of Judee; I heered all about Him in Sunday-school."

"And He says, 'Suffer them to come unto Me,' even such little children as you. Dear me, this is a sad sight, a sad sight!" for the haggard beauty of the upturned, tear-stained face of his Little Brother at that moment revealed the relationship, and smote his heart. Little James had indeed the face of an angel, and stood peering through the iron grating as if heaven lay outside, and hell within those iron boundaries.

"Can't you git me out?" he asked, plaintively.

"That is beyond my power," answered the preacher, sadly. "I fear you will have to take the consequences of your sin. Is there anything else I can do for you?" Your Little Brother pushed closer to the grating and gazed with all his soul into the eyes of the philanthropist.

"Can't you git me a leetle piece o' tobaccy?" he asked wistfully.

The burglar of nineteen in the rear of the cell waited hopefully for the result of this momentous petition—in which he had more than a joint interest—and continued to hold an open Testament piously on his knee. The worthy preacher withdrew, shaking his head mournfully. The keeper made his appearance, and closed the iron door as the evangelist moved away.

"He is a bad one," said the keeper, emphatically. "Looks little and innocent, but he is the leader of a gang of thieves—that young rascal—and only nine years old!"

"I suppose it is a case of natural depravity," commented the philanthropist, cheered by an hypothesis that seemed to clear all righteous souls of responsibility.

"That's it—natural depravity and no bringing up; allowed to run the streets day and night, and this is what it brings 'em to."

The suggestion of environment as an allied factor in the case did not disturb the old gentleman's theory, for

he continued his study of social phenomena from cell to cell without any further unpleasant consciousness of being his Little Brother's keeper. He felt indeed a renewed confidence in the eternal fitness of things which ordained from the first that he should adorn the outside and his brother the inside of a prison cell.

The day of the trial came at last, after seventeen days of imprisonment. Dear, gentle mothers, who would suffer self-reproach if you shut your naughty darlings within a closet for thirty seconds, calculate if you can, the mental, moral, and physical effect of shutting a child of nine in a prison cell for seventeen long weary days!

Little James was dazed by the shifting scenes of one day's experience—the van, the crowded court-room, the prisoners' dock, the witness stand—and deeply impressed was he by the officers of justice and the court crier, whom he mistook for the judge, until he finally distinguished that arbiter of his fate—a grave, over-worked elder brother, sitting immovably calm above the sea of faces.

Ragged, barefooted and filthy, your Little Brother faced the court, and in faint, faltering accents acknowledged his share of the criminal transaction. He was so small that he had to be stood upon a chair in the prisoners' dock in order to be seen by the court, and so ragged was he that his chest and right arm were entirely bare. Only his trousers held together, and they, being too large, were clutched firmly in his little dirty hands to prevent slipping. When asked by the District Attorney how much he received of the booty, he lisped:

"I didn't get nothin' but six cents," in such a aggrieved, childish whisper, that everybody in the court-room laughed, and even the judged smiled.

Little James resented the laughter, having expected sympathy instead. The older lads had escaped with nearly all the booty, leaving him the risk, the punishment, and six cents! He scowled and hung his head, and the tears came into his eyes. Further evidence was presented to show that this was not his first offence, and that he had already served a term in the House of Reformation, which facts he stoutly denied, knowing them to be to his disadvantage.

The officers of the Humane Society appeared, and related again the story of his midnight wanderings and frequent escapes from the orphan asylums, thus proving that he had always been incorrigible—or homeless. In the eyes of the law they were much the same thing. Altogether, things began to look very black for your Little Brother. The forces of law and order were ranged against him, and even the tender hand of charity was rised to strike him down—at least, so it seemed to the little offended one, as his wide-opened, frightened eyes turned from one to another strange face.

"The forces of law and order were ranged against him, and even the tender hand of charity was raised to strike him down."

At last he raised his eyes to the judge, at whom he had hardly dared to glance during the trial, and saw with surprise that he was engaged in conversation with a strange lady, who stood with upturned, eager face, and the judge's countenance wore its kindliest expression. He listened attentively, nodded, and the strange lady extended her hand and thanked him with an air of gratitude and a smile.

The judge took his seat and announced briefly that he would commit the child to a charitable association that had undertaken to provide him with a home and proper care.

"He needs both more than punishment. You can take him, madam," and he inclined his head graciously toward the strange lady who had converted him to this novel view of a juvenile law-breaker. But he was really delighted to escape the unwelcome necessity of committing another little wretch to a reformatory.

At such an unexpected and wholly incomprehensible sentence, little James, who had braced himself to expect the worst, concluded that some particularly terrible doom had been selected for him. With a burst of tears he sank into a heap of rags and curls on the chair. An officer of the court lifted him out of the prisoners' dock, and set him on his feet beside the strange lady, who clasped his hand firmly, and led him forth into the open air.

As they passed along the street, she devoted herself to carefully adjusted conversational efforts with her small charge, but the boy answered in monosyllables, with his face turned away. Every object in the street appeared to be of absorbing interest to him just at that moment. He gazed longingly at a slop cart drawn by a jaded old horse, and when that passed at a fire-plug, turning his head to inspect it critically from time to time, until it vanished from sight as they turned a street corner.

A wild squirrel from the woods would have been more responsive than was your Little Brother, who conceived that he was now within the grasp of another gigantic philanthropic machine with reformatory screws attached, to be set in motion later. More than hunger or cold did he dread the prospect of being reformed, and he secretly determined to resist all such efforts and to escape as soon as possible, unless prevented by stone walls of unusual thickness and height.

"You will like the country when you get there," the lady said, despairingly, as they passed within the doorway of the society's office.

Your Little Brother's mental picture of the country included a large stone building, with innumerable inmates in uniform, and invisible but inflexible rules controlling every impulse. The country might lie like a boundless prairie on every side, but it formed nothing more than a colourless background to the central figure of the Reform School, which rose prominently in all his visions of philanthropy.

"I don't want to go to no country," he answered, with a burst of tears. "I want to go home to my mother." Like all street urchins, he knew the value of this appeal to the maternal instincts, but he was miserably apprehensive that the sensibilities of even a female apostle of organized benevolence lay forever beyond his reach.

With a cold sinking of the heart he realized that his effort was a failure, for the hand tightened on his shoulder, and the face—albeit a woman's—grew stern instead of tender.

THE PAST YEAR.

The year is past and over.
What has it done for thee?
Hast thou grown in love and each Christian grace?
Hast thou grown more meet for the heavenly place?
What may the record be?

The year is past and over.
Say, hast thou spent it well?
Hast thou lived each hour with a purpose true,
Hast thou done each task thou wast called to do?
What does the record tell?

The year is past and over.
Gone are its golden days
In the which to serve the dear Lord of love,
And to lay up treasure for realms above,
Winning the Master's praise.

The year is past and over,
Save but a breath for prayer:
For the tasks undone, for the evil wrought,
O Thou God of grace, is forgiveness sought,
Farewell, farewell, Old Year!

—*Robert M. Offord.*

AN EPIC OF EMPIRE.*

It is no small credit to Canada and its Queen City, that one of the most important historical works of the century now drawing to a close, has been written in the quiet library of the Grange, one of Toronto's oldest homes. One of the most striking features of this book is what we may call its modernity, its vital touch with the throbbing problems of the times in which we live. The present thus throws a strong light on the past, and the past illumines the problems of the present.

Professor Goldwin Smith's charm of style marks every chapter of this history. The crystal clearness of each sentence, the graceful turn of phrase, the *curiosa felicitas* of word, the pointed apothegm and pregnant phrase are all here. We are lured on and on by the classic beauty of style, apart from the historic interest of the narrative and the philosophic reflections of the historian.

The earlier period Professor Smith sketches with firm but rapid hand, reserving for fuller treatment on ampler canvas the growth of constitutional liberty under the later sovereigns of Britain. The sympathetic treatment of the Great Protector is of special interest, as, after so many years of obloquy and hatred, Cromwell has received the late distinction of a statue in Parliament Square, above which his mouldering head had so long been pinnacled in scorn.

The unheroic story of the Georges, and the record of parliamentary reform and its results, are presented with a vigour and vivacity which make the dead past live again. In the closing chapters the story of the United Kingdom expands into the epic of the British Empire, embracing 360,000,000 of people in the homeland and scattered over the globe. Here is a mighty theme awaiting a new Camoens to write a nobler Lusiad. What we shall probably wait in vain to have done in verse, Professor Smith has done in prose.

The author's philosophical reflections illumine almost every page. Referring to the advantage of Great Britain's insular position he says: "Islands seem dedicated by nature to freedom. They will commonly be peopled at first by men bold enough to cross the sea, nautical in their habits and character. In later times, the island nation, the sea being its defence, will be exempt from great standing armies, while fleets are no foes to freedom."

In a single sentence this graphic writer can portray a character. Speaking of Alfred, "the model man of the English race," he says: "Round the head of Alfred a halo has gathered; his history is a panegyric; yet there can be no doubt of his greatness as a saviour of his nation in war, as a reorganizer of its institutions, of which pious fable has made him the founder, as a restorer of its learning and civilization."

In a fine vein of irony Dr. Smith disproves the alleged superiority of the conquering Normans to the conquered Saxons. "Philosophic historians call the Norman conquest a blessing in disguise. Disguised the blessing certainly was to those whose blood dyed the hill of Senlac, or whose lands were taken from them and given to a stranger. Disguised it was to the perishing thousands of the ravaged north. Disguised it was to the whole of the people, enslaved to foreign masters, and for the time down-trodden and despised. But was it in any sense a blessing?" And he goes on to show the noble elements of freedom, civilization and piety of the old Saxon stock.

In a severe arraignment of the Roman Catholic Church at the time of the conquest he says: "The Church had wandered far from the hillsides of Galilee, on which peasant crowds listened to the simple words of life and love. It had become dogmatic, sacramental, ceremonial, thaumaturgic, sacerdotal, hierarchical, papal. It had framed for itself a body of casuistry and a penitential tariff of sin It had set up the confessional and the influence which to the confessional belongs. It had invented purgatory and masses for the dead. It had imbibed into its own veins not a little of the polytheism which it slew, worshipping the Virgin and the saints, adoring relics, practising pilgrimage. It had borrowed from the East asceticism and set up the ascetic ideal. It had adopted clerical celibacy, severing the clergy from the commonwealth and from the home. It had become intolerable and persecuting."

He admits the service which it rendered in curbing the despotic power of [redacted]

*"The United Kingdom," a political history in two volumes, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Pp. xi-650; vi-482. The Macmillan Company, New York; Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

monarch and "by opening in an age of feudal aristocracy, the paths of preferment to the poor and low-born, whom it raised through its order to high places, both ecclesiastical and secular."

Like the scholar of large and liberal culture that he is, Professor Goldwin Smith vindicates the Puritan from the misrepresentations which have been so long current. "Our best reason for sympathizing with the Puritan and parliamentary cause in the coming battle is that in that camp on the whole were the most powerful and enlightened minds and the noblest characters of the day."

Of Puritanism as a system he says: "Compared with Catholicism it was rational. Compared with Catholicism it was tolerant. It had no Inquisition, no Jesuits, no Index, no *autos-da-fe*. It brought man, without the intervention of church or priest, into direct communion with his Maker. Its spirit was independent, high, and, in the battle with the Evil One, heroic. Its morality, though narrow, austere and somewhat sour, was pure and strong. If it was not favourable, it was not hostile to culture, and among its votaries were highly cultured men. Education it zealously promoted as a safeguard against priestcraft and as a key to the study of the Bible."

But though the Puritans passed away they left an indelible stamp upon the character of England: "Of Puritanism we hear no more; that mould nature breaks, as she had broken the mould of the Roman Stoic, of the Crusader, of the Huguenot, not without working something of each character into the abiding fibre of humanity. In its place came political nonconformity, having its seat chiefly in the middle or lower middle classes; sober-hued, staid and comparatively unaspiring; lacking culture, since it was excluded from the universities; lacking social refinement, since it was out of the pale of high society; uncongenial, therefore, to apostles of sweetness and light; yet keeping the tradition of a sound morality, as we still acknowledge in speaking of the nonconformist conscience; not rebellious or revolutionary, but struggling from age to age by purely constitutional effort for the removal of its disabilities, and, as an oppressed body, fighting always on the side of freedom. Its annals are not poetic or picturesque; but England might have been an Anglican Spain, less the Inquisition, if the nonconformists had not been there."

When the nation had again sunk into religious apathy and ignorance, another great moral movement was to save it from, perchance, a lapse into atheism and revolution like that which in France overturned both throne and altar in the dust. "When in the eighteenth century," says Dr. Smith, "there came a religious revival led by a great evangelist and organizer in the person of John Wesley, it found the masses barbarous as well as without religion. Born and cradled in the establishment, Methodism could there find no abiding home. The new wine of the Gospel burst the old bottle of state religion, and the evangelist in his own despite was driven forth to found outside the Church of England the free church of the poor.

"The moral improvement of the nation, which by this time had begun, was due less to the influence of the court than to that of Methodism, with which assuredly the court had little to do, and of the evangelical movement within the establishment which Methodism set on foot; perhaps also to the alarm which the spread of scepticism had given the clergy, and to a recoil from the impiety and immorality of the Voltairean school."

The readers of this epic of empire will turn with special interest to the record of the making of Canada. Beyond the exploits of arms, the policy of statesmen, Dr. Smith regards as the truest elements of national greatness the valour and the virtue of the sturdy pioneers who laid the foundations of the empire in this land: "To the memory of conquerors who devastate the earth, and of politicians who vex the life of its denizens with their struggles for power and place, we raise sumptuous monuments; to the memory of those who by their toil and endurance have made it fruitful we can raise none. But civilization, while it enters into the heritage which the pioneers prepared for it, may at least look with gratitude on their lowly graves."

"ICH DIEN."—"I SERVE."

"Ich Dien," should be the motto
Of every human heart,
Living to serve all others,
Bearing a brother's part
For suffering or in glory,
For bliss or sorrow's smart.

"Ich Dien," we're born for service,
To help our fellow-man,
God's ministering spirits,
Part of His own great plan,
With joy let us then render
Such service as we can.

—*Katherine A. Clarke.*

[redacted]*ronto.*

CECIL RHODES OF AFRICA.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES, P.C.

Mr. Rhodes occupies no official position in South Africa. He is no soldier, neither is he intrusted with any official or diplomatic functions. But he is still, in war as in peace, the most conspicuous figure on the South African stage.

Mr. Rhodes, finding that war was inevitable, suddenly found himself restless at Cape Town, and, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, set out for Kimberley on the very eve of its investment by the forces of the Boers. There he is, and there he is likely to remain. He has equipped a force of four hundred men at a cost of £15,000, and cheerfully awaits the development of events. Of the wisdom of placing himself in such an exposed position, almost within grasp of the enemy, it is unnecessary to speak. Mr. Rhodes is not a man who acts upon calculation in such a case, but upon instinct.

Cecil J. Rhodes, a dozen years ago, was unknown outside the narrow confines of the Cape Colony. General Gordon, who had been in South Africa, had met him there sixteen years ago, and formed so high an estimate of his character, that when he started on his heroic mission in the Soudan in 1884, his first act was to telegraph to Mr. Rhodes, asking him to accompany him to Khartoum. Mr. Rhodes was then Treasurer of the Cape Colony, and so he was unable to accept General Gordon's invitation. Had it been otherwise, the recent history of Africa, both North and South, would have to be rewritten; for the life of one of

* Abridged from the *Review of Reviews* for November.

these men and the death of the other are the two great factors which at this hour dominate the destinies of Africa.

If you want to understand Cecil Rhodes, it is necessary to begin by remembering that General Gordon knew him well and trusted him absolutely. General Gordon was the Bayard of our generation. No more absolutely selfless man ever served his country and his Queen. That pure and lofty spirit was never stained even by the calumny of those sordid souls who delight to impute to others the folly and baseness of their own nature. General Gordon was a man passionate for humanity, a very knight-errant of philanthropy, full of religious mysticism and an abiding sense of the reality and the power and the love of God. Alike in life and in death, he stands before the world a man of the stuff of which saints and martyrs are made; the most conspicuous and splendid type of the hero which Britain in these latter days has given to the world.

A PARALLEL—

Both men were singularly selfless. Neither of them was married. Each of them had dedicated his life to the pursuit of a lofty ideal, over which both had brooded long years in the solitude of the African desert. To each of them, although in widely different ways, had come an abiding sense of the insignificance and brevity of life compared with the eternal realities which underlie the fleeting phenomena of this transitory life. It is difficult to say which despised more profoundly the gewgaws of pomp or the trappings of power, although Rhodes undoubtedly had a keener sense of the possibilities within the grasp of those who possess the sinews of war. Both were devoted to the service of their country, and each in his own way had a deep sense of the justice that was due to the dark-skinned races among whom their lot was cast.

Rhodes, like Gordon, was a man of action rather than a man of speech. Both possessed that rare gift of personal charm, which is due to a certain frank simplicity of manner and directness of speech. Both, in short, were real men and not shams, earnest men with a keen outlook into the world of men, strenuous to do with their might whatever their hand found to do in their brief working-day of life. Rhodes, like Gordon, was a man [illegible]omed all his life to ponder the [illegible]s of empire. I said of him years [illegible] some men think in parishes, [illegible] nations, but that Rhodes thinks in continents. So did Gordon. The voluminous papers which the latter wrote on questions of Imperial policy are a mine of political wisdom, in which statesmen might still delve and quarry with good profit.

—AND A CONTRAST.

There were differences between the two friends, as is natural between men one of whom believes in God Almighty, the Father of all men, as his Father and personal Lover of his soul, and the other to whom it seems but an even chance whether there be any God at all. One was a soldier; the other a diamond-digger. One had commanded armies and conducted negotiations in three continents. The other had merely made a million in South African finance. Nevertheless they knew and trusted each other; and in Gordon's confidence in Rhodes there is the best possible answer to the vulgar calumny which represents the great African as a mere millionaire of the Bourse, or an unscrupulous intriguer in Imperial politics.

THE GREATNESS OF THE MAN.

Cecil Rhodes is at this moment, notwithstanding his temporary eclipse after the unfortunate affair of the Jameson Raid, the greatest personage in the British Empire, bar two; the greatest man bar one. The Queen and the Queen's Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, alone tower above the African Empire-builder in the estimation of the world, both within and without Greater Britain. After Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain is a bad fourth. It was not until Mr. Rhodes fell on evil days, and was exposed to the bitter disappointments of unaccustomed failure and disasters, that the general public began to realize how great a man the Empire had reared in South Africa.

Mr. Rhodes was not a born millionaire. He was born, if not without a penny, at least in the usually impecunious condition of the younger son of a country parson. Neither did he start in life with any favourable handicap. He had to abandon his studies at Oxford in order to flee for his life to South Africa, to escape the fell disease which had apparently fastened itself upon his lungs. So ill was he before he left England, that his physicians never expected he would live for a twelvemonth, even in South Africa. But the pure dry air of the African veldt worked wonders. Rhodes not only recovered his health, but being fortunate in the early days of diamond-digging in Kimberley, he laid the

foundations of a great fortune. Then, with characteristic doggedness and tenacity of purpose, he came home and completed his studies at Oxford. He was not a book-worm. His life at the University was more social than intellectual. But he went through the term of an undergraduate's study, graduated in due course, and returned to Africa. The episode is worth remembering, not merely because of the light it throws on Mr. Rhodes' character, but because it will be found hereafter to bear fruit in his aspirations after the realization of the unity of the English-speaking race.

HOW HE MADE HIS FORTUNE.

Young Rhodes was very fortunate in his financial operations. By degrees it became evident that he was coming to the top. The Jews there, as elsewhere, proved too many for the Gentiles. But there was one Gentile whom they could neither circumvent nor overcome. Ultimately, when the time came for the great amalgamation of all the various interests engaged in the diamond fields in one great trust or combine, Mr. Rhodes stood forth as the amalgamator, and the colossal De Beers Company is the monument of his success. He is reputed to be a rich man. It is true that he has the control of millions. But I seldom knew a rich man who had less ready cash. If any one were to give Mr. Rhodes a million sterling today, he would not have a penny of it tomorrow. As soon as he gets money, he spends it or invests it in the service of the Imperial idea.

HIS RELATIONS TO THE NATIVES.

In his dealings with his own workpeople, Mr. Rhodes is just and generous. It is the fashion to denounce his treatment of the Kaffirs, five thousand of whom earn a dollar a day in the diamond compound at Kimberley; but the Rev. Donald Macleod, one of the Queen's chaplains and editor of *Good Words*, who recently made a personal investigation of the facts of the case, has published a very remarkable testimony to the effect that after the missionaries no person has done so much for the African natives as Mr. Rhodes.

HIS RELIGION.

Mr. Rhodes' conception of his duties to his fellow-men rests upon a foundation as distinctly ethical and theistic as that of the old Puritans. If you could imagine an emperor of old Rome crossed with one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the result brought up at the feet of Ignatius Loyola, you would have an amalgam not unlike that which men call Cecil Rhodes. But deep underlying all this there is the strong, earnest, religious conception of the Puritan. Mr. Rhodes is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a religious man. He was born in a rectory, and, like many other clergymen's sons, he is no great Churchman. Upon many questions relating to the other world his one word is "I do not know." At present he has on his mind the development of Rhodesia, the laying of the telegraph line to Tanganyika, the Cape to Cairo railway, and the ultimate federation of South Africa. These four objects preoccupy him. So he went on digging for diamonds, and musing, as he digged, on the eternal verities, the truth which underlies all phenomena.

HIS IDEAL.

"What," asked Mr. Rhodes, "is the highest thing in the world? Is not the idea of Justice? I know none higher. Justice between man and man—equal, absolute, impartial, fair play to all; that surely must be the first note of a perfected society. But, secondly, there must be Liberty, for without freedom there can be no justice. Slavery in any form which denies a man a right to be himself, and to use all his faculties to their best advantage, is, and must always be, unjust. And the third note of the ultimate towards which our race is bending must surely be that of Peace, of the industrial commonwealth as opposed to the military clan or fighting Empire." Anyhow, these three seem to Mr. Rhodes sufficient to furnish him with a metewand wherewith to measure the claims of the various races of the world to be regarded as the Divine instrument of future evolution. Justice, Liberty and Peace—these three. Which race in the world most promotes, over the widest possible area, a state of society having these three as corner-stones?

Who is to decide the question? Let all the races vote, and see what they will say. Each race will, no doubt, vote for itself, but who receives every second vote? Mr. Rhodes had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the English race—the English-speaking man, whether British, American, Australian, or South African—is the type of the race which does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical, effective work to establish justice, to promote liberty, and to ensure peace over the widest possible area of the planet.

CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA.*

THE CHRISTENING OF THE CHRISTMAS LOG.

This elegant volume, we judge, is the most dainty bit of art publishing yet done in Canada. This the illustrations we present we think will show. It is very difficult to render a snow scene in black and white The cut on page 85, and the snow-clad forest scenes in the book, we have never seen surpassed in skilful rendering.

Only from an occasional phrase would one suspect that the author was not an English writer. Added to his fine prose style there is a vivacity and brightness that seem the special grace of the French mind. The author admirably translates into English idiom the child-like faith, the superstitions, the household joys and sorrows and the national traditions of our French Canadian fellow-citizens. It is a step back again into Brittany to read again of the baptism of the Christmas log illustrated by one of Mr. Coburn's cuts and the weird superstition that accompanies it.

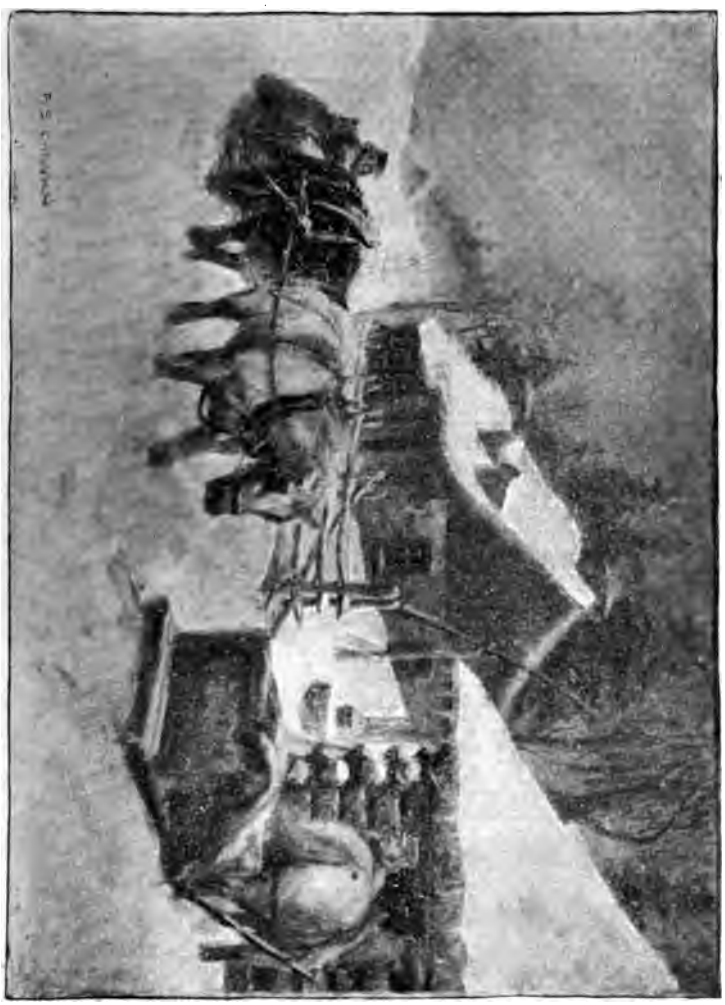
"All the servants of the old chateau fell on their knees, while the old gamekeeper, with bare head, advanced towards the large fireplace, whose light shone like a glory around his long, white hair, outlining as on a golden background, the majestic and imposing figure of the old man.

"'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!' said he in a low and solemn tone, while his knotty and trembling hand dropped a

*"Christmas in French Canada," by Louis Frechette, with Illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited, and William Briggs. Price, $2.

ruby-like stream of wine on the heavy fragment of oak bitten by the winding blaze.

"The bystanders had not time to say Amen before a wild gust of wind swept aside the flames of the hearth, and in the opened door stood the evil and deformed figure of Count Robert de Kerfoel."



"WE WERE LATE IN ARRIVING."

The wicked Count forbids the celebration, and, pointing to the blazing fire, commands gamekeeper Joel to throw away this emblem of a cursed superstition.

"'My Lord Count,' said Joel, kneeling down in fear, 'the Christmas log has been baptized. I'd rather die than touch it. It is sacred. Beware of God's hand, my Lord Count.'" The wicked Count drags the log across the threshold and disappears into the darkness.

"'Ever since that night,' says the old grandam who recounts the quaint Breton legend, 'one can see on the shining disk of the moon, in clear weather, a man with a twisted knee, stooping under a strange burden in which those who see clearly enough can make out a half-burnt log still flaming here and there. The unfortunate Count Robert is condemned to carry the burden on his shoulder until the day of the last judgment.'"

The story of Santa Claus' Violin is as sweet and tender as anything of Hans Andersen. The snatches of old

chansons and carols are very charming. The legend of the Loup-Garou, which corresponds to the wehr-wolf of German story, combines the weird with a touch of humour. The wicked miller and his crony refuse to attend the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, but spend the sacred hour in a wild carouse, during which they both become very drunk, and one turns into a loup-garou and back again before morning. It was alleged that only by drawing blood could a loup-garou be restored to human form. In incontestible evidence whereof one of them has a cut in his ear, which, with profane rationalism, he declared was done by falling on a pail, instead of recognizing it as a stroke of grace that saved his soul.

The story of the Phantom Head describes the perils of winter travel in crossing the ice at Quebec and the tragic results which sometimes followed. A realistic sketch describes the return of a *coureur du bois* from the far-off Klondike, embracing in a snowstorm on the Edmonton trail a telegraph pole, the advanced sentinel of civilization, as if it were a sacred cross.

"I stood for a moment in astonishment. But suddenly my heart leaped within me, and I gave a cry—a cry choked by a sob. That bare, barkless trunk, that lifeless tree, emerging from the soil like a lonely mast in mid ocean, had been planted by man's hand. It was a telegraph pole!

"We had passed Athabasca Landing and were on the trail to Edmonton.

"Can you understand?

"A telegraph pole! The advance sentinel of civilization. Was it not like a friendly hand stretched out towards me from the threshold of my own country? Was it not a greeting from a rediscovered world, the welcome to a living, cultivated land, peopled by intelligent beings, by comrades and by friends? Was it not . . . was it not home?

"I was re-entering social life after twenty-two long years of exile in the savage solitude. More than that, it was almost a re-entrance into family life, for that wire which I could hear humming above my head was a link between me and the past; it connected me with my village, with the paternal roof now dearer to me than ever, with my poor old mother, to whom I almost imagined I could send a cry of joy and comfort despite the weary 3,000 miles that still lay between us.

"Can you understand?"

In these sketches Mr. Frechette has portrayed, we think, as no one else has done, the vein of Celtic poetry in the hearts of his countrymen.

"THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA."*

This great work will occupy, we believe, much the same position in biblical literature that the Encyclopædia Britannica occupies in the general field of letters. It is issued from the same press and in large part by the same editorial management. This is a guarantee as to the mechanical excellence and up-to-date scholarship of the book. Indeed, some critics may deem it a little ahead of date, that it is in some respects more advanced than the general consensus of biblical scholarship concedes.

The master hand of Professor Robertson Smith, to whom many of the most important biblical articles in the Britannica are due—a hand, alas, now stilled forever—is seen in the general plan of many of the details of this great work. The most eminent biblical scholars of the world are among its contributors. The great universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Göttingen, Strassburg, Leipsic, Bonn, Geneva, Leyden, Pennsylvania, New York, Dublin, are represented by their ablest biblical students. The articles on history and archæology leave nothing to be desired. Never have such clear, concise summaries of the most recent discoveries in Assyria and Babylon been presented as those by Messrs. King and Pinches, of the British Museum. Where necessary, the articles are copiously illustrated with maps and engravings.

Professor Cheyne, of Oxford, writes on the creation, deluge, the Canaanites and many other topics. He does not regard the biblical narrative of the creation as historical, but as partly poetical and partly a "revelation myth" designed to teach spiritual truth. It would certainly be hard to defend on either scriptural or

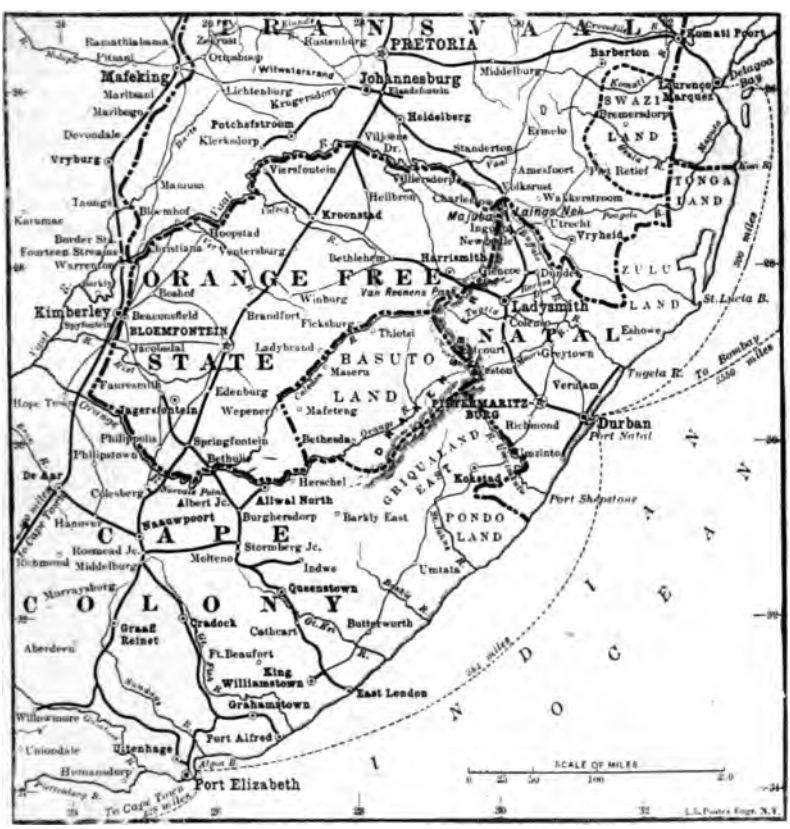
* "Encyclopædia Biblica: A Critical Dictionary of the Literary, Political and Religious History, the Archæology, Geography, and Natural History of the Bible." Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., and J. A. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I., A-D. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited, 1899. Large 8vo. Pp. xxviii-1143.

scientific grounds Milton's crude pictures of a lion springing from the earth and "pawing to get free his hinder parts."

The treatment of the Canon of the New Testament by Dr. Robinson is to our mind much more satisfactory than that of the old Old Testament Canon by Professor Budde, of Strassburg. The latter seems to accept most of the conclusions of the higher critics as proven. We do not find the *Diduche*, or the Teaching of the Twelve, treated under that word, but under the sections Baptism and The Church, it is very fully described. Other important subjects discussed are Adam and Eve, Anti-Christ, Apocalypse, Apocrypha, Covenant, Creation, Deluge, Daniel and Demons. By means of cross references greater unity and utility are given to this book.

When this great work will be completed, which it will be in three more volumes, within two years, it will be, in our judgment, the best apparatus on the study of biblical subjects that we know. Even though we may dissent from some of its conclusions, the great mass of the the work will be of unchallenged accuracy and of the highest scholarship.

The World's Progress.

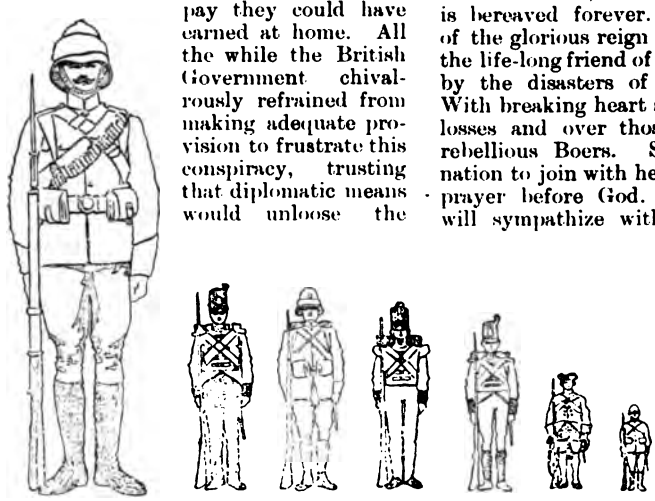


THE SEAT OF WAR.

The map presented herewith, which we reproduce from the *Independent*, gives a clear conception of the vast region in which the world-shaking war is in progress in South Africa. The difficulties of the task before Great Britain will be better understood if we remember that it is 850 miles from Cape Town to Mafeking, and that it is a great deal further from Cape Town to Ladysmith. The tran[illegible]

tation of an army of 100,000 men six or seven thousand miles by water, and many hundreds by land, over a rugged country with imperfect railway communications, beset on every side by wary, stubborn foes, is one of supreme difficulty.

For over fifteen years the Africanderbund has been contemplating the revolt from the control of Great Britain and the establishing of a great Dutch confederacy in South Africa. With the money wrung by unjust exactions from the Outlanders the Transvaal has been filled with the best artillery that the Creusot and Krupp works could furnish. The same means has enabled Kruger's Government to subsidize German and Austrian artillerists with three times the pay they could have earned at home. All the while the British Government chivalrously refrained from making adequate provision to frustrate this conspiracy, trusting that diplomatic means would unloose the knot which it seems the sword alone could cut.



Transvaal, 70,000. Peninsular War, 30,000. Egyptian, 30,000. Crimea, 26,000. Waterloo, 24,000. Blenheim, 16,000. Afghan, 13,000.

Although General Methuen has encountered a serious reverse, he has already won three victories in seven days, and no doubt will rally his forces before long and relieve Kimberley. The resistance of these lone posts on the veldt, Kimberley and Mafeking, against overwhelming odds shows the enormous advantage of defence over attack. This explains the difficulties that Methuen and Buller will have to overcome.

The repulse of Buller is serious, but, thank God, not irreparable. It has sent a thrill of patriotic resolve throughout the wide Empire. It has done more to consolidate Greater Britain than a score of victories. The presence of Roberts and Kitchener will be worth an army [redacted].

The Uses of Adversity.

Canadian patriotism responds promptly and eagerly to the needs of the dear old Motherland.

The temper of the mother country and all her colonies is but aroused to intenser determination by these reverses. If her cause be just and right—and we believe it is—at whatever cost, it must be maintained. It is not merely the suzerainty of the Transvaal that is at stake, but the stability of the world-wide British Empire. It is the most sombre Christmastide that Great Britain has known since the dark days of the Crimean war. The whole land is filled with mourning; scarce a noble family has not suffered in some of its branches, and many a humble home is bereaved forever. The closing years of the glorious reign of our good Queen, the life-long friend of peace, are saddened by the disasters of her brave troops. With breaking heart she weeps over their losses and over those, as well, of the rebellious Boers. She calls upon the nation to join with her in humiliation and prayer before God. Every loyal heart will sympathize with her sorrows and besiege the Throne of Grace that soon righteousness and peace may kiss each other, and sorrow and sighing flee away.

The cut illustrating the comparative size of Britain's foreign expeditions, shows at a glance how great is the task Britain has before her. With the reinforcements now called forth the army in the field will soon be twice as great, and the colossal size of the British soldier in the cut will have to be more than doubled.

Upon General Buller and the other British leaders in South Africa rests the tremendous responsibility of maintaining the prestige of the Empire amid conditions of unparalleled difficulty. We doubt not he will be found equal to the task. The following items as to his record will be of special interest to Canadian readers, as in our own country he won his earliest laurels :

Maj.-Gen. Sir Redvers Buller was born in Devonshire, England, in 1839, and was commissioned in the British army when only nineteen. He was twenty-one when he first saw active service in the China war of 1860. After various routine duties

GENERAL BULLER.

he was sent to Canada, and in 1870 took part in the Red River Expedition, and won the commendatory notice of Lord Wolseley.

In the important campaign against the Zulus, under Sir Evelyn Wood, he commanded the horse, and in March, 1879, in this campaign, he won the Victoria Cross by devoted gallantry. Two of his officers and a trooper who had been dismounted he took, one after another, behind him on his own horse, and brought them beyond danger, and at the same time he succeeded in the orderly withdrawal of his whole command without loss.

On the relief of General White, defending for weeks Ladysmith, an open town with no protective works save those improvised by his troops, the attention of the world has been focused. We trust that before these lines reach the reader that relief will be accomplished. These British generals are not the men to foment war. Knowing its terrible grim reality they would avoid its horrors, but at the command of duty they count not their lives dear unto them, and are ready to lay them down for their country's safety.

Heroic Defence.

Already the war has made a desert of Johannesburg, which a few weeks ago was one of the busiest places in the world. One of our pictures shows its streets crowded with representatives of many races from many lands. Now it is a desolation, and the wealth created by British industry is almost totally destroyed. The same thing is true of Kimberley, whose busy market-place in the piping times of peace we show. The mines are filling with water at the loss of $50,000 a day, but this is nothing to the loss of precious lives whom its defence and relief has caused.

The defence of the lonely outpost of Mafeking is one of the most heroic in history. Beleaguered with armed hosts, stormed at with shot and shell, its little garrison held that outpost of empire as was held that of Lucknow during its awful siege, "and ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew."

GENERAL WHITE.

STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG, BEFORE THE WAR.

Continental Jealousy.

The armies of England and the United States are the only ones in the world which are recruited by volunteers. The ranks of all the others are filled by conscripts who are forced, often sorely against their will, to spend several of the best years of their life with the ranks. Thus the whole nation is armed, but the ranks of industry are depleted, and a stigma is cast upon honest labour as being less noble than the art of war. Meanwhile, the commercial enterprise and energy of the Anglo-Saxon people are capturing the commerce of the world. Great Britain was able with scarcely a perceptible interruption of commerce to send her great army of 100,000 men with vast stores of ammunition, 6,000 miles in six weeks, in two hundred transports to South Africa, and this great fleet comprised only 13 per cent. of her commercial marine.

The jealousy of the army-ridden nations of Europe goes far to explain the bitter hostility of the continental press towards this "nation of shop-keepers" that with its strong right arm—the most powerful navy in the world—defies their combinations and machinations. The yellow journals of Vienna and Berlin, of Paris and Madrid, find no stories too preposterous to retail to the disadvantage of the "perfidious Albion" of their imagination. The secret service money of the Transvaal, extorted from the hapless Outlanders, may further explain the Cassandra prophecies of this venal foreign press.

The *Magyar Neuzel*, of Budapest, commenting on the British check in South Africa, expresses the warmest sympathy for the British army in its misfortune, and adds: "Every liberal nation in the world would deeply regret if the position of Great Britain, the standard-bearer of civilization, were shaken. Austria-Hungary would sorely feel the consequences of any loss of power in England."

American Sympathy.

Beyond the ties of blood and brotherhood between Great Britain and America, the intellectual and moral sympathy between these imperial democracies, for under different forms their spirit is the same, will bind them in a moral alliance closer than any formal treaty. The visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to his royal grandmother has emphasized the new German rapprochement. This new Triple Alliance is thus welcomed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, at a great trade dinner at New York:

"I say without hesitation that if there are three great nations in the world that God and nature meant for eternal peace and amity with each other, those three are Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. We are rivals in trade, just as you friendly merchants of New York are all rivals in trade. But we are also indispensable customers to each other, and we have a common interest in the East, the interest of the open door. So, we welcome to the East all the world,

and are sure that those we shall see oftenest there will be our English and our German friends. Together we shall enter the vast, awaking unknown, where dwell one-fourth of the people of the world, and together in peaceful rivalry we must bear our respective shares of the white man's burden in the dark places of the earth."

"THE FOOL FURY OF THE SEINE."

The irritation of the British people at the filth and obscenity exposed in the name of wit or humour in the *Journal pour Rire* and other so-called comic papers, is natural, but rather foolish. So long as it touched only Mr. Chamberlain his monocle could glare defiance; but when it touched the person or office of the Queen, a subject sacred to every true Briton, it rasped him to the quick.

It was scarcely diplomatic to warn the people of France to mend their manners, or their colonies would be taken from them, but it was a broad intimation of the strength of the Anglo-Saxon and American alliance or intent.

It is something like, as Young says,

"An ocean in a tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

But his admonition seems to have for a time suppressed the insolence of the gutter-snipes.

The French Government seems to be honestly endeavouring to guide the ship of state amid stormy winds, difficult seas and rock-strewn channels. The worst enemies of France are the Yahoos who disgrace the French name and chivalric traditions of the French race. The liberty of the press is all very well, but it was not for such reckless license as this that Milton contended in his memorable plea. It is intolerable that a few fanatics, like the incendiary who "fired the Ephesian dome," should imperil the safety of the commonweal.

The French have many noble and generous traits. They responded with enthusiasm to the kindness of the British who, after the siege of Paris, fairly choked the railways with supplies of food for its famished people. Their village and the rural life is for the most part simple, honest and pious, or, at least, devout.

MARKET DAY AT KIMBERLEY.

Even in Paris, the supposed capital of the world's vice, an outward semblance at least of virtue is more strict than in freer communities. The *police des moeurs* is more rigid than in England. We have seen more flaunting vice in the streets of London and Liverpool and Glasgow and Edinburgh than we ever saw in Paris—more on Saturday night in the high street of the modern Athens, beneath the shadow of St. Giles Cathedral and John Knox's house—bare-headed and bare-footed women, drinking at the public bar than we ever saw in Paris or Vienna, in Brussels or Berlin. There may be vice in these places but it pays the deference to virtue of concealment. It is to be feared that drunkenness is increasing in France that instead of their com-

paratively innocuous light wines they are soddening their brains with absinthe and a vile decoction made from petroleum.

The draft of the entire manhood of the nation for several years for the army and the social demoralization that so often results is weakening the vitality of the nation. Vital statistics show that the death-rate is increasing and the birth-rate decreasing; that France is literally a dying nation. Since the Franco-Prussian war the sturdy Germans, who from the time of Tacitus have been marked by their domestic virtues, have increased by ten millions, while France has relatively fallen far behind. Her vices are her

LOOK-OUT POST AT MAFEKING.

"And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew."

Sedan. She has lost more than the entire population of Alsace and Lorraine by her sins. The Church, that should be a bulwark of virtue, the guardian of the family and home, especially in the cities, has little power as a moral force. Only some great revival in religion, a new Luther or a new Wesley preaching a new reformation, or a new Jonah warning the nation to turn from its sins or it shall be destroyed, can prove the salvation of France.

Balfour on the Boers.

"They have been lavishing the money, brought to them by others' industry year [redacted] year, in buying the newest form of [redacted]ments, in heaping up stores, in piling up cartridges and rifles and machine guns and quick-firing guns and field guns and siege guns and fortification guns."

"We have learned our lesson," added Mr. Balfour, impressively. "Never again shall we allow to grow up within our midst communities of our own creation, in a position to use the liberties that we have granted to them so as to turn their country into a place of arms to be used against us. . . . The people of this country are unalterably determined that the paramount power in South Africa shall be the paramount power indeed, and that the Pax Britannica shall be supreme over all the regions in which the Queen now has territorial rights or paramount rights arising from her position."

The Soudan.

The Soudan is now open, says the Chicago, Ill., *Record*, and General Gordon's work, brought to an end by his tragic death in Khartoum, in 1884, is on the way to completion. British rule in the Soudan cannot be other than the blessing it has proved in Egypt. Since 1884 this once fertile province has been a wilderness. Whole villages have been destroyed; famine has decimated the population; slavery has blighted their lives, and inconceivable cruelty and oppression have made human life a nightmare. All this is now at an end. Khartoum has heard the last of the Khalifa's arrogant demands, and the home-loving Soudanese can henceforth sow and reap in peace. A new era of progress and education is before the upper Nile country. Already British funds have erected a college at Khartoum. Under Lord Kitchener's able guidance the bankrupt province, like neighbouring Egypt, will emerge from its troubles and enjoy increasing prosperity that must have a favourable effect on all Africa.

Exit Aguinaldo.

The Philippine campaign is virtually over. The guerilla war may linger for some time amid the swamps and fastnesses of Luzon, but with Aguinaldo a fugitive, his so-called government chased from one itinerant capital to another, and finally scattered, the ball lies at the feet of General Otis, who, by vigorous action in

trampling out the smouldering sparks of revolt, may restore his somewhat injured reputation. The Tagalogs are not the Boers. They are more like the stinging mosquito of their native swamps than the fierce, tusked pachyderm which the Boers so much resemble in character, as in name. The release of three thousand Spaniards held in bondage for many months is one of the pleasing results of American victories.

It was a surprise to the Tagalogs that they were neither tortured or murdered by their conquerors as they were led to expect. When relieved from this bugbear they soon develop the eager desire to be "*Pacificos*" and "*Amigos.*" Who can doubt that they will respond to the benign influence of justice and kindness? Who can doubt that beneath the education of Anglo-Saxon institutions of the Christian religion the polyglot people of the Philippines will develop a higher type of civilization than they have ever known before. Already the Methodist Episcopal Church is making Luzon a district of the Singapore Mission. Bishop Doane of the American Protestant Episcopal Church reports the Tagalogs are the most moral and religious people he ever met, but mere children in ability to govern themselves. "But the deadly trail of war is over the land. Manila is a hell-hole with four hundred and thirty saloons. The drunkenness and the vice of the city gives the Spanish priests the chance to say, 'See the result of American civilization.' Thus as long as this demoralization exists it will be impossible to try to convert Tagalogs and other Filipinos. Let the army do its work and get away. Then, and not till then, will Methodists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians stand any chance."

Polygamy Rebuked.

The unanimity of the people of the United States in opposition to polygamy is emphasized by the vote declining to give Brigham H. Roberts a seat in the House of Representatives, until his case has been sifted. The vote was 302 to 30. Before the House opened, a pyramid of petitions against the admission of the Mormon polygamist, ten feet high, had been piled up in front of the reporters' desk. Some of the rolls which formed it were two feet in diameter. These petitions represented seven million names, perhaps the largest number ever forwarded on petitions to the House on any single subject.

Senator Mason, whose resolution of sympathy with the Boers was, in the American House of Representatives, so quietly shelved by being sent to the Committee on Foreign Relations, is, it seems, as hard on his own Government as on that of Great Britain. "I would rather," he said, "resign my seat than treat a dog the way we are treating the Filipinos."

DISSATISFIED.

I asked, with the Old Year dissatisfied,
Ah! who will tell me how to mould the New
Fair to my wish?
The last December day
Was slowly vanishing into the void,
The void that swallows all.
"'Tis not for thee
To mould the year."
I know not whence the word.
Perhaps it sparkled from a great white star
That palpitated in the purple night.
"If thou art richer, stronger, more alive,
The year thy wealth, thy strength, thy life will show
As in a mirror. With thyself the task,
Yet hast thou help. The duties set for thee
Are like a soil for growing; and above
God's blessing is this bright and bounteous sky."

I stand upon the threshold of two years,
And backward look, and forward strain my eyes;
Upon the blotted record fall my tears,
While, brushing them aside, a sweet surprise
Breaks like a day-dawn on my upturned face,
As I remember all Thy daily grace.

Thou hast been good to me: the burdened past
Thou hast borne with me, and the future days
Are in Thy hands; I tremble not, but cast
My care upon Thee, and in prayer and praise
Prepare to make the coming year the best.
Because of noble work and sweeter rest.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

It is a relief to turn from the tumult of war and its bloody scenes to the mild victories of the Prince of Peace. The recent meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church was of a very encouraging character. Dr. H. K. Carroll thus summarizes the results in the *Independent:*

The debt, which two or three years ago amounted to nearly two hundred thousand dollars, has been removed. The receipts for the year were $1,236,544, showing an advance over the previous year of $54,755. This, however, does not include the receipts for the debt, amounting to $63,568 the past year, and to $103,355 the previous year, the total receipts for 1899 being over $1,300,000, the largest income of any one year during the decade.

The roll-call of the missions was itself a prophecy of the final conquest of the world for Christ. The reports from India, China, South America, and Africa are inspiring. Even the home mission is largely foreign, if that is not an Hibernicism. It embraces within the bounds of the United States, missions to the Swedes, Germans, French, Spaniards, Bohemians, Hungarians, Italians, Portuguese, Chinese and Japanese. Mission work is being undertaken in Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The Church Extension Society reports since 1865 an income of $6,500,000. This aided the erection of 11,000 churches. This Church has also dispersed millions of money for the extension of churches in the South by the Freedmen's Aid and Missionary Societies.

No Church in Christendom is doing a grander work at home and abroad than the sister Methodists of the United States.

Twentieth Century Fund.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, issues a special monthly on the new century education. Our Twentieth Century Fund is going with a swing. Within two months of its inception, Dr. Potts was able to report over one-half million dollars. The sympathy is widely spread. It is not confined to a few large centres, but extends to the remotest regions. From Newfoundland and far Bermuda to the Pacific coast a great wave of thanksgiving is sweeping. No better test is there of religious earnestness than this. "I would rather" said Dr. Smith, the Southern delegate at the General Conference, "see the Church lay a million dollars on God's altar than hear it shout halleluias till the heavens rang, if their giving did not accompany their songs." Not merely are the rich devising liberal things but the poor are planning modes of self-denial that they may join in this great thank-offering. Verily this faith and zeal and consecration shall not go unrewarded. It seemed especially significant that our recent Sunday-school lessons should turn upon the grace of giving, its privilege and obligation, and that therewith was coupled the immutable promise of God to pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. Their gifts are already proving a benediction to the givers.

For higher education alone, the Twentieth Century Fund offerings in the Methodist Episcopal Church already reach $1,780,515.

"Now for the Other Half!"

Is the title of a stirring editorial in the *Wesleyan* which makes a strong appeal for united effort to raise the balance of this fund, for the long pull, the strong pull, and above all a pull all together. The other half of the million dollars will take more time and more toil to raise than the half already pledged. What remains to be pledged will be pledged for the most part in small sums, from a large number, and in response to careful, kindly, persistent, personal canvass.

Victoria University.

The Theological Conference at the Victoria University was conducted on a high plane of Christian thought. The papers were able, some philosophical, some theological, some plain and practical, all inspired by an intense religious earnestness. Some of these we have already secured for presentation in the pages of this magazine. The Class-leaders' Convention, which formed part of the Conference, was eminently a practical and profitable meeting.

The University Extension lectures announced by the professors of Victoria, cover a very wide range of thought and are of very great interest. We think it

very important that the university should come in touch with the every-day life of the people. These lectures are available for any place within reasonable reach, for the nominal sum of $5.00 and, of course, expenses of travel. This entails a good deal of extra work upon the professors, but will be of great advantage to the communities who enjoy their lectures and to the university, not so much from the benefit of the small fee, as from the sympathy created in higher education.

Methodist Congress.

The ever-fertile brain of Bishop Vincent has devised a new movement in Methodism, viz., the holding of an annual congress of its most devout and scholarly men for the discussion of the profoundest problems in science, philosophy and religion. The first of these was held at Pittsburg a year ago, the second in Cincinnati last month. It was, says the *Central Christian Advocate*, a congress of "truth-loving, truth-seeking and truth-speaking men. There was an entire lack of dogmatism or autocratic authority, even the protests of critics were in nearly every instance couched in a brotherly vein. Their spirit was devout, courageous and winning." While covering much the same ground as our own theological conference it had a somewhat wider range, discussing the principles of evolution, city problems, popular heresies, and the like. Bishop Vincent thus expresses his conclusions: "The second congress was successful in its attempt to encourage the discussion in frank and thorough fashion of some of the living issues of the age concerning which we dare not be ignorant or indifferent; to aid in the right estimate of modern critical thought and of a rational and radical spiritual life. The sessions of the St. Louis congress were full of inspiration and gave to all who were present a larger hope concerning our beloved Church in the new century." We hope to see our Canadian conference grow into such a large and influential gathering.

The Resignation of Principal Shaw.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Shaw, head of our Theological College, Montreal, will learn with regret of his resignation from the important office whose duties he has discharged with such conspicuous ability. Dr. Shaw's health has been for some time in an increasingly unsatisfactory state, and he finds himself physically unequal to the care and responsibility connected with the principalship of the college. For twenty-six years Dr. Shaw laboured as Professor of Greek and Dean of the college, and since the death of Dr. Douglas, as its honoured Principal. Nearly four hundred students have received his instruction during that time.

He has seen the college grow from small beginnings to its present vigorous development, to which his personal labours have very largely contributed. Of this noble record he might with modesty say, "Magna pars fui."

We are glad to know that Dr. Shaw's services will not be lost to the institution, but that as a professor his ripe scholarship may be employed, we hope, for some years to come. Beyond the sphere of the college and the sphere of Methodism, Dr. Shaw has rendered valuable services to the State as a member of the Council of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec, as a Protestant Commissioner of Montreal, and as chairman of the Central Board of Examiners for teachers in the Province of Quebec. In this way he has largely helped to mould the educational future of that province.

St. James' Church.

Dr. T. G. Williams reports very encouragingly concerning the progress of St. James' Church Relief Fund. Although the Twentieth Century scheme largely engrosses attention, still enough money has been paid to reduce the interest by over $4,000 a year. What is more encouraging still, the earnings of the Temple Building have been greatly increased. It is hoped that this valuable property may soon be sold; the remaining debt could then be easily handled.

We congratulate the editor of the *Epworth Era* on having so successfully completed the first year of that paper. It has been a great help to the Leagues and a credit to the Methodist Church. It has reached a circulation of 6,000, which the editor hopes to increase by at least 2,000 during the coming year. We wish him every success in this important department of his important work.

A new rule of the Japanese Government forbids the religious instruction in the church schools in that country. This strikes a strong blow at the very object

for which these schools were organized. The missionary bodies in Japan unite in urging a repeal of this regulation, otherwise the schools must retire from the field of popular education and confine themselves merely to mission work. This would be a great loss both to Japan and to the schools. Our Canadian missionary authorities are acting in concert with those of the other Churches in this matter.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, has resigned because of failing health. Dr. Storrs has been sole pastor of the church since its incorporation fifty-three years ago.

The English Wesleyans purpose holding a comprehensive educational exhibition in Birmingham. We think a similar exhibition might be arranged in important centres in the larger cities in Canada. We are sure it would stimulate educational interest and increase educational givings. The exhibition will be arranged in a series of courts, representing various parts of the mission field—India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Western and Eastern Africa, Fiji, and Palestine. The exhibits will include specimens of native dress, ornaments, household utensils, weapons, and other objects illustrating the daily life, customs, industries, and religions of the different countries. There will be special courts illustrating an Indian zenana and a Hindu wedding. Chinese receptions will be arranged. Lime-light lectures will be given by missionaries and others. English and native music will be rendered.

There are 25,000 declared Methodists in the British army. Wesleyan chaplains accompanied the troops on shipboard and to the front, and Methodist soldiers will prove that, as did Cromwell's "Ironsides" and the Scottish Covenanters, religion makes no man a poltroon. The Church is girding itself to the task of caring for the families left behind, some of them inevitably destined to be widowed and orphaned by the tragedy of war.

Many articles of special importance for which we had not time to arrange, nor space to announce, will appear in the MAGAZINE for 1900. One of these will be a character-sketch of the famous Joseph Parker, City Temple, London, England, founded upon his unique autobiography.

SIR GEORGE KIRKPATRICK.

It makes one's heart ache to see in the illustrated English the portraits of the gallant officers who laid down their lives upon the African veldt for Queen and country, and as we believe, for a righteous cause. But the death of one whom we have seen and know affects us more profoundly than that of many of whom we have only heard. The death of our late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Kirkpatrick, removes one who lent lustre to the high office which he held, even when suffering from mortal illness, who discharged his duties with dignity and courtesy and left a record stainless and pure. "He wore the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years," and will be remembered as one of the best Lieutenant-Governors his native province ever had.

MR. L. R. O'BRIEN.

In the death of Mr. L. R. O'Brien Canada has lost one of her most distinguished artists. He had a fine sympathy with nature, and rare skill in interpreting her various moods. There was a very poetic feeling about his art work. He was a thorough Canadian, born at Shanty Bay, on Lake Simcoe, educated at Upper Canada College and trained in architecture and civil engineering in Canada. He was for ten years President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art. His water-colour work was of special excellence, especially many noble pictures of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. Mr. O'Brien was as genial and courteous in social life as he was distinguished in art. He was a man of deeply religious character, a prominent member of the Catholic Apostolic Church, of which the late Edward Ryerson, the oldest of the Ryerson brothers, was for many years the head in Canada.

The death of Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, produces scarcely a ripple in the world of politics. He was an able lawyer, a man of much business ability and director of several great railways. Like many successful men, he had to fight his own way in early life. He taught school, studied law and entered the State and federal Legislature. The only chance for a Vice-President to become famous is the death of the President, as did Johnson on the death of Lincoln.

Book Notices.

The Life of William Cochrane, D.D. By R. N. GRANT. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The life-story of any man, if it be well told, may be of absorbing interest, especially the story of such a man as the ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Mr. Grant, the well-known "Knoxonian" of the *Westminster*, writes in racy style. William Cochrane at twelve years of age was a bookseller's message boy in Paisley. Early orphaned, God took him up, found him friends who put him through college in Ohio, and opened his way to thirty-six years' pastorate of Zion Church, Brantford, a remarkably busy and fruitful life, and the highest honours the Canadian Presbyterian Church could bestow. A pathetic interest is given the volume by the last two sermons, which were left in manuscript, but never preached. The book is an incentive to noble being and earnest doing.

How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines. A Book for the People. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

When the revision of the Old and New Testament Scriptures was made, a great many persons were surprised to hear that several hundred changes had been made in the Scripture text. They were reassured, however, to learn that not one of those changes affected religious truth, that they only gave stronger emphasis to the old, old doctrines, on which the Church so long had lived. So also with the criticism and shifting of these latter days. They but signify the steadfastness of the "impregnable rock" of Holy Scripture. "We have received a kingdom which cannot be moved, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

With most of the conclusions of Dr. Gladden we agree. "Certain it is," he says, "that this Jesus is, more than any other, the central figure, the central force, of modern history. And here is the Book which tells me what I know about Him. Is there any other book which has, which can have, for me a value to be compared with that which I must set upon this Book? If you and I go to the Book," he adds, "not to cavil or to criticise, but wishing for peace and power and wisdom and courage and comfort and promise of the life to come, with open mind receiving the influences it is fitted to impart, we shall find, what countless millions have found, that it is able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The author fairly pulverizes the old Calvinism which once held sway, but which no man now living now holds. He assails too, "the stiff sort of materialistic philosophy which is just as fatalistic as Augustine or Calvin for us." He shows that the so-called "reign of law" can be *over*ruled by the human will, much more by Divine will. That there is a *super*natural as well as a natural, even in controlling an electric lamp.

From some of the author's conclusions as to the Arch-tempter of mankind and even of our Lord, we must dissent. The revolt from the superstitions of the Middle Ages may carry one into an opposite extreme error.

A Century of Science and other Essays. By JOHN FISKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

Few men in America are so well qualified as Professor Fiske to write on the subject which gives the title to this volume. He passes rapidly in review the great advance made in the realm of science in this most wonderful of all the centuries. It is only by looking back from the hill-top of the century's close upon the progress of a hundred years that we can get any conception of the vast strides that have been made. The chief achievements of science, indeed, have been almost entirely those of the last half-century.

Professor Fiske accepts unreservedly the doctrine of evolution; not the blind, blank, inexorable reign of iron law, but a theistic conception of the unfolding of God's will and purpose from age to age. "The doctrine of evolution," he says, "which affects our thought about all things, brings before us with vividness the conception of an ever-present God—not an absentee God who once manufactured a cosmic machine capable of running itself, except for a little jog or poke here and there in the shape of a special providence. The doctrine of evolution destroys the conception of the world as a

machine. It makes God our constant refuge and support, and nature his true revelation; and when all its religious implications shall have been set forth, it will be seen to be the most potent ally that Christianity has ever had in elevating mankind."

Professor Fiske has contributed an important interpretation of this theory, by his argument on the part played by the prolonged infancy of mankind in the development of the social and domestic affections and of altruism as opposed to egoism. Professor Drummond has also worked out this idea in his "Ascent of Man."

Professor Fiske devotes seventy pages to a systematic study of his intimate friend, Francis Parkman, and fifty to pulverizing the Bacon-Shakespeare folly. "Some Cranks and their Crotchets" is the title of a delightful essay describing the "Insane Literature," or, as he softened it, the "Eccentric Literature," which came to Harvard University during the five-and-twenty years of his librarianship.

Beyond the Hills of Dream. By W. Wilfred Campbell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

In this dainty volume we think Canadian verse has reached its highest expression. While the poems attain a very high average, some of them stand out with supreme excellence. The pathos of "The Mother," who cannot rest even in the grave for love of her orphaned child, has seldom been surpassed. The lofty patriotism of "England" and the "World Mother," stirs the pulses like a bugle-call. The musical refrain and quaint conceit of "Children of the Foam," haunts the memory. The moonlit waves of our autumn lake are thus described:

"Out forever and forever,
Where our tresses glint and shiver
On the icy moonlit air;
Come we from a land of gloaming,
Children lost, forever homing,
Never, never reaching there;
Ride we, ride we, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
The wild wind in his despair;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wan, white children of the foam."

The question in the "Lazarus of Empire" where "the poor beggar, Colonial, sits at Britain's gate," has been abundantly answered in the last few weeks.

"Doth she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game;
Where lowest and last, with our areas vast,
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?"

The threnody on the death of Lampman is worthy of Keats. In the strong poem, "Peniel," we think the writer has misconceived and misinterpreted the meaning of the Scripture which is so grandly treated in Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob."

The Honey-Makers. By Margaret Warner Morley, with numerous illustrations by the author. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The story of the bee people is one of fascinating interest. Ancient and modern literature contains many books on their industry, their skill in architecture, the wonderful sagacity of their organization. Before the manufacture of sugar the bees supplied almost the only sweetening that was known. Baron Huber and Sir John Lubbock and many others have made a special study of the busy bee; but we know no writer who has made their biography so interesting and instructive as Margaret Warner Morley in her books on the Bee-People and Honey-Makers. The first part of this book deals with the structure, habits and intelligence of the bee—one of those fairy-tales of science which surpass the fascination of fiction. The second part is quite unique so far as we know. It treats of the place of the bee in the literature of the world, ancient and modern, from the old Vedic books of India to the folklore of many lands and the poet's wealth of interesting allusion. This is followed by a chapter on the economic importance of bee culture which will be a revelation to most people.

New Epistles from Old Lands. By Rev. David Gregg, author of "Testimony of the Land to the Book." Illustrated. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Few things will do more to make vivid the story of the Bible than a personal study of that best commentary on the sacred text, the land of the Bible. Dr. Gregg during his six months' tour through these old lands laid up the material for these discourses inspired by their sacred scenes. Carmel and Sharon, Galilee and Judea, the associations of Nazareth,

Bethlehem and Jerusalem—all these are inwrought with the story warp and woof of the Scriptures. As here presented the reader will find in them new appreciation and love of the Bible and new spiritual insight and strength. Dr. Gregg procured salutations from many of the churches abroad, at Jerusalem, at Athens, at Cairo, at Rome, to his own Church. One of the most interesting of these is from the church of John Wesley in England, the old City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism throughout the world, to the Church of John Knox in America. The book has fifteen excellent illustrations.

Sermons in Stones and in Other Things. Some Practical Lessons for Life Drawn from Every-day Surroundings. By AMOS R. WELLS. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Professor Wells was for a good many years, we believe, an instructor in science in an American college. He employs in in this chapter the scientific method of illustrating moral subjects. He finds "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything." Plant life, starland, electricity, the telephone and camera, printing and gardening, furnish themes for strong, terse, pithy talks on the highest Christian themes. Talk of science spoiling poetry! It gives it an illumination which it never had before. Of this the poems of Tennyson and Browning and the sparkling chapters of Professor Wells are striking illustrations.

Supplementary History of American Methodism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. 8vo. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Like a voice from the other world comes this posthumous volume by the Macauley of Methodism, a man who has told to a wider range of readers than any other the wonderful story of Wesley and his work. This volume covers about a quarter of a century, from 1866 to 1891, together with an appendix bringing it down in brief to 1897. Dr. Stevens had a great subject and he has treated it greatly. He has sketched the growth of the Church throughout the broad continent, especially in the new West. He has described the growth of its missions in many lands, the development of great movements, lay representation, theological education, women's work, the organization of the young life of the Church in the Epworth League, the Sunday-school development, university extension and the like. Fourteen portraits of makers of American Methodism are presented, with vivid pen-and-ink sketches of many scores beside.

The American in Holland. Sentimental Rambles in the Eleven Provinces of the Netherlands. By WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS, L.H.D. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii–403. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Griffis is not a native of Holland, but he has a strong admiration of the country and sympathy with its people. He has studied it during six visits—not rapid tourist journeys, but leisurely rambles and sojourns. He has made a special study of its history and has edited an admirable student's edition of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He is well equipped, therefore, for this sympathetic account of Holland and its people—not merely its larger cities, but each of its eleven provinces, its highways and byways of travel and out of-the-way places, His purpose is to reveal the romance and poetry underlying the Dutch epic of toil and triumph.

The whole land still thrills and throbs with the heroism of the stirring conflict of the Dutch under the immortal William the Silent with Alva and the Spaniards. England is under obligations to the Dutch for one of the best constitutional sovereigns she ever possessed, William III. When the Boers of the Transvaal and the Free State are incorporated in the South African Confederacy, they will become, we believe, as loyal Britons as are the Scotch who fought so long against the English, but who now carry the Union Jack in triumph to the ends of the earth.

Dr. Griffis gives charming sketches of Dutch home life, of the universities of Leyden and Utrecht and church and civic life. The book is illustrated with nearly a score of half-tone engravings.

The Old Book and the Old Faith. Reviewed in a Series of Lectures by ROBERT STEWART MACARTHUR. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 432. Price, $1.50.

There is a marvellous vitality about this old book. It has withstood the assaults

of many generations of destructive critics, and is still, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "an impregnable rock." It is, to change the figure, an anvil of steel on which many hammers that sought to destroy it have been broken in pieces. No book in the world's history has ever had so wide a circulation. The miracle of Pentecost has been repeated, and in almost all the babbling tongues of earth do men hear, in their own mother tongue wherein they were born, the word of God. Beyond any other influence it has moulded the thought and mind of Christendom. Its leaves, like the tree of life, are for the healing of the nations. Dr. Macarthur's admirable volume sets forth with clearness and force the manifold claims of Scripture, shows its unique inspiration, its peculiar authority, its remarkable unity, its biographical honesty, its matchless poetry, its indestructible vitality, and many other important aspects of this divine revelation.

One Way Round the World. By DELIGHT SWEETSER. With Illustrations from Photographs. Third edition. Indianapolis—Kansas City. The Bowen Merrill Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The centre of gravity of publishing seems to be shifting rapidly westward. A few years ago it was thought that nothing could be published outside of New York or Philadelphia. Already Toronto, Chicago and San Francisco have become centres of a large publishing trade, but we have seen nothing published, in either east or west, more dainty in its make-up or more beautiful in its illustrations than this book, which bears the imprint of Indianapolis and Kansas City, and which has already reached a third edition.

The writer is a bright and intelligent young lady, who has girdled the globe under very favourable conditions. She enjoyed immensely her visit to the fairy-land of Japan, made an intelligent study of the great Chinese Empire, followed the outposts of Great Britain in the Orient and Occident, was fascinated with the exquisite architecture of India, and had a glimpse of Egypt, the Continent and England. The numerous half-tone vignettes are very artistic and beautiful.

Archibald Malmaison. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by FREELAND A. CARTER. 12mo, cloth, 265 pp. Price, $1.25. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a very handsome new edition of Mr. Hawthorne's book published twenty years ago. The writer exhibits in this story a vein of genius akin to that of his father, the author of "The Scarlet Letter." Like that book it is somewhat sombre in character, turning upon the double consciousness in which a man is unconscious in one condition of his acts and thoughts in another. The opinions of several medical experts are given as to the scientific explanation of the problem of the tale. It bears a resemblance to Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but was written before that famous story. In a curious chapter of "Afterthoughts" the author describes the genesis of the tale, somewhat as Poe describes that of his famous poem "The Raven." The illustrations and make-up of the book are very handsome, but the dénouement is rather weird and gruesome.

LOOKING FORWARD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Think of the glad and glorious things,
  Laid up in God's bright heaven,
For shadowed lives to whom scant store
  Of earthly joy is given.

Think how the heart-blooms, here repressed
  As flowers by frost-chilled air,
Will have their foldings sweetly drawn
  To full expansion there.

Think how the voices, sorrow-stayed,
  For all of time that be,
Shall join in the rejoiceful songs
  Of a blest eternity.

Think; for, thus thinking, thou canst smile
  In dark affliction's face—
And, when her shades most thickly fall,
  Canst still God's goodness trace.

Toronto.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

—*H. Bonar.*

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

—*Wm. Blake.*

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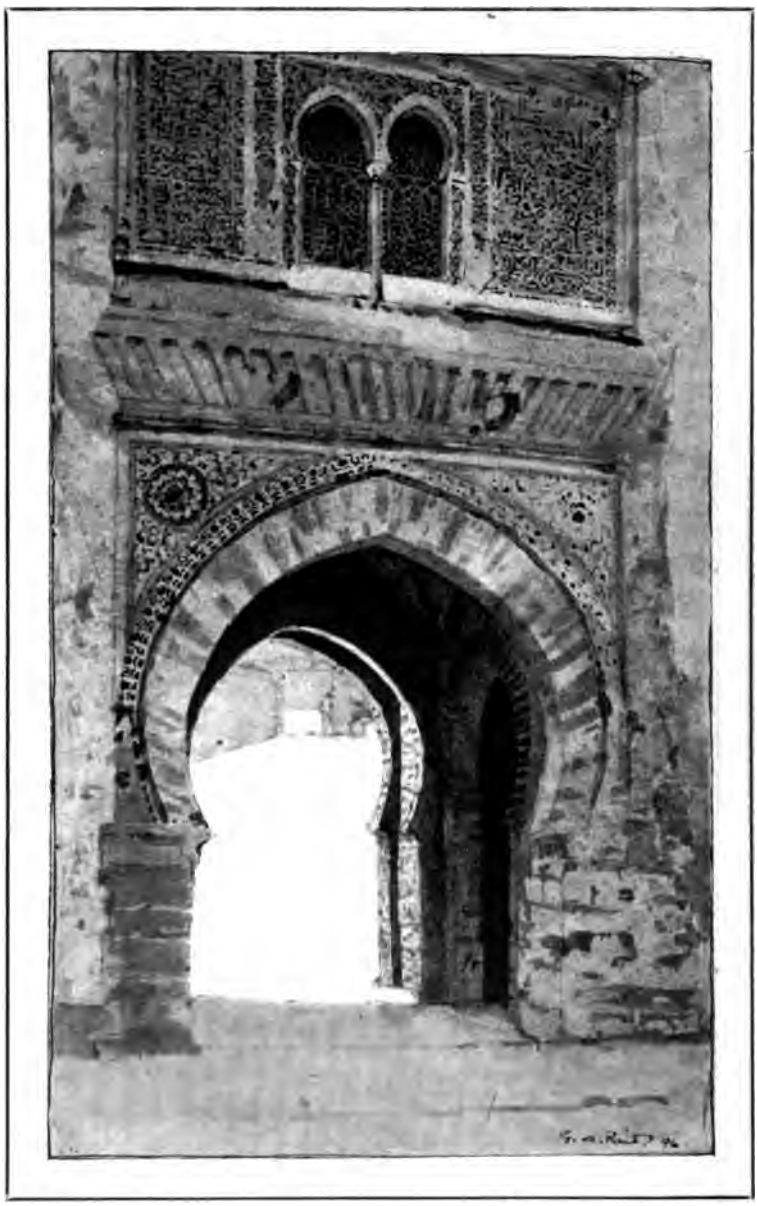


THE GATE OF WINE, ALHAMBRA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

PICTURESQUE SPAIN.

BY THE REV W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

THE TOWER OF GOLD, SEVILLE.*

II.

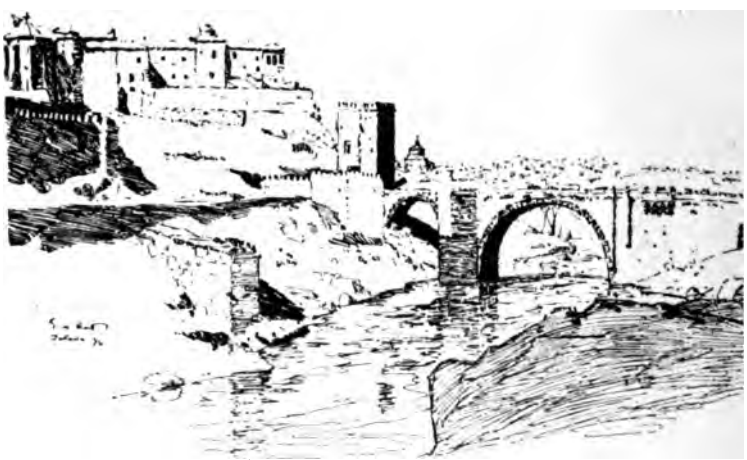
Toledo, however, retains only the shadow of its former greatness. The objects of greatest interest which it contains are the relics of a departed glory. Here, as in many other of the cities of Spain, one is constantly reminded of a golden age which exists no longer except as a tradition or memory of the past. And it is improbable that Toledo will ever again be what it has been in other times. Whatever Spain has gained by the expulsion of the Moor in other respects, it has evidently suffered immensely in the matter of temporal prosperity. Under the dominion of the Moors, Toledo rose to a highly prosperous condition. And, on the whole, it seems to have been wisely and well governed. Christians were protected in the enjoyment of their property and the exercise of their religion. The Jews were, in many instances, raised to positions of great eminence in connection with the administration of the Government and the management of public affairs. The system of agriculture which the Arabs introduced into the country increased immensely its productiveness. Vast tracts of land which would have otherwise been useless were rendered fertile and productive by a comprehensive and wisely constructed system of irrigation.

The Christian conquest of Toledo, in 1085, brought with it the reverse of a blessing. Its prosperity began immediately to decline. Nor can this be greatly wondered at. The conquerors broke faith with the conquered. The terms of

* So named, according to one tradition, from the yellow tiles with which it is covered; according to another, because in it was stored the gold first brought from the New World.

The admirable drawings of this article are from the accomplished hand of Mr. G. A. Reed, R.C.A.—ED.

capitulation were violated. The mosques were turned into churches. The property of the Moors, which had been secured to them by treaty, was taken from them; and at length they were themselves driven away by the intolerable cruelty and oppression to which they were subjected. And with them went the energy, and the thrift, and the business capacity, on which the prosperity of the city and of the surrounding country depended. The heartless persecution of the Jews was as impolitic as it was cruel and unjust. It deprived the country thing of its ancient prosp became the seat of a g prosperous iron and stee try, being specially note manufacture of arms. Th blade was scarcely less fam that of Damascus. Thi of industry and commer ever, proved to be only te and the silence of death no in the deserted streets wh once vocal with the hum life. The remains of architecture everywhere One of these, The Gatew Sun, is shown on page 10



BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS, TOLEDO.

of the services of another class of most enterprising and useful citizens. They were the great financiers of Toledo, as they were indeed of all parts of Spain, and they filled the most important offices of the Government, with signal advantage to the country. But the most capable of them were either exiled or destroyed. The despotic rule of the Emperor Charles V., and his successor, aided by the Inquisition, by which the people were despoiled of their liberties and reduced to the condition of slaves, completed the ruin. It is true, Toledo subsequently recovered for a time some-

As we proceed on our s journey, we soon enter the savage gorge, *despenappe* "Pitch the dogs over," upon the precipitous cliff some of the desperate between the Crescent and t the "infidel dogs" were l destruction.

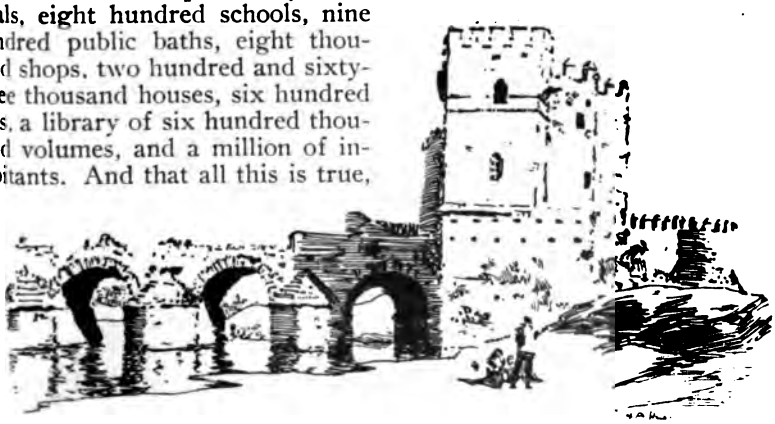
As we approach Cordo thing begins to wear a m ental and tropical appeara traces of the Moor are ev more visible, and the veg African rather than E The cactus and the pric grow in wild profusion

RUINS OF CASTLE, TOLEDO.

banks of the railway; and the groves of oranges and lemons, and the tall and feathery palms, all tell the same story, that we are in the sunny south.

Cordova is now a decayed and poverty-stricken city of about forty thousand inhabitants. Without trade, without manufactures, without anything to give it life or prosperity, there is an air of dejection and desertion about it beyond almost every other city of Spain. And yet we are told that this city, now so sad and forsaken, once had six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred schools, nine hundred public baths, eight thousand shops, two hundred and sixty-three thousand houses, six hundred inns, a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and a million of inhabitants. And that all this is true, we are prepared to believe by the magnificence of its incomparable cathedral, the most imposing relic of its departed glory.

This superb building, which was erected shortly after the founding of the Western Caliphate, was intended by its founder to be the finest mosque in the world, and no cost or pains were spared to make it what it was designed to be. It was originally supported by fourteen hundred columns, one thousand of which are still standing; and in order to secure the marbles



MOORISH BRIDGE AND CASTLE, CORDOVA.

PUERTO DEL SOL, TOLEDO.

for these, all of which are diverse from one another, but the finest that the quarries of the world could produce, the temples of Sicily, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Phoenicia, were all despoiled of their finest materials. The vast edifice was lighted by four thousand seven hundred lamps, fed with oil perfumed with amber, aloes and frankincense.

The journey from Cordova to Granada lies through scenery of surpassing grandeur. Wild savage sierras intersected by almost inaccessible ravines, groves of olive, forests of corkwood, and richly fertile valleys where winter is unknown, and which produce two or three harvests in the year, succeed one another.

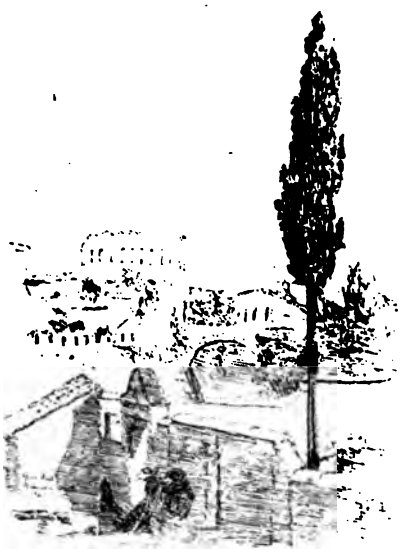
And now the Sierra Nevada comes into view, and gives a glory to the scene which nothing but a series of snow-capped mountain peaks could give. At Loja we enter upon the rich and beautiful Vegas of Granada, rejoicing in perpetual sunshine, watered abundantly by innumerable streams replenished through the summer by the snows of the Sierra Nevada—a region of incredible fertility.

On the edge of this fertile plain,

IN THE MOSQUE CATHEDRAL, CORDOVA.

at the foot of some of the spurs of the Sierra Nevada, stands the city of Granada. At present it has a population of about eighty thousand; but at the beginning of the fourteenth century it had at least two hundred thousand. The object of greatest interest in Granada to-day is the Alhambra. On the summit of one of the hills of the city stands this royal fortress, or palace, which was capable of containing within its circuit forty thousand men. Of it Prescott says :

"The light and elegant architecture of this edifice, whose magnificent ruins still form the most interesting monument in Spain for the contemplation of the traveller, shows great advancement in the art since the construction of the celebrated mosque of Cordova. Its graceful porticos and colonnades, its domes and ceil[illegible]



AQUEDUCT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

glowing with tints which in the transparent atmosphere have lost nothing of their original brilliancy, its airy halls, so constructed as to admit the perfume of surrounding gardens and agreeable ventilation of the air, and its fountains, which still shed their coolness over its deserted courts, manifest at once the taste, opulence and Sybarite luxury of its proprietors."

This is as much about the Alhambra as can be compressed into a sentence or two; for a fuller account of it the reader is referred to Washington Irving's incomparable description; but no word-painting, however vivid, can convey to the mind an adequate conception of the magnificence of this venerable pile of buildings, which stands to-day as it stood in the days of Boabdil. Across the ravine, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalliffe—a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months.

Ronda is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. It stands on a steep rock encircled by the Guadiana, which foams and dashes through a chasm so narrow as to be bridged over. The bridge which spans the Tajo, or rift in the rock, is a most striking object as looked at from beneath. At a height of six or seven hundred feet above the Moorish mills and castle in the valley, it seems as though suspended from the clouds. The beautiful river, emerging into light and sunshine from the gloomy defiles through which it has struggled, leaps from rock to rock as though rejoicing in its emancipation. The whole scene fully justifies the enthusiastic exclamation of Ford: "There is but one Ronda in the world."

But at this point the present record of our wanderings must end. Time and space have their limits, beyond which the wanderer, whether literal or literary, cannot pass. It is not possible, however, to turn our back upon this interesting country without a sigh.

Spain has all the natural resources necessary to secure for it the highest state of prosperity. The exuberant fertility of its soil, its inexhaustible mineral treasure, its commanding position on the great highway of the nations, and the in-

THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

dustry, energy, and capacity of its people, all seem to indicate that it was designed by Providence to occupy a high position among the nations. And only three centuries ago it held unquestionably the first place in Europe. But, as a recent writer has said, "under the paralyzing influence of political tyranny and religious bigotry, its cities have fallen into decay; its fields have been smitten with barrenness; its commerce and manufactures have perished. It contains but the ruin of its former greatness." There is evidently nothing but a free Gospel, and a powerful revival of pure spiritual religion which can recover it from the condition of apparently hopeless paralysis into which it has fallen.

There are two routes open to the tourist who desires to enter Spain. He can do so either by land or by sea. We have already crossed the Pyrenees and proceeded by the Northern line of railway to Madrid. Our present purpose being to visit Andalusia, at the southern extremity of the Peninsula, it will be more convenient for us to proceed by sea, and by the Guadalquiver directly to Seville. Here we are in the very heart of Andalusia, the land of the olive, the orange, and the ever-fruitful vine. This semi-tropical province boasts of the finest wines and fruits, the best horses and cattle, the fiercest bulls and the handsomest people to be found in all Spain. The sites of its cities rival, in their entrancing beauty, those of any other European land. Indeed, all things assume an air of unique beauty, and picturesque grace, in the land of sun and light. It has been remarked that the Gipsy race, avoided and abhorred in all

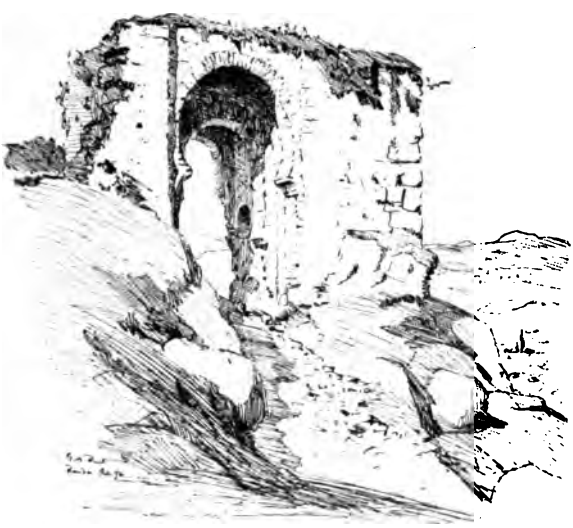
GREAT BRIDGE OF RONDA.

other countries of Europe, at Granada as at Moscow, becomes one of the attractions of the tourist.

Seville is the typical province of Andalusia. Though the Moors have left deeper traces, in some respects, in Granada, in Seville they have fused more thoroughly with

the population, and have given it the Oriental grace and culture which is lacking at the former place.

Of the monuments of Moorish art, space will permit us to mention but two—the Giralda and the Alcazar. The former of these is by far the finest relic of purely Moorish architecture in this part of Spain. This famous tower rises to a height of three hundred and fifty feet from the angle of the Patio de los Narranjos, or court of orange trees, and is surmounted by a vane or weather-cock (girandola), from which it takes its name. The weather-cock itself is an object of interest, It is the figure of a woman, and so finely balanced is it that, though weighing nearly three tons, it turns at the slightest breeze. Concerning it a recent writer—an ungallant Englishman, and possibly an old bachelor—observes: "Oddly enough, it represents faith, and innumerable are the jokes current in Spain at the expense of the Sevillanos, who have chosen a woman and a weather-cock—the emblems of fickleness and inconstancy—to represent the virtue which ought to be, before all things, steadfast."



MOORISH GATE, RONDA.

Originally this magnificent tower, which formed a part of the great mosque of Seville terminated in an immense iron globe, plated with burnished gold; and immediately beneath this gilded ball was the gallery from which the muezzin called the people to prayer. Every morning from this lofty perch, three hundred feet above the sleeping city, as the sun began to illuminate the horizon, sounded out the solemn cry so familiar throughout the Moslem world: "Great is Allah! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!"

We rejoice in the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent; we prefer even an imperfect form of Christianity to Moslemism; and we earnestly pray for the coming of the day when the pure gospel shall not only be proclaimed, but accepted everywhere, and

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run."

But we cannot withhold our respect and admiration from these people who, guided by the dim light which was in them, were found every morning waiting for the dawn to begin their devotions. Would that, with a purer creed, we had more of their consistency and devotion.

Standing proudly on a rocky eminence, the imposing grandeur of the site of Toledo, its air of venerable antiquity, and its picturesque Oriental aspect, can scarcely fail to profoundly impress one who sees it for the first time. Vulgar tradition

MOORISH BRIDGE, RONDA.

makes it the capital of Spain, when Adam, the progenitor of the race, was king. The Jews assert that it was built by their forefathers, who fled from Palestine in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. They derive its name from the Hebrew word, *Toledoth*, understanding it to mean "City of Generations." Without going so far back, however, it is well known that it was taken by Marcus Flavius Novilios, one hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian era, and it had evidently attained to a position of considerable importance long before that. On the whole, its claim to be considered one of the oldest cities in Europe seems to be pretty well established.

BY WISDOM LED.

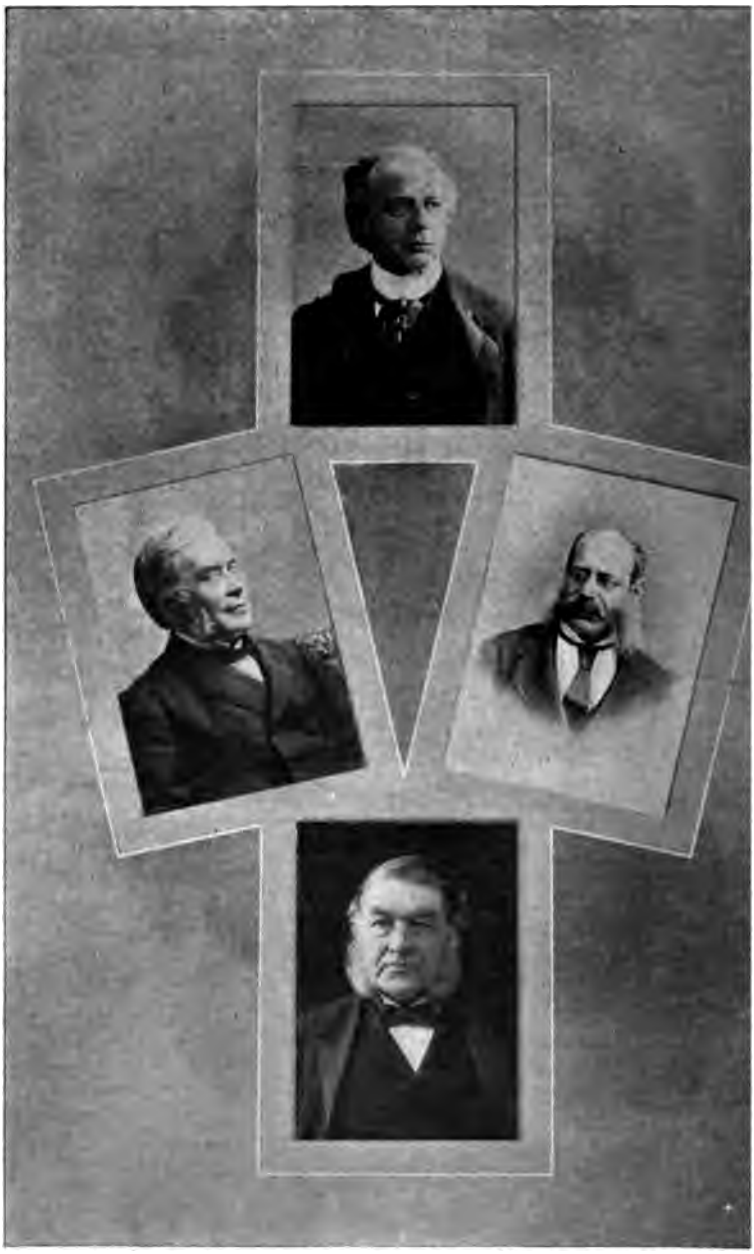
BY AMY PARKINSON.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John xiii. 7.

Shrink not from journeying o'er the road
That is appointed by thy God;
It may not be or smooth or bright,
But all His ways are wise and right.

And by-and-bye thyself shalt see
The reason of His choice for thee;
For in the light before His throne
Thou, too, shalt know, as thou art known.

Then courage! courage! drooping soul,
Fix but thine eyes upon the goal—
And so press on! The end will te[illegible]
That He hath always chosen w[illegible]



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

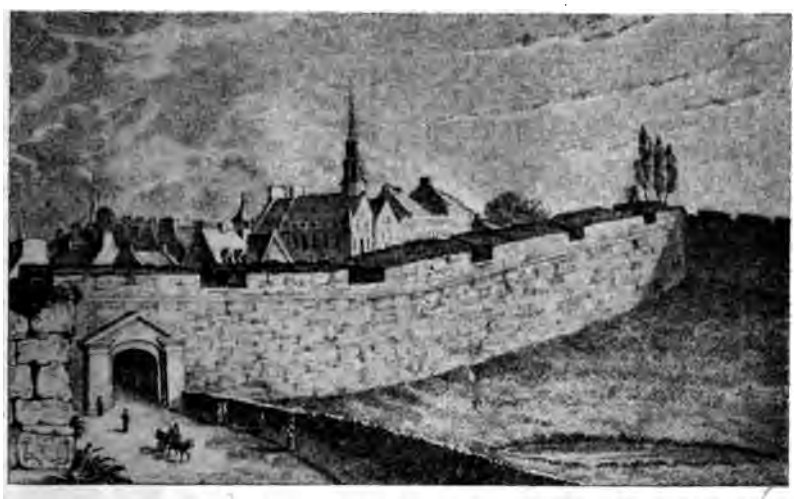
SIR OLIVER MOWAT. SIR RICHARD CARTWRIG

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).



OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.
—*From Hawkins' "Pictures of Quebec," 1834.*

II.

I have endeavoured to summarize as briefly as possible the actual state of affairs in the first years of the Queen's reign. It was a most critical time in the career of the Canadian provinces. Had the British Government been prepared to act with haste or temper, the consequences would have been fatal to the provinces; but they acted throughout on the whole with much discretion, and recognized the fact at the outset that mistakes had been made in the past, and that it was quite clear that the people of Canada would not be satisfied with a mere semblance of a representative government. The mission of Lord Durham, who came to Canada as Governor-General in 1838, was a turning-point in the political and social development of the British North American colonies.

Whatever may be the opinion held as to the legality of the course he pursued with respect to the rebels —a number of whom he banished from the country without even a form of trial—there can be no doubt as to the discretion and wisdom embodied in his Report, of which Mr. Charles Buller, his able secretary, is generally considered to have been the writer. The statesmen of all parties in England, but especially Lord John Russell, aided in moulding a new policy towards the Canadas. This new policy, of which the reunion of the two provinces under one government was the foundation, was in the direction of entrusting a larger measure of self-government to the people—of giving them as complete control of their internal affairs as was compatible with the security and integrity of the empire.

The union of the Canadas in

ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC, 1897.

1841, when the French and English sections were equally represented in one legislature, was the first important step in the movement that has been steadily going on for many years in the direction of the unity and security, as well as of the social and political development of the provinces of British North America. Then followed between 1841 and 1849 the concession of responsible government in the fullest sense of the term, and the handing over to Canada of the control of her public revenues and taxes, to be expended in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the popular House. At the same time came the repeal of the navigation laws which had fettered colonial trade since the days of Cromwell. The post-office was given to the Canadian Government, and in fact all matters that could be considered to appertain to their provincial and local interests were placed under their immediate legislative jurisdiction.

The Canadian legislature, under the new impulse of a relatively unfettered action, went vigorously to work to lay the foundations of a municipal system as indispensable to the operations of local self-government. The troublesome land question, involved in the seigniorial tenure, was settled, after much agitation, on terms favourable to vested interests, while the clergy reserves were also arranged so as no longed to favour one church at the expense of others, or to impede the progress of settlement and cultivation. The union of the Canadas lasted until 1867, when it had outgrown its usefulness, and the provinces found it necessary to enter into a federation, which had been foreshadowed by Lord Durham and advocated by many eminent men even before his time.

Of all the conspicuous figures of those memorable times of political struggles, which already seem so far away from Canadians, who now possess so many political rights, there are three which stand out

ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

more prominently than all others and represent the two distinct types of politicians who influenced the public mind during the first part of this century. These are Papineau, Baldwin, and Howe. Around the figure of the first there has always been a sort of glamour which has helped to conceal his vanity, his rashness, and his want of political sagacity, which would have, under any circumstances, prevented his success as a safe statesman, capable of guiding a people through a trying ordeal. His eloquence was fervid and had much influence over his impulsive countrymen, his sincerity was undoubted, and in all likelihood his very indiscretions made more palpable the defects of the political system against which he so persistently and so often justly declaimed. He lived to see his countrymen enjoy power and influence under the very union which they resented, and to find himself no longer a leader among men, but isolated from a great majority of his own people, and representing a past whose methods were antagonistic to the new regime that had grown up since 1838.

It would have been well for his reputation had he remained in obscurity on his return from exile, and never stood on the floor of a united parliament, since he could only prove in those later times that he had never understood the true working of responsible government. The days of reckless agitation had passed, and the time for astute and calm statesmanship had come. Lafontaine and Morin were now safer political guides for his countrymen. He soon disappeared entirely from public view, and in the solitude of his picturesque chateau amid the groves that overhang the Ottawa River, only visited from time to time by a few staunch friends, or by tourists who found their way to that quiet spot, he passed the remainder of his days with a tranquillity in wondrous contrast to the stormy and eventful drama of his life. The writer of this paper has often seen his noble, dignified figure —erect even in age - passing unnoticed on the streets of Ottawa, when perhaps at the same time there were strangers walking through the lobbies of the Parliament House and asking to see his portrait.

One of the most admirable figures in the political history of the Dominion was undoubtedly Robert Baldwin. Compared with other popular leaders of his generation, he was calm in counsel, unselfish in motive, and moderate in opinion. If there is some significance in the political phrase, "Liberal-Conservative," it could be applied with justice to him. The "great ministry" of which he and Louis Hyppolite Lafontaine—afterwards a baronet and chief justice—were the leaders, left behind it many monuments of broad statesmanship, and made a deep impress on the institutions of the country. Mr. Baldwin, too, lived for years after his retirement from political life, almost forgotten by the people for whom he worked so fearlessly and sincerely.

KENT GATE, QUEBEC.
Erected during the reign of the Queen.

Joseph Howe, too, died about the same time as Papineau—after the establishment of the federal union; but unlike the majority of his compeers who struggled for popular rights, he was a prominent figure in public life until the very close of his career. All his days—even when his spirit was sorely tried by the obstinacy and indifference of some English ministers, he loved England, for he knew, after all, it was in her institutions his country could best find prosperity and happiness, and it is an interesting fact that among the many able essays and addresses which the question of Imperial Federation has drawn forth, none in its eloquence, breadth, and fervour can equal his great speech on the Consolidation of the Empire. The printer, poet and politician died at last at Halifax, the lieutenant-governor of his native province, in the famous old Government House, admittance to which had been denied him in the stormy times of Lord Falkland. A logical ending assuredly to the life of a statesman who, with eloquent pen and voice, in the days when the opinions he held were unpopular in the homes of governors and social leaders, ever urged the claims of his countrymen to exercise that direct control over the government of their country which should be theirs.

In New Brunswick the triumph of responsible government must always be associated with the name of Lemuel A. Wilmot, the descendant of a famous U. E. Loyalist stock, afterwards a judge and a lieutenant-governor of his native province. He was in some respects the most notable figure, after Joseph Howe and J. W. Johnston, the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Nova Scotia, in that famous body of public men, who so long brightened the political life of the maritrymen until the latest hours of his useful career.

> "A life in civic action warm;
> A soul on highest mission sent;
> A potent voice in parliament;
> A pillar steadfast in the storm."

The results of the development of Canada since 1841 may be divided, for the purposes of this review, into the following phases:

Territorial Expansion.
Increase of Population and Wealth.
Political Development.

HALIFAX IN 1837.

From Martin's "British North America."

time provinces. But neither those two leaders nor their distinguished compeers, James Boyle Uniacke, William Young, John Hamilton Gray and Charles Fisher—all names familiar to students of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick history—surpassed Mr. Wilmot in that magnetic eloquence which carries an audience off its feet, in versatility of knowledge, in humorous sarcasm, and in conversational gifts which made him a most interesting personality in social life. He impressed his strong individuality upon his coun-

Social and Intellectual Progress.
National Unity.

From 1841 to 1867 the provinces of British North America remained isolated from each other as distinct political entities, only united by the tie of a common allegiance to one sovereign. Their political organization was confined to the country extending from the head of Lake Superior to the countries watered by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. Of these provinces

Ontario was the most populous and the richest in agricultural wealth, although it has not as great an area as the province of Quebec, where a more rigorous climate and large mountainous tracts—the hills of the Laurentides—have rendered the country less favourable for extensive and productive farming operations. A very considerable portion of Ontario, even in those days, was a wilderness, and the principal cultivated tracts extended for a few miles from the St. Lawrence, and the most populous settlements lay between Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron. The confederation of 1867 brought four provinces into one territorial organization for general or Dominion purposes: Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—and it was not until 1873 that little Prince Edward Island, the garden of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, united its political fortunes of the young Con-

VIEW OF ENTRANCE OF RIDEAU CANAL, 1837.

—*Parliament Buildings now stand on height on right.*

Earnest efforts were made to bring in Newfoundland, but purely selfish local considerations prevailed in that island over the national sentiment; though the unwisdom of the course pursued by the island politicians has become evident according as the fishery question with the United States comes up from time to time, and it is now quite clear that this large colony, which has been placed as a sentinel at the portals of Canada, must, ere long, fall into line with its sister colonies in North America.

One of the most important results of Confederation in its early days was the annexation by the Dominion of that vast tract of country which, up to that time, had been almost exclusively in the possession of the Indians and the traders of the Hudson Bay Company—that region well described by General Butler as "the lone land," over whose trackless wastes French adventurers had

been the first to pass—a region of prairies, watered by great rivers and lakes, above whose western limits tower the lofty, picturesque ranges of the Rockies. Next came into Confederation the province of British Columbia, which extends from the Rockies to the waters of the Pacific Ocean—a country with a genial climate, with rapid rivers teeming with fish, with treasures of coal and gold, with sublime scenery only rivalled by California. A new province was formed in the North-west, watered by the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers, and territorial districts, as large as European states, arranged for purposes of government out of the vast region that now, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, has been brought under the jurisdiction of the government of Canada.

Within a period of thirty years Canada has stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the territory now under her control is very little inferior in extent to that of the great Republic to the south, and contains within itself all the elements of a prosperous future. It is, unhappily, true that this result was not achieved until blood had been shed and much money expended in crushing the rebellious half-breeds led by the reckless Riel; but, apart from this sad feature of Canadian history, this important acquisition of territory, the first step in the formation of an empire in the west, has been attained under circumstances highly advantageous to the Dominion.

Canada now possesses an immense territory of varied resources —the maritime provinces with their coal, fish and shipping, together with a valuable, if limited, agricultural area, not yet fully developed; the large province of Quebec, with ranges of mountains on whose slopes, when denuded of their rich timber, may graze thousands of cattle and sheep, with valuable tracts of meadow lands, capable of raising the best cereals, and already supporting some of the finest cattle of the continent; the rich province of Ontario, which continues to be the chief agricultural section of the Dominion, and whose cities and towns are full of busy industries; the vast Northwest region still in the very infancy of its development, destined to give the Confederation several provinces outside of Manitoba, as large and productive as Minnesota, and to be the principal wheat-growing district of Canada; and, finally, the gold-producing province of British Columbia, whose mountains are rich with undeveloped treasures, and whose mild climate invites a considerable industrious population to cultivate its slopes and plateaus, and collect the riches of its river and deep-sea fisheries. Even that inhospitable Arctic region of the far northwest of Canada through which the Yukon and its tributaries flow appears to be rich with untold treasures of gold and other minerals, and promises to be a source of wealth to a country which is still in the infancy of its material development.

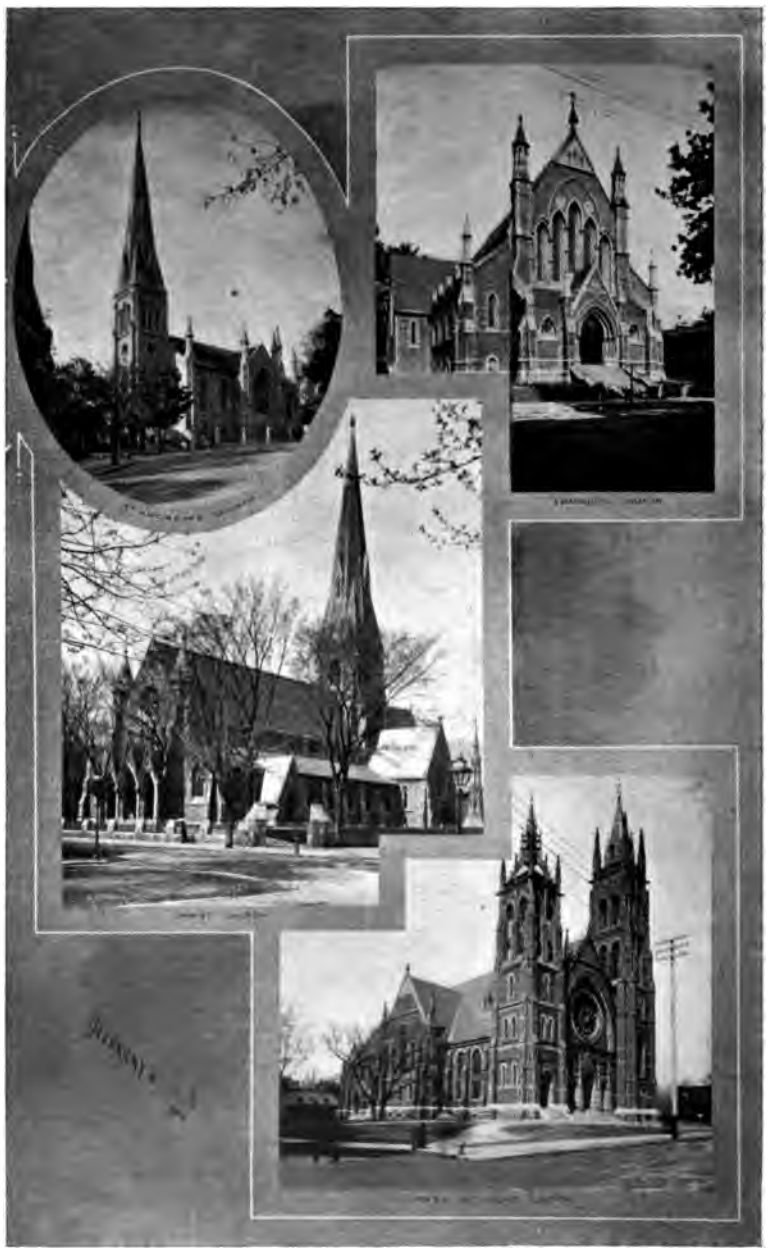
The population, which owns this vast territory, is confined chiefly at present to the countries by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. A considerable number of people have within a few years flowed into the North-west, where the province of Manitoba is exhibiting all the signs of a prosperous agricultural country, and its capital, Winnipeg, has grown up in the course of sixteen years into a city of nearly 30,000 souls. The population of the whole Dominion may now be estimated at about 5,200,000 souls, and has increased fourfold since 1837. Of this population more than a million and a quarter are the descendants of 70,000 or 65,000 people who were probably living in the French pro-

SOME MONTREAL CHURCHES IN 1838.

From Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta."

at the time of the conquest
-60). The remainder of the
ıtion is made up of English,
ı and Irish. The immigration
: years has been insignificant
ıred with that which has come
ıe United States, and conse-
y at present the natural born
ıtion amounts to about 85.09
nt. of the whole. The people
nada have already won for
:lves a large amount of wealth
the riches of the land, forest,
eas. The total value of the
ts is now about $110,000,000,
exports at least $120,000,000,
aggregate of $230,000,000 a
an increase of $175,000,000
ı half a century. Of this large
t trade at least $50,000,000
ent the products of the farms.
rovince of Ontario now raises
28,000,000 bushels of wheat
or an increase of over
),000 since 1837. The North-
and Manitoba raise upwards
)00,000 bushels, or an increase
,000,000 in ten years. The
: have now deposited in gov-
:nt savings-banks, leaving out
calculation the ordinary mon-
institutions of the country,
$60,000,000, made up of about
)0 depositors, mechanics, far-
and people of limited means.
ears the only industries of im-
ıce were the building of ships,
ıtting of timber, and a few ill-
rted manufactures of iron and
ıs hard and soft wares. Now
is upwards of $360,000,000
ed in manufactures, chiefly
ı and woollen goods, of which
arser fabrics compete success-
with English goods in the
lian market, even crowding
:rtain classes entirely. Some
:en lines of ocean steamers call
port of Montreal, which has
ı population of over 350,000.
ıto comes next in population,
194,000, whilst the other
like Halifax, St. John, Que-
Ottawa, Brantford, Guelph,
St. Catharines, Fredericton, Hamil-
ton, London, range from 60,000 to
8,000. The aggregate of the popu-
lation of the cities and towns with
over 10,000 population amounts to
some 1,000,000 souls, or the total
population of Canada in 1837. The
urban population of Canada in-
creased in 1891 to 1,390,910, com-
pared with 912,934 in 1881, or an
increase of 28.77 per cent. in ten
years, illustrating that there has
been going on the same movement
that has prevailed in the United
States. The total revenue of the
Dominion, apart from the local and
provincial revenues, is about $37,-
000,000 a year, raised mainly from
customs and excise duties, which
are high, owing to a largely protec-
tive policy, although much lower
than those on similar goods in the
United States.

If the expenditures of Canada of
late years have been very large,
they have been mainly caused by
the development of the country, and
by the necessity of providing rapid
means of intercommunication for
trade and population in a country
extending between two oceans.
Canals, lighthouses, railways, the
acquisition and opening up of the
Northwest, and government build-
ings, have absorbed at least $200,-
000,000 since 1867, and it is not
remarkable, under these circum-
stances, that a gross debt has been
accumulated within half a century
of over $325,000,000, against which
must be set valuable assets in the
shape of buildings and public works
necessary to the progress of a new
country. The public buildings,
churches, and universities display
within a quarter of a century a
great improvement in architectural
beauty, whilst the homes of the
people show, both in the interior
and exterior, decided evidences of
comfort, convenience and culture.
Instead of the fourteen miles of rail-
way which existed in 1837, there
are now over 16,000 miles in actual



SOME MONTREAL CHURCHES, 1900.

on, affording facilities for
ınd commerce not exceeded
country in the world. One
se railways, the Canadian
, which reaches from Quebec
couver, on the Pacific Ocean,
most remarkable illustration
way enterprise ever shown by
ountry; certainly without a
l for rapidity of construction,
ı the United States, with all
lth, population, and commer-
ergy. These railways repre-
ı investment of nearly $1,-
),000 in the shape of capital
municipal and government
s. The interprovincial trade
ect result of the federation—
least $120,000,000 dollars a

e are some of the most re-
ıle evidences of material de-
ent which Canada has exhib-
thin fifty years. All those who wish to pursue the subject further need only refer to the official publications of the Government to see that the fisheries, the timber trade, and the agricultural products of Canada have all increased in the same ratio, notwithstanding commercial crises, bad harvests, and depression produced in certain branches of industry by the policy pursued by the United States for some years towards the Canadian Dominion. When we consider that the United States has received the great bulk of immigration for half a century, and that it is only quite recently that a deep interest has been taken in the development of the Dominion by the people of Europe, it is remarkable that in every branch of trade and industry so steady a progress has been made during the reign.

OUR STAY IN DEATH.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices from out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A TYPICAL SCENE IN FIJI.

THE REDEMPTION OF FIJI.

BY THE EDITOR.

A FIJIAN CHIEF'S HOUSE.

The Fiji Islands form a large group, some two hundred and twenty-five in number, scattered over an area in the Southern Pacific of two hundred and fifty miles by three hundred and seventy miles. About one hundred and forty only of these islands are inhabited. The population in 1893 was 125,442. The largest of these islands, Vitu Levu, is about the same size as Jamaica. The story of this fair and fertile group, long the habitation of cruelty, is one of intense interest. That a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to manhood with no educational advantages, should, before his thirty-sixth year, be the chief instrument in the conversion to Christianity and civilization of one of the most barbarous races of cannibals on the face of the earth, is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of Christian missions.

The father of John Hunt had been a soldier, but deserted and entered the navy. He was with Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and from hearing his fireside stories, his son resolved to be himself a hero. Young Hunt was put, at ten years of age, to the hard work of ploughboy. At sixteen he fell ill of brain fever, and was brought to the verge of the grave. His soul was filled with dread, and on his recovery he began to attend a Methodist chapel. As he followed the plough, thoughts of eternity agitated his mind and so engrossed his thoughts that, once being ordered to take a load of corn to market, he set off with an empty waggon. He became soundly converted, and, being full of zeal, he was soon asked to address a village congregation. His first attempt was a failure. His thoughts took flight. He sat [redacted]

overwhelmed with confusion, and went home sad and discouraged. Conscious of his want of culture, he caught at every chance of training his mind by attending night school and learning to read and write.

In spite of his uncouth appearance and rustic brogue he became a favourite with the rural congregations which he addressed. He was still a hard-working farm servant. After walking many miles on Sunday, often not reaching home till midnight, he was in the stables grooming his horses at four o'clock next morning. Being asked if he would like to become a preacher, he confessed that he would like to go as a servant with a missionary to South Africa and teach in a Sunday-school, so modest was his ambition. The mission secretaries rather laughed at the idea; but he was recommended for the ministry, and at length was sent to the Hoxton Training School. He devoted himself with energy to English, Latin, Greek, and theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress"—and during vacation this raw ploughboy was sent to preach, of all places in the world, in the collegiate city of Oxford.

About two years before this, two Wesleyan missionaries had gone as pioneers from Australia to Fiji. Their account of the cannibal orgies of the islands was a revelation of horror to England. The Wesleyan Mission House issued an appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," which stirred the societies throughout the kingdom. Young Hunt and James Calvert, a Yorkshire lad who had recently completed his apprenticeship as printer and bookbinder, were chosen to reinforce that little band among cannibals. A fellow-student condoled with Hunt on the perils which he must encounter. "That's not it," exclaimed the brave-souled man. "There is a poor girl in Lincolnshire who will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent!" He wrote at once a manly letter to his betrothed, releasing her from her engagement. In a few days he burst into his friend's room, saying, "It's all right! She'll go with me anywhere." In a few weeks they were married and on their way to the scene of their future trials and triumphs at the antipodes. At Sydney they met John Williams, the destined martyr of Erromanga, and they sailed the same day to their different fields of toil.

On reaching Fiji, December 22, 1838, the young missionary and his wife were appointed to Rewa, a solitary station remote from Christian aid or sympathy. They went undismayed to their arduous post. "They soon found," said Bishop Walsh, "that so far as the cruelties of the people were concerned the half had not been told them. The Fijians were, perhaps, the most deeply degraded race of human beings that had ever been met with in any of the South Sea Islands. They were superstitious, cruel, and revengeful in the extreme, and addicted to war and bloodshed, in connection with which they often committed deeds of savage barbarity a description of which would not be fit for the ears of civilized Christian people."

In personal appearance the Fijians are stout and robust. They care little about clothing, except on state occasions, when they paint their bodies and pay special attention to the dressing of the hair, which is arrayed in the most extraordinary and fantastic manner. We continue to quote as follows from Bishop Walsh's graphic sketch:

"Infanticide and cannibalism flourished in even darker forms than in other savage lands. Two-thirds of all the children were killed in infancy, and every village had an executioner appointed to carry out

this deed of blood. Those who survived were early trained to the darkest deeds. Dead bodies were handed over to young children to hack and hew; living captives were given up to them to mutilate and torture. No marvel if we read that sick and aged parents were put out of the way by the clubs of their own offspring, and that hoary hairs and failing strength excited neither reverence nor compassion. As to cannibalism, it had become an epicurean art. It was no uncommon thing for a man to select his best wife or his most tender child for the dreadful festival, and even to invite his friends to the awful banquet.

"Ra Undreundu kept a register by means of stones of the bodies which he had eaten, and they numbered nine hundred! The horrid practice mingled itself with all the acts of life and worship. The building of a canoe, the burial of the dead, the payment of tax, and even the taking down of a mast, were each accompanied with this revolting ceremonial. A chief has been known to kill eight or ten men in order to make rollers for the launching of his canoe, and the ovens were previously ablaze to cook them for his banquet. We must draw the veil over still darker scenes which will not endure recital in Christian ears."

AN AQUATIC EXPEDITION.

Amid all this savagery Mr. Hunt writes: "I feel myself saved from almost all fear, though surrounded with men who have scarcely any regard for human life. We are in the hands of a God whom even the heathen fear when they hear of him. The people at Lakemba say that their god has actually left the island because our God has beaten him till his bones are sore!" Before long converts were made to the religion of the cross, and with conversion came persecution of the Christian neophytes, who were pillaged of their property by the heathen. Yet the sufferers bore with noble cheerfulness "the spoiling of their goods."

After seven months Mr. Hunt, his colleague, Mr. Lyte, and their two wives, removed to the island of Samosamo, where only one white man had ever gone, and he a short time before had been barbarously murdered. Their reception was disheartening, and the scenes which they were compelled to witness were appalling in the extreme.

Within a week news came that the king's youngest son was lost at sea. Forthwith an order was issued that sixteen women, some of them

of high rank, should be strangled, and, despite Hunt's entreaties, they were put to death and then burned in front of the mission house, amid the blast of conches and the yells of incarnate demons. Some months later eleven men were dragged with ropes to ovens and roasted for a banquet, and when the missionary's wife closed the window blinds against the sight of the horrid festival, the infuriated natives threatened to burn down the house unless they were reopened. War canoes were launched on living human bodies as rollers. It was considered the honourable thing for a wife to be strangled when her husband died. Sometimes a dozen or more wives of a chief were thus put to death and buried with their husband.

In 1840 Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, visited the island, and so deplorable was the condition of the missionaries that he offered to convey them away, but they refused to go, although even the chiefs commanded them to depart.

During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission house that the smell from them was sickening, and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all the perils and annoyances Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always—to use his favourite expression—"turning his care into prayer."

A TYPICAL FIJIAN HOME.

After three years of apparently unrequited toil at Samosamo Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, where the last six years of his life were spent. Though broken in health he devoted himself with increased zeal to toil and study, teaching, preaching, translating. To him belongs the honour of giving the New Testament to the Fijians in their native tongue, and it was soon printed on an imported press. He kept up, also, his personal studies, reading Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Com-

mentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken, and though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upward of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were a few years ago some of the worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord,' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst upon the Christians of Viwa. The neighbouring heathen made relentless war upon them. "O, if you missionaries would go away," they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

PREPARING FOR A FEAST.

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed

earnestly for the missionary. "O Lord," Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me! take ten of us! but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end the missionary confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was greatly distressed for Fiji. Sobbing brokenly though in acute distress, he cried out "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! praise him abundantly!" and with the note of triumph, "Hallelujah," on his lips, he joined the worship of the skies.

The next day his coffin was borne by native students to the grave. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but his name, age—thirty-six years, the date of his death, and the words:

REV. JOHN HUNT,

"SLEPT IN JESUS, OCTOBER 4TH, 1848."

A FIJIAN WARRIOR.

[illegible] my soul has loved [illegible] my heart has travailed for [illegible] Then, grasping his friend [illegible] the hand, he exclaimed [illegible] let me pray once more [illegible] Fiji! Lord for Christ's sake, [illegible] Fiji! save Fiji!" Turning [illegible] weeping wife, he said, "If [illegible] dying, praise the Lord!" [illegible] as his eyes looked up [illegible] bright joy that defied death, [illegible] "I want strength to

The good work so auspiciously begun by Hunt and his associates has been carried on with glorious results. The mission band has been reinforced, till, in 1892, there were employed, besides about a score of European missionaries, 70 native preachers, 1,126 native catechists; 2,081 local preachers, 3,405 class-leaders, with 106,000 attendants on public worship, out of a population of 120,000. The people have erected for themselves 979 chapels, which are out of debt, and 334 other preaching places. Every Sunday there are 1,200 pulpits filled by native Fiji preachers, and during the week 1,951 day schools are conducted for the instruction of over 38,307 scholars, each village supporting its own schools.

In 1874 the islands became, by petition of their inhabitants, a colony of Great Britain, and the following year Sir Arthur Gordon was appointed first Governor. The British Governor receives a salary of $10,000 a year, paid by the colony. One hundred and sixty native chiefs are employed in administrative capacities, besides 33 native stipendiary magistrates, associated with 13 European magistrates, in the administration of justice.

Fiji abounds in magnificent har-

bours. In natural beauty it is a perfect "land of the lotus-eaters," with volcanic peaks and lovely vales covered with richest vegetation. Among its products are cotton, coffee, tea, sugar, sago, cocoa, rice, India rubber, and spices. The revenue of the country increased in four years from £16,433 in 1875 to £80,678 in 1880.

"The foreign trade of these, till recently, cannibal people in 1891 amounted to £727,383, the exports being £474,334 and the imports £253,049. There are in the colony eleven sugar mills, which in 1892—the latest figures we have—exported 18,883 tons, valued at over £300,000. Among the imports of 1892, amounting to £253,586, were drapery, £48,022—when the missionaries went there first their drapery bill was a very small one;—meat, £11,844; breadstuffs, £28,449; fertilizers, £10,600; coal, £18,449; iron ware, £18,889; machinery, £8,251. Other exports are tea; bananas, £62,442; peanuts, £7,074; copra, or dried kernel of cocoanut, 5,937 tons, valued at £49,723.

"During the year 1892, 63 steamers and 28 sailing vessels arrived at the colony, besides 331 local vessels, 241 of which are owned by natives.

"In 1892 there passed through the post-office in local correspondence 216,588 letters, 131,467 papers, and 150,071 book packets; and in foreign correspondence 110,251 letters, 94,074 papers, and 8,967 book packets.

"This moral elevation, these churches and schools, these many thousands of changed lives and happy deaths, are the direct results of Christian missions, and this wonderful development of commerce and civilization, perhaps, is a scarcely less direct consequence."

In 1885 the jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two years of age, left England to attend it. Referring to this visit he said:

"In 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885, there was not an avowed heathen in all the inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now marriage is sacred, family worship regularly conducted, schools are everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prosperous. The language has been reduced to written form and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. Eight thousand copies of the Bible in two editions, and fifty thousand of the New Testament, have been purchased. Catechisms, with Scripture proofs, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable *Christian Theology* have been widely circulated. We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and ever confirmed His word with signs following. These converts were whole-hearted, and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read and known and felt by all who knew them. This personal Christian experience told amazingly among the dark and simple-minded Fijians, and it tells everywhere. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands to preach Christ in other tongues. This many of them do successfully."

Levuka, the capital of Fiji, has three handsome European churches, a government house, supreme court, Masonic, Good Templars', and Odd Fellows' halls, Mechanics' Institute, club room, bank, two tri-weekly papers, stores, hotels, and—another sign of civilization—a single cab.

Many are the testimonies given as to the success of the Wesleyan missions by persons in no wise prejudiced in their favour. One of the most striking of these is the following, by the chaplain of the British man-of-war *Brisk*, as to the success of Fiji missions:

"Never was I so much impressed," he says, "with the power of divine truth as when I stood in the midst of a native congregation at Bau of over seven hundred; the king, seated in a dignified manner in an arm-chair, with his large Bible before him; the queen, the finest specimen of 'the human form divine' that I ever saw, in a conspicuous place among the women; and heard the Gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending on high like the voice of many waters. The church is a large native building, capable of holding one thousand

A FIJIAN BELLE.

persons, and displays great ingenuity in its style of architecture. It is situated within a few yards of the ruins of an old heathen temple, where human sacrifices where wont to be offered to the gods previous to their being cooked and eaten. The ovens which were used for this revolting purpose of cooking the victims are still to be seen, filled with earth, and quite close to the church."

But the fullest testimony is that of Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, a lady of celebrity as a traveller and author, who, by invitation, accompanied Sir Arthur and Lady Gordon as a member of their family. Miss Cumming spent two years in Fiji, during which time she explored most of the inhabited islands, mingled freely with the people in their homes and at social and public gatherings, and was a careful observer of their customs, manners and morals. She vividly describes the wonderful transition which has ensued from the most savage barbarism to Christian civilization by the introduction of the Gospel.

"Strange, indeed," she writes, "is the change that has come over these isles since first the Wesleyan missionaries landed here in 1835, resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. The faith and courage of the two white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of these bloodthirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had in the first instance to master, and day after day witnessing such scenes as chills one's blood to hear about. Many such have been described to me by eye-witnesses. Slow and disheartening was their labour for many years; yet so well has that little leaven worked that, with the exception of Kai Tholos, the wild highlanders who still hold out in the mountain fastnesses, the inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have *lotuted* (that is, embraced Christianity) in such good earnest as may well put to shame many more civilized nations.

"I often wish that some of the cavillers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see some of their results in these isles. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbour and the land had no rest from inter-tribal wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef—the prisoners deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs cut off from living men and women and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose; and this, not in time of war, when such atrocity might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice or appetite of the moment.

"Think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately

strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads; a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbours with fresh meat!

"Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you can pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the lightly inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

One great chief after another was converted, but the most remarkable of all was the conversion of King Thakombaw, the powerful monarch of Fiji. Captain Erskine, of Her Majesty's steamship *Havannah*, who visited Fiji in 1849, thus describes Thakombaw: "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief. Of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned. His countenance, with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, was agreeable and intelligent. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address an assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Widows whose husbands he had slain; people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders; those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaw said:

"'I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said, "I will continue to fight." God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.'

"He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydia Samanunu. From this time he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read, taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest and consistent Christian. He died in 1883, and the *Fijian Times*, a secular paper, said: 'His influence on the side of Christianity and of good in general has been greater than that of any chief or combination of chiefs throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism he has led a worthy life, and, eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness, and disregard of human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people!"

The conversion of Fiji was preeminently God's work—the work of the Holy Spirit. The work at Ono was a remarkable instance of this. Without any prompting except that which must have come from God's good Spirit, these people began to grope from their own deep heathen darkness toward the light:

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

In 1835, about the same time that

the Mission to Fiji was commenced, a desire arose among these people for better gods than they had. One of their chiefs had heard from a Friendly Islander that there was but one God, and that one day in seven ought to be set apart for His worship. As soon as this news reached them they determined to worship this unknown God. A difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest. Moved either by fear or compassion or honour, he consented, and asked this new God to keep and bless the people, at the same time acknowledging that he himself worshipped a different God and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbours.

It was a long time before their wishes for a teacher could be made known. A storm drove a boat full of Tongans, returning home, far out of their course. They landed on an island fifty miles from Ono. One of them was a Christian, and when he heard of what was going on at Ono went there and taught them what he knew. When a regular Christian teacher reached them he found one hundred and twenty persons who had renounced heathenism. The work spread on every hand. The missionaries bore testimony that "of all the work in Fiji, that at Ono has been the most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands."

The genuine and sturdy character of the religion of these Fijian converts has proved itself on many signal occasions. Manfully have many of them endured persecution, exile, and death rather than compromise their principles. Forty native Fijians have gone as missionaries to New Guinea, a land more degraded than even their own had [redacted] and through their labours two [redacted]nd three hundred of the inhabitants became Christians. The Fijians make good missionaries; difficulties do not dishearten nor perils affright them. Where one falls under the club of the savage—and many have so fallen—others are ready to take up his work and proclaim to his murderers both the law and the Gospel.

In 1877 Mr. Brown, a Wesleyan Missionary, with nine native Fiji preachers (seven of them married, and accompanied by their wives), sailed in the mission brig *John Wesley* to carry to the savages of New Britain the Gospel of Christ. Before they sailed the British consul remonstrated with them on the peril of the attempt, but they replied, "We know the danger; we are willing to go. If we get killed, well; if we live, well."

News was soon received that four of them were eaten, and that their wives and little ones were threatened with a similar fate. "These distressing tidings," says Miss Gordon Cumming, "reached Fiji just as a fresh detachment of teachers was about to start for New Britain. Their determination was in no degree shaken. One of them expressed the determination of them all when he said, 'If the people kill and eat my body I shall go to a place where there is no more pain or death; it is all right.' One of the wives was asked whether she still intended to accompany her husband to a scene of so great danger. She replied, 'I am like the outrigger of a canoe—where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger!' Brave helpmeets these!"

Bishop Walsh, a prelate of the Anglican Church, pays this generous tribute to the lowly Lincolnshire ploughman whose life and work we have sketched: "Fiji is not only a gem in the British crown, but a precious jewel in the missionary diadem; and to John Hunt, above all other men, belongs the honour of having placed it there!"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.*

BY THE REV. S. DWIGHT CHOWN, D.D.

We shall endeavour to approach this subject in the spirit of scientific soberness, avoiding prejudgment and harsh descriptive epithets of every kind, nor would we even provoke an idle or a needless smile.

The plan of the paper is very simple. We do not attempt to deny that the devotees of Christian Science produce large numbers of cures, both of nervous and organic diseases in attestation of their by no means too modest claims.

The question that seems vital to us is : Must we accept the teaching of Christian Science in order to account for these happy results ? In so saying, we do not intend to imply that the nexus between cause and effect is severed in any instance, but merely to point out that the results reached under the supervision of Christian Scientists are due to a cause or causes other than the one to which they are attributed by them. In other words, we must utter our protest in this paper against the assumption that the cures associated with the practice of Christian Science are due to its theological or quasi philosophical assertions.

We feel somewhat confident in taking this position, because many of the tenets relied upon to produce therapeutic effects are demonstrably false, if not foolish; and the cures cited, so far as they are genuine, can be accounted for upon other, and rational grounds.

The chief difficulties of our subject are two. First,—the unusual and ambiguous—perhaps, in courtesy, I may say the esoteric—meaning which Christian Science gives to words which are in current use amongst us, and have a well-recognized but different meaning in the intercourse of normal humanity. And, secondly, the dogmatic unwillingness of Christian Science to accept and abide by the intuitive declarations of the ordinary human intelligence.

As an example of the first difficulty, take the word " matter." We are in the habit of thinking of matter as that which makes up the substance of anything—the material of which anything is composed—the elements of the cosmos with which we become acquainted in the use of the five senses of smell, taste, hearing, sight and touch. This seems to be the simple verdict of common sense. Mrs. Eddy, however, affirms that " nothing we can say or believe concerning matter is true except that matter is unreal."* Here let us simply note that the word " unreal " is used in a sense not in accordance with common thought. She says : " Mind is all and matter is naught." " There is no such thing as matter," p. 379.

It is not necessary in this connection to discuss how we arrive at the conviction of the existence of matter, nor what particular conception of matter may be most satisfactory. Suffice it to say that such a conviction is in possession of the average and ordinary human mind, and that substantiality, or the power of producing sensation and perception, is to the ordinary mind proof of reality. Of course, if any one refuse to admit the truth of that statement, if he deny the testimony of our five senses, my words will be

* A paper read before Trinity University, Toronto, and before the Theological Conference of Victoria University, Toronto.

* The citations from Mrs. Eddy are from the 23rd edition of her "Science and Health."

to him only vanity, if indeed they are not vexation of spirit.

But this I would say, that there is no barrier between him and universal scepticism, for if we cannot believe the testimony of our mind when receiving its perceptions through the five senses and bearing witness to objects and things about us, we can advance no sufficient reason for believing its testimony when certifying to the presence of thoughts within us. We have not two minds, one of which we may call mortal mind, that deals with the delusions of sense, and is itself deluded; and another, a spirit mind, which is cognizant of the subjective realities of thought alone. We have but one mind engaged in this dual activity.

It is conceivable that the term "mortal" might be used as a synonym for diseased or deceived, and mortal mind may thus be considered as the spirit mind acting under the bondage of delusion; but to use the term mortal mind as it is used in Christian Science, as though it were a distinct entity from the spirit mind, is to set up a false psychology from which all sorts of vagaries may be deduced. We must stand firmly to, and never yield, the truth that we are conscious of an undivided personality, and that that personality is *ours*, or we become victims of any metaphysical schemer who may draw the proverbial red herring across our path. Grave consequences follow from surrendering this pivotal position. We shall refer to this point later. Meanwhile let us say that if matter is only a false belief of mortal mind; if matter is that which mortal mind sees, feels, hears, tastes and smells only in belief, then our sense perceptions are engaged in a continual round of deception, and we are a bundle of living falsehoods which evermore repeat themselves. "We [redacted] such stuff as dreams are made of," with the assurance in advance that all our dreams are untrue.

However far from the truth this statement may appear to us, it is curious to know that Christian Scientists take no exception to it. Indeed it is their deliberate teaching. But if it be true, we are bereft of responsibility; for if we are victims of delusion in our accustomed and necessary modes of thought, it were outrageous injustice to expect us to form a correct moral judgment in any exigency of life.

To this, also, I think Mrs. Eddy would give her cheerful consent, for she says that "there is a universal insanity which mistakes fable for fact throughout the entire round of the material senses, but this general craze cannot in a spiritual diagnosis shield the individual case from the special name of insanity. Those unfortunate people who are committed to insane asylums are only so many well-defined instances of the baneful effects of illusion on mortal minds and bodies."* Since we are all insane we cannot be responsible. This verdict throws light upon the Christian Science doctrine of sin. But I err in permitting for a moment the supposition that Christian Science has a doctrine of sin. There is no room for a dream of evil in Christian Science. "God is good and God is all." "Man is incapable of sin."** "Sin and mortality are native nothingness." And that is all that need be said about them.

Thus Christian Science demolishes the conception of human life which has been building for centuries, and denudes it of all moral dignity; for if man is incapable of sin, he is also incapable of virtue.

Let us turn now to the other chief difficulty in treating the subject of Christian Science, namely, its un-

* "Science and Health," p. 330.

** "Science and Health." p. 541.

willingness to accept and abide by the intuitive declarations of the ordinary human mind. The misuse of words, to which we have already referred, is the result of the falseness of thought, to which we shall now refer.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Flesh is an illusion." But we intuitively declare it to be a reality. The New Testament supports this view. "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God: and this is the spirit of the antichrist whereof ye have heard that it cometh; and now it is in the world. (1 John iv. 2, 3.) These verses were written to oppose a trend towards Gnosticism, which was already in the air in John's lifetime. Gnosticism was the Christian Scientism of the early Church. Gnostic and Scientist mean the same thing, as you know, one word being Greek and the other Latin. In many points the two isms are in theological affinity.

Christian Science says, "pain is an imagination," yet never had Christian Science healer imagination so dull as not to feel the sudden prick of a pin or the stab of a bayonet. Were it so, what a valuable addition to the troops of South Africa a corps of Christian Scientists would be; no hospital service would be needed. They could fight without rest or sleep, regardless of so-called wounds, and even death. Not only hospital, but also the commissariat department might be dispensed with if only the glorious doctrines of Christian Science had sufficient control of those who march forth in the name of the Queen. Mrs. Eddy affirms that "Gustatory pleasure is a sensuous illusion that diminishes as we understand our spiritual being and ascend the ladder of life." This woman learned that food neither strengthens nor weakens the body—that mind alone does this. "The truth is, food does not affect the life of man, . . . but it would be foolish to venture beyond our present understanding, foolish to stop eating until we gain more goodness, and a clearer comprehension of the living God."

One can hardly forbear asking questions at this point. Has the crying baby a false belief in pins and cholera infantum? Are sick brutes the victims of morbid imagination? Are persons who die of poison taken by mistake for wholesome food killed by their belief in its poisonous character, when they had no such belief? Is there no difference between heat and cold?

Now, strange to say, Mrs. Eddy is not at all disconcerted by such questions. She calmly responds that "heat and cold are the products of mortal mind, and that food neither strengthens nor weakens the body."

Is it not surprising how unanimous these delusions are in this changeable weather. Surprising how not a single mortal mind imagines it is blazing hot outdoors when the thermometer stands forty degrees below zero. If heat and cold are the products of mortal mind, it would certainly be a high privilege to live where the changes in the weather are decided upon by the majority opinion. If cold is the product of mortal mind, why cannot we come to some agreement to keep the temperature from going down too far when the price of coal is rising so high. And if heat is the product of mortal mind, how delightful to think we can have any climate we desire without the expense of travel!

But Mrs. Eddy is even more radical than this would imply. She says, "If a dose of poison is swallowed by mistake and the patient dies, even though the physician and patient are expecting f[illegible]

sults, does belief, you ask, cause this death? Even so, and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. In such cases a few persons believe the potion swallowed by the patient to be harmless, but the vast majority of mankind, though they knew nothing of this particular case and this particular person, believe the arsenic, the strychnine, or whatever the drug used, to be poisonous, for it has been set down as poison by mortal mind. The consequence is that the result is controlled by the majority opinion and not by the infinitesimal minority of opinion in the sick chamber." This makes life terribly trying, for one is not simply subject to his own delusions, but is dominated even unto death by the delusions of others.

The logic of such teaching clearly is that matter has no qualities of itself—there is no such thing as sweet or bitter, wholesome or poisonous, round or square, except as mortal mind, by its false beliefs, sets down these qualities as belonging to it.

I think I have said enough to show that the claim of the Christian Scientist that his cures are effected simply by "thinking the truth" is not well grounded. His thinking is full of error. He errs in denying the existence of matter. He errs in making mortal mind some sort of a distinct entity from spirit mind in man, in denying the existence of sin, in denying the efficacy of the Atonement for the forgiveness of sin, in denying the personality of God and man, and in his assertion that flesh is an illusion and pain is an imagination. These conclusions seem more emphatically true when you consider the Christian Scientist's method of treating disease. Mrs. Eddy says, "the efficient remedy is to destroy the patient's unfortunate belief by both silently and audibly arguing the opposite —representing man as healthful instead of diseased, and showing that it is impossible for matter to suffer, to feel pain or heat, to be thirsty or sick.*

"If your patient believes in taking cold, mentally convince him that matter cannot take cold, and that thought governs this liability." That is to say, that while your body or your mind is suffering, argue that it cannot suffer, and therefore that it does not suffer.

To do this you must, while admitting that a thing is, believe that it is not at one and the same time. You must give the lie direct to your consciousness and be demented enough to set about curing a disease which has no existence and therefore need not be cured. That is as near the curse which Paul declares shall be sent upon those who receive not the love of the truth, even the strong delusion that they should believe a lie, as anything I can conceive of.

"To be, or not to be," was the question which agitated Hamlet; "to be and not to be" at the same time, is the problem to which Christian Science thinks it has found an easy solution. But, alas! it is simply an attempt, by rolling a ponderous theory along the roadway of thought, to press out of sight the indestructible facts of existence.

The following prayer for a dyspeptic taken verbatim from a textbook on mind cure issued by the President of the New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science, throws a flood of light upon the subject.

"Holy Reality! we believe in Thee that Thou art everywhere present. We really believe it. Blessed Reality, we do not pretend to believe, believe that we believe, we believe. Believing that Thou art everywhere present, we believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom,—that Thou art the sole, only reality of that stomach. Heavenly, Holy Reality, we

* "Science and Health," p. 375.

will not try to be such hypocrites and infidels as every day of our lives to affirm our faith in Thee, and then immediately to tell how sick we are, forgetting that Thou art everything, and that Thou art not sick. Forgive us our sins in that we have this day talked about our backaches. That we have told our neighbours that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have spent our valuable time, which should have been spent in Thy service, in worrying for fear that our stomach should grow worse, in that we have disobeyed Thy blessed law in thinking that some kind of medicine would help us. We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such a thing as a really diseased stomach; that the disease is the Carnal, Mortal Mind given over to the World, the Flesh and the Devil; that the Mortal Mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the *Harmatia* of thought.

"Lord, help us to believe that all evil is utterly unreal, that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God to say 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee, that we have no dyspepsia, that we never had dyspepsia, and that we will never have dyspepsia; that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing. Amen."

You will see at once how hopeless is the task of convincing any person of the errors of Christian Science who has wandered so far away from the plain dictates of common sense, and is oblivious to the teachings of daily experience. One can only hope to hold those who are unwilling, wantonly, to submit themselves to delusion.

In order to do this, let me point out that Mrs. Eddy can lay no claim to be a trustworthy interpreter of Scripture. The greatest degree of courtesy will not permit one to speak of her comments upon the small portion of the Bible she attempts to elucidate as in any scientific sense an interpretation of it. They are a mass of mere dogmatism of a kind which could not be assumed in this age by any one not so puffed up as to insinuate that her teaching is the second coming of Christ. Her comments are of that speculative and allegorical sort which have been the curse of exegesis since the days of the Alexandrian School. Her method of explanation would hurl the sun of interpretation back under the midnight clouds of the Dark Ages. It has no regard whatever to literary or historical criticism. It does not draw the understanding to the truth by the thews and sinews of logic, but simply overwhelms mental weakness by the accumulated weight of iteration and reiteration of the same mystical and misleading platitudes until it caves in and swallows the falsities that are piled upon it.

Take an instance or two of her so-called interpretation: Gen. ii. 7 reads, "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Commenting upon this passage, she mildly asks, "Is it true, or is it a lie concerning man and God? It must be the latter, for God presently curses the ground." That is a short and easy way of disposing of texts which contradict her peculiar teaching. It would be fatal to admit that God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul—a distinct personality.

On page 381 of "Science and Health," Ed. 23, she disposes of the name "Adam" by dividing it into two syllables—A-dam, an obstruction. Apparently nothing that stands in the way of convenient exegesis is an obstruction to her.

Take another instance. Jesus said, "Lazarus is dead." Mrs. Eddy says sin and death are native nothingness. Therefore she comments as follows: "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that he never died: not by an admission that his body had died and then lived again." If the facts do not fit into her theory, so much the worse for the facts: they will be distor[illegible]

denied, that the theory may remain undisturbed.

Take a further instance of her mystical interpretation as found in her rendering of the Lord's Prayer:

"Our Father who art in heaven,
Our eternal Supreme Being, all harmonious.
Hallowed be Thy name.
Forever glorious.
Thy Kingdom come.
Ever present and Omnipotent.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Thy supremacy appears as matter disappears.
Give us this day our daily bread.
Thou givest to mortals the Bread of Life.
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.
Thy truth destroyeth the claims of error.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
And led by Spirit, mortals are delivered from sickness, sin and death.
For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.
For thou art Spirit, Life, Truth, Love, and man is Thy likeness forever. So be it."

A glance at this so-called interpretation will show that there is scarcely a sequence or semblance of thought when tested by the original.

So far we have dealt popularly and somewhat loosely with our subject. Now we must bring it to the more rigid test of comparatively exact philosophy, assured that if it cannot endure this it must ultimately break down in public estimation. In "Science and Health" there are many sayings which look in other directions than those we shall now intimate, but they do so inconsistently with the fundamental statements of Mrs. Eddy. It is by these fundamentals the truth and tendency of the system must be tested. Christian Science, so far as it approaches a system of philosophy, may perhaps most truly be spoken of as an idealistic Pantheism. It stands related to idealism asserting that matter is simply the manifestation of mortal It is Pantheistic in its assertio 'God is all" and that "All is that God is the only Life, I gence and Substance of the verse of Man.

"God is mind, He is divine ciple, not Person."* Mrs. Ed fines God as the Great I AM she defines the I AM as impe and Eternal Mind, Divine Pri not Person.† She elsewhere "There is no finite soul or and nothing possesses reali existence except Mind, God.'

Here Pantheism is cer taught. I cannot follow all t plications that are involved i statements, but it is clear e that they annihilate religion, God is all, and there are no spirits, who is to worship an Him? There is no one o Himself to pay him homage.

Even morality is annihilate if I am only a mode of the being, my actions flow fro self-determination of the Deit whether they seem good or ba are all equally necessary and e divine.

I must go further and sa Mrs. Eddy's teaching, when understood, blots all intelliger of the universe. She posit sciousness of the divine pr she calls God, but denies pers to him. Personality implie scious separate existence as a ligent voluntary being.

Now, however difficult it r to bridge in thought the g tween finite and infinite p ality, or to understand the of infinite personality, o method of its self-consci yet we will all agree, I that personality is necessary telligence, so that when Ch Science denies the personal God, as Mrs. Eddy clearly

* "Science and Health," 23rd ed.
† Ibid., p. 538.

it renders all intelligence in the Divine principle impossible. The sequence of which is that there is no God—no mind in the universe, but only blind force. This is practical atheism.

In reply to her teaching regarding human personality, let me say that the primary testimony of our consciousness affirms the existence of a self, and not self related to and conditioning each other; and if I am to believe Mrs. Eddy when she teaches that the *non ego* is an illusion of mortal mind, I cannot retain faith (as she does not wish me to) in the *ego,* and as a consequence my very personality vanishes into thin air and I am *non est,* or, coming back to my former position, I would be a victim of universal scepticism only that there is no *I* to indulge in such an exercise. Christian Science, therefore, when carefully scrutinized, lands us in confusion. It is an elaborate system of self-deception which cannot be reasoned into truth, because it abrogates the laws of thought which mental sanity imposes upon all sound thinking.

These conclusions may seem very sweeping, but they are little more than a restatement of what Mrs. Eddy most confidently asserts, and it is difficult to see how they can fail to lead, in many instances at least, to the insanity which she predicates of humanity in general. *Yet Christian Science grows!*

The question may be pertinently asked, in fact it is a question which in all fairness demands an answer, "Why does it grow?" How do you account for the multiplication of its adherents?" I wish my first answer to this might be other than it is, but I am constrained to believe that it is due to lack of mental stamina. The inability to say "I am" with the force of positive conviction accounts for the facility with which many weakly persons yield themselves to its sophisms.

It is surprising how many persons in every community have no definite conception of their personal existence. A vivid and strong sense of personality is the key to the true and safe philosophical position.

If this be held strongly it will give such an attitude and temper to the mind that it will not consent to believe that it has no existence, that flesh is an illusion and pain an imagination; that man is incapable of sin, and that God is impersonal. No such phantasies can be imposed upon any person who has a sufficient sense of his own selfhood.

To be able to stand up and say: "I am, I think, I know," is an adequate safeguard against the philosophical fallacies and absurdities of Christian Science. I cannot stay to prove this, but I am convinced that the progress of Christian Science is largely due to lack of mental stamina and to self-ignorance, or to what one has termed the "drowning of personality." It is due also to the adoption of the moral teachings of Christianity. It teaches patience, purity, brotherliness, and hopefulness, and setting these in connection with a new theory of life, they impress people more than when uttered from an orthodox pulpit. The people mark with surprise that this sect, so much spoken against, teaches many of the same truths as its opponents, and hastily conclude that there must be little to condemn in Christian Science. The dogmatic spirit of Christian Science wins many of those who are more impressed with emphatic asseveration than with logical proof, and their name is legion.

But, after all, the principal cause of its rapid growth is the attraction of its cures. All other reasons for its increase sink into insignificance when compared with this. It is safe to say that not more than ten per cent. of its devotees became such by putting faith in the theories of Christian Science after scholarly and unbiased examination. At most

not more than that proportion examine the teaching, pronounce it true and therefore expect cures. Ninety per cent. have seen cures, and therefore declare the system of thought to be true.

Have they reached a right conclusion? I think not. If the teachings of Christian Science are demonstrably false, as we have already shown, we must look for some other cause than "thinking the truth" to account for the cures. If the cures can be accounted for reasonably in some other way, they lend no support to theories which are proven to be false on other grounds. Observe, I have been speaking of Christian Science as a system when I referred to it as false, and I have pointed out those elements in it which I deem particularly reprehensible. But it is not altogether false. Were it so it could not grasp and hold so many thousands of our race. It has a modicum of truth, which accounts for its success. And truth, as you know, has a marvellous buoyancy, by which a very small portion of it is enabled to float an immense cargo of error.

It is a well-known physiological fact that we have in the body two distinct nervous systems, presiding over two forms of life—the unconscious and the conscious. When the conscious life is put at rest by the use of chloroform, we neither walk, talk, hear, eat, drink, taste or smell. But the heart beats, and the processes of digestion and breathing are carried on. Beyond doubt these processes are impaired by the influence of fear and are stimulated and happily regulated by the influence of a deep faith.

The improved operation of these unconscious processes often produces cures of disease which seem to be miraculous. It does not seem to matter much what the object of faith is so long as the faith itself is sufficiently intense and strong. This accounts for many cures, whether the faith rests in a relic, a shrine, a superstitious formula of words, or in the healing power of Divine agency. The Christian Scientist simply uses his peculiar theory of belief as a leverage with which to raise the faith of the patient to the desired height.

He is unusually successful in doing this by reason of an ingenious and fortunate method—a method specially adapted and acutely applied to human gullibility. Of course the Christian Scientist denies that he needs faith, and he may be so obtuse as to be sincere in his denial. Yet a slight study of his method and of his belief shows that not only faith but even credulity is at his service despite his protest. And that this faith has immense therapeutic efficacy is a well-established medical and physiological fact. This principle, I believe, accounts for many of the cures that are witnessed under the supervision of Christian Science healers; cures, however, which have been duplicated in thousands of instances at Roman Catholic shrines, by hypnotism, and numerous other agencies.

Nevertheless it will at once strike you that it would be dangerous to trust Christian Science with the setting of a broken limb, providing you still believe you have such a member. And should one's arm be crushed, the arteries severed, and the wound filled with dirt, it would scarcely be safe or comfortable to trust to "thinking the truth" for a cure. Notwithstanding, two Christian Science healers made oath in a law court the other day that they would give only Christian Science treatment to a person who was bleeding to death. I am persuaded, however, that most healers of that sect would have sense enough to retreat from such a case, covering their retreat with the plea that they had not yet reached a perfect understanding of their own science. This

is Mrs. Eddy's explanation of any such limitations.

This excuse, however, gives ground for the charge that Christian Science breaks down when it is most needed, and in reality applies itself only in those cases where the operation of the curative cause may be but dimly seen, if seen at all. It hides its agency among the unconscious, physiological processes which are always stimulated by the condition of repose produced by faith, no matter what the stimulus of faith may be. Indeed, apart altogether from faith, the healing power of nature which resides in every well-nourished body, is of itself competent in the majority of instances to cure the diseases of humanity. All such apparent cures are set down by its devotees to the credit of Christian Science.

If its teaching were true, it should be able to make good its claims. It charges the Christian Church with departing from the teachings of Christ and with unwillingness or inability to obey them. It is the constant assumption of this sect that it is imitating the work of our Lord, and carrying out his injunction to the apostles to heal the sick. But a moment's reflection will show the baselessness of this claim. The credentials which Christ sent to John the Baptist were, "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up." In quoting this passage Mrs. Eddy omits the clause, "the dead are raised up," (p. 497, ed. 23), because she teaches (p. 531, ed. 23), that death is an illusion, for there is no death. The man with the withered hand had it *immediately* restored whole as the other. When Peter struck off the ear of the High Priest's servant, Jesus touched his ear and healed it.

When Tabitha lay dead Peter, after prayer, turning to the body said, "Tabitha arise," and he presented her alive. When Eutychus fell from the third story of the house he was taken up dead, and Paul restored him.

Blindness, leprosy, severed parts of the body,—have you known such cures to take place? Raising the dead!—is this effected by Christian Science? Neither in results nor in method does their work stand comparison with the work of Christ and his Apostles. These cures and resurrections were accomplished by a touch or a word, and did not require lengthened, brooding, metaphysical seances in which the mind seeks to undo itself and unthink all its assured knowledge.

Notwithstanding all that may be said, however, we should be grateful to Christian Science for compelling the thoughtful student of our time to investigate more closely the sympathetic connection between mind and body in the matter of disease. Investigation of the effects of suggestion in its various forms, when scientifically pursued, can lead to nothing but good. Medical practice has depended too exclusively upon material aids. Therapeutics as a science should set itself to find out and scientifically utilize for all it is worth the healing efficacy of mental suggestion. Knowledge grows by action and counteraction, our antagonist, our helper, and the race ascends by a spiral staircase to wider horizons. I think there is no room to doubt but that in the kind providence of God genuine science will be led to clear up much that is now mysterious in the relations between mental and physical states, and as astrology passed into astronomy so Eddyism and kindred isms, passing through the clear, white light of science, truly so called, shall be freed from the contamination and injury of morally unsafe beliefs and transmuted into unmixed blessing to the race.

What, then, are the [redacted]

Christian Science? Not to speak of the loss of life due to implicitly trusting to it in cases where medical skill would save the patient (hundreds of instances of this sort have been reported, including such notable cases as the late Harold Frederick), and the very baneful influence upon the mind of the intellectual falseness which it inculcates, truly it must be morally dangerous to teach that man is incapable of sin. While men and women of well balanced moral nature may live high and noble lives in the atmosphere of hazy optimism generated by looking at the bright side of Christian Science teaching; it is i possible but that its creed, wh interpreted in hours of temptati by devotees of very imperfect ch acter shall yield to their mora jaundiced vision, a license to co mit most heinous sins. If not, t lessons of history are vain a worthless, for their prototypes ma the blame of sin wholly to attach the perishing body, and gave the selves up unblushingly to the m shameful practices. I cannot other than lift a voice of warni lest history should be found repe ing itself.

REVIVAL SHOWERS.

"Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds and ive them showers of rain."—Zech. x. 1.

Earth's thirsty fields, O God,
Cry for the heavenly rain;
And every parched and withered sod
Calls at the door of Thine abode,
"Revive Thy work again!"

Our works, though manifold,
Drag like a prisoner's chain;
And sin abounds, and hearts grow cold:
O Arm! wake, as in days of old!
"Revive Thy work again!"

A thousand heathen lands
Call o'er the sounding main;
See Ethiopia's outstretched hands!
See Macedonia, crying, stands!
"Revive Thy work again!"

"Christians," with pagan heart,
Grow greedy, clutching gain:
Love, joy, and peace swiftly depart,
King Christ is sold in every mart:
"Revive Thy work again!"

Thy word brings to our ear
Sound of abundant rain:
Lord God, we thirst, and Thou art nea
Come, ere we die, even *now* and *here*,
"Revive Thy work again!"

—*D. K. Auchterlonie, in Around the World.*

WITH JESUS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—1 Thess. iv. 14.

They shall return. This comfort blest
God giveth us, e'en while we weep
For our beloved, who fall asleep.

They sleep in Christ, and joyous wake,
Where face to face Himself they see,
With Him forevermore to be.

They are with Him: and thus we know
we, on earth who yet remain,
fold them to our hearts again;

Toronto.

For when, to gather all His own,
Their Lord and ours from heaven descen
He will bring back our vanished friends;

Bring each and all in Him who sleep:
Of this we have His promise sure,
And with this hope we can endure;

With this glad hope, and solaced by
His love, in love who ordereth all,
We can endure, though tears must fall.

THE OLDEST MISSION IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,
Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

Is there anything of missionary interest before this century? Many fancy there is not, at least worth comparing with the labours of Carey, Morrison, Marshman, Martyn, Duff, Moffatt, Livingstone, Burns, Heber, Shaw, Hunt, Judson, Calvert, Pattison, McDougall, Taylor, Butler, Paton, and MacKay. We are apt to be so appreciative of the achievements of this missionary century as to think that missionary expansion, emerging from the dead orthodoxy which followed the Reformation, and following the great Wesleyan revival, and inspiring the Christian forces of Great Britain and the United States, represents about all the missionary conquests there are in history. Why, Christianity as the expanding leaven has been missionary from the start. It has been either that or nothing. So we open the pages of the oldest mission in India, not in the nineteenth century nor even in the ninth, not amid the heroism in the far East of St. Francis Xavier, and his Jesuit confreres, not even when Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, brought back from Eastern Asia intelligence as wonderful as if it came from the planet Mars. Back, back, back we must go to the year 499 for the earliest mission in India; and what is most wonderful, the mission then established, notwithstanding all its vicissitudes, retains its identity to this hour, that is, historically, though not ecclesiastically; for it has felt in turn the persuasive or coercive influence of all the great types of Christianity, east and west, Greek and Latin, Jacobite and Anglican, changing its form more or less through the centuries, but not annihilating it. It is now known as the Syrian Church of Southern India, or the Malabar coast, and numbers, at the close of fourteen centuries, according to different authorities, from 200,000 to 400,000 adherents. Malabar is a strip on the southwest coast of India, about one hundred and twenty miles long, and having a population now of three millions.

Another peculiarity of this mission is that it has been mostly heretical. We are correct in saying that in the fourth and fifth centuries the heretical sects were most active in missionary propagandism. Perhaps it is so in all history, from the Arians to the Methodists. We must consider the latter as included in this category, for following our Anglican progenitors we have parted company with mediaeval traditional orthodoxy. According to Wesley, a heretic is a man of seditious spirit in the Church. Custom, however, has attached the word schismatic to this conception, and the word heretic to one who disturbs the uniformity of authorized creeds. The term, therefore, is relative, and not absolute. A heretic may be scriptural or unscriptural in breaking the doctrinal unity of the Church. So the Anglicans and Methodists, and all Protestants, though generally scriptural, are historically heretical.

In the case of the missions of the fourth and fifth centuries, it was unscriptural heretics that were giving their lives for the conversion of the heathen, while the so-called Catholic Church h[illegible]

energies wasted in political partizanship in Constantinople; and even in Rome, with its superior spiritual life, missionary zeal was scarcely equal to that of the Arians. The greatest work was done in the far East by the Nestorians, who held the unscriptural tenet of a dual personality in Christ, human and divine, in opposition to the Catholic faith, which was propounded at the Third Ecumenical Council in Ephesus, A.D. 431. This heresy taught that in Christ there was one person, with two perfect natures. It was also held, in the far west, from Scandinavia to North Africa, by the Arians, who claimed that Christ was a unique, created being of divine endowments. So earnest were the Arians that they made vast conquests among the Goths and their barbaric tribes, who in the fifth century desolated Southern Europe, and so wise were they that they provided this people with a Gothic version of the Holy Scriptures, an ancient copy of which may be seen to-day in the University of Upsala, in Sweden. We must be careful, then, not to perpetuate the intolerant Latin prejudice against heretics, for while they have often been unscriptural they are not necessarily so, and they have often shown evidence of most active Christian life and sacrifice.

But back still further than the fifth century some would have us go, if we allow patristic tradition to guide us in searching for the foundation of Christianity in the distant East, and, lo, St. Thomas, the doubting disciple, appears as the reputed Apostle of India. Traditions in favour of this view, while by no means conclusive, seem strong and persistent, as well as interesting and curious. They [illegible]resent that St. Thomas landed [illegible]long after Christ's ascension, [illegible]e island of Malankara, where he baptized many natives. He then proceeded to the Malabar coast, where he founded seven churches, for which he ordained priests. He then went to Mailapore, on the Coromandel coast, where he converted both king and people, afterwards extending his labours with equal success into China. On returning to Mailapore, he excited the opposition of the Brahmans, by whom he was murdered.

There are three places near Madras claiming to be the scene of his martyrdom. One is a cave with miraculous footprints of the apostle all ready to convince those who are even more sceptical than Thomas himself was. Another is at Mount St. Thomas, where, in 1547, by the Portuguese, the remains of a chapel were excavated, in which was found a slab having on it a Greek cross and certain Eastern inscriptions, which a Brahman interpreted as describing the early spread of Christianity and the martyrdom of St. Thomas. More *prima facie* evidence, however, is given in the third holy place, the church of St. Thome, now a Roman Catholic cathedral, for here we have a curious scrinium with a brass cruciform reliquary adorned with precious stones, and in it, it is said, are some of the very bones of St. Thomas and remains of the spear with which he was martyred. Of course this is conclusive.

But all these legends, the counterpart in the far East of the legends of Paul's visiting Britain at the same time in the far West, are seriously damaged by sober study of geographical terms, and the discovery by thorough scholarship in patristic studies that the term India there found is not necessarily Hindostan, that the word indeed has a variety of significations. It is quite credible and probable that Edessa, on the river

Belik, a branch of the Euphrates, was the scene of the Oriental labours of St. Thomas. This was the centre of the great Parthian kingdom, which was of vast extent, and for three hundred years formed an Eastern counterpoise to the Roman Empire, and extended its sway over India.

The earliest account of the missionary labours of St. Thomas is in the Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles, which is thought to have been written before the year 300, some say as early as 170, by a Syrian Gnostic in Edessa. It represents the apostles at Jerusalem portioning out the world for their work, and Thomas, like some of his modern ministerial brethren, being dissatisfied with his appointment, and asking, How could he, a Hebrew, go among the Indians? Even to the Saviour, who presided over the deliberations, he refused to go; but next day an Indian merchant, charged with building a palace for his royal master, saw Jesus in the slave market, who pointed out Thomas to him as his man, and he gave Jesus three pounds of silver to secure his services.

Next we have the apostle in the far East at a marriage feast in the palace, and of course miracles follow with convenient effectiveness, but Thomas, because of his ascetic teaching, interfering with the very marriage then being celebrated, had to leave to go further East. Miracles follow in abundance, including the appearance of Thomas as Christ himself. We find him thus in the court of Gendophares, which name, however, is historically associated with territory west of our present India. The end of all this miraculous career was martyrdom. The place so honoured is given in the Apocryphal Acts as Calamina, whose identification is a puzzle to historians, but it is generally admitted it is west of our modern India. Next we have the bones of St. Thomas working miracles, and accordingly they are brought back to the great Syrian ecclesiastical centre in Edessa.

We find the names of other missionaries associated in early tradition with India. Students of the question of a Hebrew original of Matthew will recall the connection here of the name of Pantaenus, the teacher of Clement of Alexandria, who died 217. Eusebius and Jerome in the following centuries both say that Pantaenus was sent to the East as far as India, and when there he found some who were acquainted with the Gospel of Matthew in Hebrew, which the Apostle Bartholomew had left them. This Hebrew Gospel was likely a version from the original Greek, and a corrupt one at that, if like some Hebrew versions we know of at that time, and was evidently meant for Hebrew people widely scattered throughout the East. It was prepared just as naturally then, though probably not as faithfully, as Delitzsch's Hebrew New Testament has been prepared in our own times for Jews. Of the visit of Bartholomew in India we have no further intimation, and no other tradition perpetuates his name or that of Pantaenus with India. However far eastward Bartholomew himself travelled is not clear, but what are represented as his bones travelled westward until at length they were brought to Rome in 983, where they are deposited in a porphyry monument under the high altar of the Church of St. Bartholomew on the Island of the Tiber!

What is meant by the word India in all these patristic references? It occurs again in the signatures of the 318 bishops who sat in the Council of Nice, 325, among whom we have "John, Bishop of Persia and Great India." It is reasonabl[redacted]

jectured that with a natural desire to magnify his office, this Bishop John of Persia, of whom history tells us nothing further, in view of the tradition of apostolic labours in India, included that "great" and far-off land in his jurisdiction without any more actual work in it than some modern bishops have in the remote parts of their large sees. The historian Rufinus mentions Frumentius in the fourth century as Bishop of India, when it turns out that his work was altogether in Abyssinia. There was also an Arabian India, with which the Roman Catholic historian, Alzog, associates the name of Bartholomew. Philostorgius, of the fourth century, in his History of the Church, uses the words India and Arabia Felix as synonymous terms, so we are compelled to abandon all thought of the founding of Christianity in Hindostan by an Apostle.

To get on certain historical ground we have to come on to the end of the fifth century, to the marvellous expansion of Nestorianism in the East. Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, was condemned by the Council of Ephesus, 431, for objecting, as well he might, to call Mary the Mother of God, and at the same time for teaching the unscriptural doctrine that in Christ there were two persons as well as two natures. The Nestorian heresy was effectually banished from the Roman Empire, but found refuge in Persia, the enemy of Rome, and there it was so cordially received as to be established by royal edict, which was followed by a fearful massacre of the orthodox, and the Patriarch of Babylon in 498 acquired vast ecclesiastical power in the East.

Says Neal in his History of the Eastern Church, "These Nestorians pitched their tents in the camps of the wandering Tartar; the Lama of Thibet trembled at their words; they stood in the rice-fields of the Punjab and taught the fishermen by the Sea of Aral; they struggled through the vast deserts of Mongolia; the memorable inscription of Singanfu attests their victories in China; and in India the Zamorin himself respected their spiritual and courted their temporal authority." A fac-simile copy of the lapidary inscription at Singanfu just referred to, of the eighth century, was presented a few years ago by Dr. Hart, our eminent Canadian Methodist missionary in China, to the library of McGill University. In the eleventh century the Nestorian Patriarch had twenty-five Metropolitans who ruled from China to the Tigris, and from Lake Bakal to Cape Comorin. This expansion continued until the desolating scourge of the Mongols in the thirteenth century almost annihilated this church organization in the far East. Within the last two years there has been, especially in Persia, a very large turning of the Nestorians to the orthodox Greek Church of Russia. They have seemed to encounter no difficulty in accepting the once hated phrase, "Mary, the Mother of God," and the other peculiarities of the orthodox Church which once they abhorred.

In all the Eastern territories covered by Nestorianism descent from the Apostle Thomas was jealously claimed. The Christians of Southern India who were under the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon were commonly called the Christians of St. Thomas. This feature of Nestorianism gave it more of the dignity of antiquity and imparted a quasi authority to the tradition of St. Thomas having been in India which has already been shown to be untenable.

The earliest reliable testimony we have of Christianity actually established in India is from Cosmos, a Nestorian and an Alexandrian merchant, who wrote in Greek an account of his Eastern travels

between 535 and 550. He tells of Christians in the Island of Ceylon and on the Malabar Coast who, he says, were under Presbyters appointed from Persia. The Greek cross found in 1547 by the Portuguese at the Mount of St. Thomas, instead of favouring the legend concerning St. Thomas's martyrdom there, shows by its Pallavi inscription, as explained by Dr. Burnell, that it belongs to the seventh or eighth century. This inscription reads as follows: "In punishment by the cross (was) the suffering of this One, He who is the true Christ and God above, and Guide ever pure."

Early in the ninth century Mohammedanism reached Malabar, without, however, coming into violent collision with the Nestorian Church there. Save as slightly affected by this new element, the career of this Church is unruffled in its rather lifeless uniformity until the appearance of the Latin Church in the fourteenth century, an interval of nine centuries which may be called the middle ages of its history.

The first Roman Catholic missionary to India was the French Dominican Friar, Jordanus, who began to labour there 1321. In a letter written by him in 1324 he tells of his protracted journeys and labours, and how he was favourably received by the Nestorian Christians in Southern India. A Bull of John XXII. follows in 1330, in which he exhorts the Christians in India to abjure their schism and to enter the unity of the Catholic Church. It was exhortation then, but the Inquisition came after, an institution which continued in the Portuguese territory of Goa until 1812. This terrible instrument of cruelty was set up by the Portuguese, and in 1599 its policy of subjugation seemed complete. The Inquisition at Goa had jurisdiction over all territory east of the Cape of Good Hope. It offered the richest emoluments to Inquisitors, for to them one-third of the property of all victims was confiscated, and records prove that covetousness rather than jealousy for the Church too often caused the cruel proceedings which were instituted on the slightest suspicion.

In 1599, the Synod of Diamper was held, at which there was an enforced submission to the Roman Catholic Church on the part of a large number of Nestorians. In the reconstruction of things by the Latins it was found that the Nestorians used a Syriac version of the Bible materially differing from the Vulgate, a version we now know as the Peshitto, in which it was discovered there were wanting the books of Esther, Tobit and Wisdom, besides 2nd Peter, 2nd and 3rd John, Jude and the Apocalypse, and some interpolations in John which our English version of 1880 correctly left out. Moreover, these people rejected the procession of the Spirit from the Son, and held to only three Sacraments, Baptism, the Eucharist and Ordination. The Eucharist was celebrated in both kinds, and the celebrant had not special vestments. They denied the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, and many of the clergy were married. They maintained that images are abominable idols, and they abhorred the worship of the Virgin and the invocation of saints. But, alas, notwithstanding so many Protestant peculiarities, there was lacking the moral force and martyr spirit of evangelical Protestantism, and after seven days session the Nestorians gave in, just as the Christians in Britain gave in to Rome at the Synod of Whitby, 664.

There was now a complete reversal of almost all distinctive peculiarities of the Syrian Church, and the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon was duly excommuni-

cated and anathematized. But the day of reckoning came, and the sturdy Protestant Dutch, so often the friends of the oppressed, in the first half of the seventeenth century spread their power and their commerce and their dread most widely throughout the East, and before them the Portuguese were driven like chaff. The Nestorians took advantage of this change, and in 1653 took an oath at the Coonan Cross that they were done with Portuguese Bishops, and would have no more of their missionaries. The specific occasion of this action was that a new Bishop, Theodore, sent out by the Patriarch of Babylon, was arrested at Mailapore and sent to the Inquisition at Goa. Three-fourths of the people threw off their allegiance to Rome, and later the Dutch ordered the expulsion of all Romish priests.

Now a new suitor appears, the sect of the Monophysites or Jacobites, heretics again like the Nestorians, but in the opposite direction. The latter claimed there were in Christ two persons as well as two natures, the former denied the scriptural doctrine of Christ's dual nature and held that the human nature was merged in the divine, an error condemned at the Ecumenical Council of Chalcedon, 451. It is to this communion the Armenians, so cruelly persecuted by the Turks, belong. In 1665, the Monophysite Gregory, styled Metropolitan of Jerusalem, arrived in Mailapore and instituted there a new Episcopal Succession. Then followed endless feuds between Jacobites and Nestorians, with varying fortunes, but with the ultimate victory of the Jacobites, who to-day maintain their ascendancy in Malabar. To this Monophysite Communion, called also Jacobites after Jacob Baradaens of the sixth century, one of their greatest representatives, most of the Christians in Egypt and Abyssinia belong, besides many adherents in Syria and Armenia.

In 1813 the Church of England appeared. The British Resident in Travancore, Col. Munro, a benevolent Western layman, not an Oriental Bishop, showed the purest Christian interest in these Syrian Churches by securing for them first a college and then a number of missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. The field was a thoroughly missionary one, for both Syrian priests and people were very ignorant, and had a medley of Latin, Nestorian and Jacobite elements in their worship and teachings, and very little of spiritual life. They continued to use their Syrian liturgy, and the Peshitto version of the Scriptures, but only in parrot fashion, and their moral tone was declining. Bailey, Baker and Fenn are the worthy names of the first Anglican missionaries. They founded schools and strove to raise the people from their low condition, but without interfering with them as to their episcopal descent. Bishop Middleton visited them in 1821, but stated that he found in them "no visible approximation to the Church of England." Twenty years saw the end of this eirenical and Christian work, and the final rupture between the Syrians and their disinterested friends in Britain. Bishop Heber, and afterwards, in 1835, Bishop Wilson, made further attempts at spiritual, moral and ecclesiastical improvements, but their efforts were not appreciated. In 1837, the Syrian Church formally resolved to have nothing further to do with the Anglican missionaries.

With so strange an evolution from the diverse elements making up the history of this people in India for 1,400 years, we naturally look for some confusion as to their

apostolic descent, and so the Episcopal Succession and all its temporal benefits became an occasion of much litigation. It was a very curious circumstance that rival Bishops should have to submit in 1886 their claims to descent from the Apostles, or at any rate to Episcopal authority, to a British court of three judges, one an Englishman and two Hindoos. The case altogether went through three courts, with, in all, six judges, of whom three were Hindoos and three Christians, one of these being a Roman Catholic. The Apostolic Succession has been badly mixed, very often, in Western Christendom—for example, between Rome and Avignon; but contending parties have never had the advantage of the judicial services of three educated, clever and impartial Hindoos to adjudicate upon which party was the legitimate successor of the Apostles.

At present about three-fourths of this strange community are Jacobites, and excepting a few Protestants, the remainder are Roman Catholics. Under the aegis of British rule they are protected from illegal interference, and can now pursue whatever course ecclesiastically they choose. Notwithstanding their low spiritual condition, they still reverently acknowledge the triune God; they jealously love their Peshitto Syriac Bible, a version 1,700 years old, and they are abundantly supplied with copies of it by the British and Foreign Bible Society. They maintain their churches, their sacraments and their Sabbath. Although encrusted with formalism, and liable with their environment to moral decline, they must still be respected as a part, a very ancient part, of the Catholic Church.

Nearly a century before Augustine was sent by Gregory the Great in 596 to convert our heathen ancestors in Britain, this Church was founded in the distant East on the Coast of Malabar, and it still survives. Its chronology in brief we have found to be as follows : It was founded not by the Apostles but by the Nestorians, 499. Roman Catholic missionaries appeared 1321. Submission to Rome, 1599; Revolt against Rome, 1653; Entrance of the Jacobites, 1665; of the Anglicans, 1813; Withdrawal of the Anglicans, 1837, leaving the "oldest mission in India," after 1,400 years of varied history, in the position above described, chiefly Jacobite or Monophysite, and partly Roman Catholic.

THE FRONTIER.

O soldier, treading through the long day's heat,
With tattered banner and with drooping crest,
Now as the sun sinks down thy purpled West;
Thou who hast come so far with aching feet,
Thou who must march and never canst retreat,
Art thou not weary of the bootless quest?
Look'st thou not forward to a time of rest?
Sweet will it be—beyond all telling sweet—
After long marches with red danger fraught!
The wakeful bivouac; the assault and flight—
After thy scars of glory; sore distraught;
To camp afar—beyond defeat and fight—
Wrapped in the blanket of a dreamless night,
Out past the pickets and the tents of thought!

—*Lloyd Mifflin.*

WHY WE ARE METHODISTS.*

BY THE REV. B. P. RAYMOND, LL.D.,

President of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Connecticut.

If the question, "Why are you a Methodist?" could be put to the members of the Methodist Church, and if each one were wise enough to answer the question, it is certain that a very large number would say: "Because I was born and reared in the Methodist Church." This is even more true of every other denomination. It is probable that Methodism, by her revival methods, has brought a larger proportion of her members from the ecclesiastically unclassified masses than any other Church. But the question has to do with those who, whether born in the Church or brought in from without, have reflected upon their church relation, and have reasons for the faith that is in them.

We may well remember that Christian people of the various denominations resemble each other much more than they did seventy-five years ago. Indeed, in experience, in creed, in aims, and in methods the points of likeness are far more numerous and important than the points of difference. It is a hopeful sign that in these last twenty-five years, the disposition to make more of those great fundamentals upon which there is practical agreement, and less of many things upon which we differ, has been increasingly apparent. Nevertheless, it is a good thing, both for ourselves and for others, that from time to time we give account of ourselves, that we may know what reason we have for being a Church at all.

The biologist studies the life of the present, not only as it presents itself to-day, but also in the light of its historical development, and thus makes more intelligible his present subject. We shall make the meaning of Methodism more clear if we ask: Whence came these Methodists? John Wesley's account of his experiences among the Moravians has often been told. He had been seeking the rest of faith for twenty-five years, but it was by the way of asceticism and good works. It was not until the thirty-fifth year of his age that he was led by the devout Moravians to apprehend the way of justification by faith, and to claim that blessing consciously for himself.

It was the influence of these devout Moravians which led him to begin anew the reading of the Greek Testament. His intercourse with them, from February 7, 1738, to May 24th of the same year, was very intimate. He lost no opportunity of conversing with Peter Bohler. He was convinced by him of unbelief, and of "want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." He says that on the 24th of May, while hearing a layman read "Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for

* The visit of Dr. Raymond, as a fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States to the General Conference of our own Church, will be remembered with great pleasure by all who had the opportunity of hearing his eloquent address. As Dr. Raymond is such a representative spokesman for the great Church which he so ably represents, we are glad to reproduce this admirable article from the volume entitled "Corner Stones of Faith," by the Rev. C. H. Small, M.A., (New [illegible]k: E. B. Treat & Co., Toronto: [illegible]am Briggs. Price, $2 00.) which gives [illegible]ellent account of the origin and char[illegible]tics of the Churches of the United [illegible]—Ed.

ation, and an assurance was
n me that He had taken away
sins, even mine, and saved me
the law of sin and death."
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we are saved by faith alone,
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affair; he mistakes the truth
. We believe, indeed, that
Scripture is given by the in-
ion of God'; and herein we
are distinguished from Jews, Turks and infidels. We believe the written Word of God to be the only and sufficient rule both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Roman Church. We believe Christ to be the eternal, supreme God; and herein we are distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions that do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think; so that, whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

"A Methodist is one who has the 'love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who 'loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength.' God is the joy of his heart and the desire of his soul, which is constantly crying out, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee, my God and my all! Thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion forever!'"

This is the truth and the life upon which the Methodist puts emphasis.

In his theology the Methodist emphasizes those phases of Scripture teaching which are vitally connected with this divine life. These doctrines are repentance, faith, conversion, regeneration and sanctification. But the heart of this whole system is in the belief that a man may repent and believe now, may seek and find the hid treasure to-day; on the other hand, that the Holy Spirit works in the soul of the seeker such a certainty of his filial relation that the sinner, saved, cries out:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

Our Arminianism is the necessary

...doctrines. It ... freedom. It denies ... under the law of ... the language of ... would rather say ... "creations of the ... that motives are only ... mediation, and not the pro... cause of free volition." ... freedom makes it con... to challenge every sinner ... has been instructed in the Gos... to repent and surrender to ... Christ, if not so instructed, ... may be morally dealt with in the light of such truth as he has. This ... the rejection of all theories of ... reprobation that compromise ... and make a theodicy impos... sible. God is not responsible for the sin of the sinner; the sinner is responsible for the determination of his own moral destiny.

Without attempting to satisfy the questions that arise at this point, the ten thousand Methodist preachers and the millions of lay workers have assumed that the moral consciousness demands these postulates; that the moral consciousness could not be explained without them; that the Scriptures lend themselves easily to this interpretation; and they have gone abroad to proclaim the great salvation, inviting and commanding men everywhere to repent, believe, and be saved.

The emphasis put upon the divine life, and the emphasis put upon those phases of Scripture teaching which are essential to the unrestrained proclamation of this life as a life for all, are the most distinctive characteristics of Methodism. All the early literature of Methodism revolves around this central truth. Wesley's sermons and correspondence are illustrative of this fact. It is easy to see that in all his teaching he is endeavouring to cultivate and defend this inner life. In the writings of Richard Watson, who ... systematic statement to these truths, of Fletcher, their great apologist, and of Charles Wesley, whose hymns carried them into the homes and hearts of the common people, the same central thought is evident.

Certain characteristic features of Methodism grew out of its early history. John Wesley was of necessity a bishop. His episcopal oversight of the societies which he and his evangelistic coadjutors established was blessed of God. Its success warranted a trial of it in the United States. That it is a perfect system no one claims. That it has succeeded no one denies. Methodists believe in the polity of Methodism because it has worked well. By virtue of it, no preacher is ever without a charge, and no church is ever without a preacher. There is probably as little, perhaps less, friction in the adjustment of ministerial appointments as in the appointment of the same number of preachers in any other system. The class-meeting and the revival were directly in the line of culture most consistent with this conception of the Christian life. The class emphasized the idea of a living Christian experience, and the revival kept the idea to the front that that experience is possible now and possible to all.

The doctrine of the responsibility of every individual, without regard to rank, race, or sex, for a Christian life, and of grace for every one, had a direct bearing upon the question of woman's place in the church. Moral responsibility and opportunity cannot be divorced. If God has put responsibility upon any human being, no man may put obstacles in the way of him or her who must meet that responsibility. In any case Methodism has made a very large place for woman in its work, and, as a preparation for that work, has consistently sought to give her the best opportunity for

the higher education. Had the enlarged freedom granted to woman as a class-leader, as a superintendent of Sunday-schools, as a participant in public prayer and in the social meetings of the church, and as an evangelist, and as a worker in the various reforms, been denied her, who can estimate the loss Methodism would have suffered?

It may be asked, "Do we differ as much as the papers written by the several representatives of the denominations would seem to indicate?" It is to be hoped that the lines which separate us are not so easily traceable as they were fifty years ago. The walls of separation are being thrown down. A preacher goes very easily, without change of doctrine, from the Methodist pulpit to the pulpits of either of several of the other denominations. And so far as methods are concerned, many a Methodist could work with and enjoy fellowship with either of these denominations. We differ not so much in that we hold as true what other evangelical denominations hold as false, but we differ in what we emphasize. The stress is differently placed; the balance is differently made up.

Methodists are Methodist because they find themselves in sympathy with the emphasis put upon Christian experience, moral responsibility, and the theological postulates which this emphasis implies; in sympathy with the larger opportunity for women; in sympathy with the means made use of for the cultivation of Christian life, with the evangelical earnestness of the pulpit, and with the polity in general under which the Church is organized and thrives.

AT JESUS' FEET.

Lord Jesus, life is hard, as Thou dost know,
  And hours of peace and rest are very rare;
But it is sweet, after the toil and woe,
  To nestle close to Thee with thoughts of prayer.
If Thou wilt lay Thy hand upon my head,
I shall arise refreshed and comforted.

Dear Master, I am sitting at Thy feet;
  I would not miss a look or lose a word;
The hour is very holy when we meet;
  I fain would see and hear none but the Lord;
I long to lay aside joy, grief, and fear,
And only know and feel that Thou art near.

The world's discordant noises evermore
  Clang round about my ears and weary me.
There were rough hands, ungentle hearts before
  That troubled me, but now I come to Thee.
O Jesus, quiet me with tender speech,
While up to Thee my wistful arms I reach.

In life's bewildering strife and eager rush
  I lose so much of Thy sweet gentleness;
But in the peace and solace of this hush
  Strengthen and soothe me with Thy blessedness;
Give to me what Thou wilt; here at Thy side,
Whate'er it be, I shall be satisfied.

—*The Christian World.*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.*

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This article on one of the most enlightened statesmen of the century will concern itself with the part played by its subject in the greatest among contemporary questions.

The first of these to be raised, though not the first to be settled, was Parliamentary Reform. Under this banner Lord Russell fought throughout his whole career. In 1854 he took advantage of the interval that followed the ultimatum of England and France that Russia withdraw from the Turkish provinces to introduce a bill that would have brought reform in the representation fairly up to date. Again, in 1860, he brought in a less drastic measure, which he was forced to withdraw owing to the indifference of Palmerston and the apathy of both House and country. Finally, he went out of office for the last time in 1866 on this very issue.

Lord Russell entered the House of Commons for the borough of Tavistock, in the year 1813. At that time the Napoleonic and American wars were still in progress, the attention of Parliament was being given almost solely to foreign affairs, British tax-payers were grumbling, and representative government was a farce. It was actually claimed that one hundred and fifty people were sending more than twice their own number to the House of Commons. Lord Russell, the future champion of the rights of the people, himself held his first seat not by the choice of free electors but by his father's will. The situation, in fact, was crucial at the time of his advent in the world of politics.*

If it excite surprise that gross anomalies should so long persist among a people that originated re-

* Lord John Russell had the honour of being descended from a noble line of British statesmen, the greatest of whom was beheaded on the scaffold, a martyr to liberty. The Marquis of Lorne, who was Governor-General of Canada, had the still greater honour of being the descendant of two noble Earls of Argyll, who were beheaded for their fidelity to conscience and to the Protestant faith. So far from considering the ignominious death of his illustrious ancestor by the headsman's axe a stain upon his lineage, Lord John Russell gloried in it as the highest honour of his line, and vindicated the memory of the great earl in an elaborate record of his life. Not long after the Revolution of 1688, the Act of Attainder, by which Earl William Russell had been foully done to death, was reversed by the House of Lords. Macaulay thus refers to his moral heroism :

"The manly firmness and Christian meekness with which he had met death, the desolation of his noble house, the misery of the bereaved father, the blighted prospects of the orphan children, above all, the union of womanly tenderness and angelic patience in her who had been dearest to the brave sufferer, who had sate, with the pen in her hand, by his side at the bar, who had cheered the gloom of his cell, and who, on his last day, had shared with him the memorials of the Great Sacrifice, had softened the hearts of many who were little in the habit of pitying an opponent."

* "What do you think," asks a recent writer, "of Old Sarum sending a member to Parliament, when there isn't any Old Sarum? There used to be, in the days of King Edward the First, but there is now no more left of it than there is of the Tower of Babel. What do you think of the member for Ludgershall being not only the member, but the whole constituency of Ludgershall? What do you think of Gatton having just seven voters, and sending two members to Parliament? What do you think of Leeds! Manchester! Birmingham! Sheffield! being without any representation!"

presentive government, that surprise should at least be tempered. In the first place, the atrocious events which accompanied the French Revolution frightened Englishmen, and had much to do with postponing reform across the Channel until a date subsequent to 1830. In the second place, the beneficiaries of the old system held the reins of power. The immense advantage a party in power has in our own day as against an opposition is but a faint analogue to the odds that had to be overcome in the case before us.

Lord John Russell's first speech in Parliament on this question, in whose initial settlement he was to have so distinguished a share, and with which he was so closely connected from this time forward, was made in the summer of 1819. He spoke at this time in deprecation of a radical motion for reform involving at least four of the demands of the People's Charter of nineteen years later. His first actual motion on the question—submitted in January, 1820—advised the disfranchisement of some of the most corrupt boroughs. The measure, in a mutilated form, passed in 1821.

It may be of interest to note in passing that soon after the delivery of the speech referred to, the Duke of Bedford outlined with considerable accuracy his son's future career by advising him to restrict himself to the field "of foreign politics, and all home politics bearing on civil and religious liberty."

From 1820 to the great year of reform, 1832, there are two notable aspects in our history: the pertinacity with which Lord Russell returned again and again to the attack, and the growth of Parliamentary sentiment in favour of his demands, at least so far as the disfranchisement of corrupt constituencies and the punishment of bribery are concerned. In 1826 he got the support of the Speaker's vote on a tie.

Meanwhile, the agitation for religious equality began to run synchronously with that for reform in the representation. In February, 1828, Lord Russell gave notice of motion to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts. These Acts had excluded from office and virtually made objects of suspicion the most conscientious among a section of the Nonconformist population, that twice at least had plainly proven its loyalty to the State, and that at times when the men who profited by their exclusion were themselves not beyond reproach. The sequel is known. On May 9 of the same year the Acts were rescinded.

This hot shot at prejudice was soon followed by a second. Catholic Emancipation became an accomplished fact in April, 1829. Peel, to be sure, and not Russell, was immediately responsible,—a circumstance, however, that did not in the least lessen its significance, since the bill was carried by the aid of the Whigs.

The declaration by the Duke of Wellington in October, 1830, that he would oppose a-outrance any movement for reform, was the most egregious blunder ever committed by a man who was as unsuccessful in politics as he had been successful in war. It threw the direction of affairs into the hands of Earl Grey, who refused to take office unless Parliamentary Reform were made a ministerial measure.

The three names most prominently connected with the Reform Bill of 1832 are those of Earl Gray, Lord Durham, afterwards one of the greatest of the Governor-Generals of Canada, and Lord John Russell. The step was so fundamental, so essential to the national safety and progress, that the honours may easily be divided,

and yet a substantial share be left to each. The first—subject it will be remembered, at the hands of Macaulay, of one of the stateliest tributes ever given or received by mortal man—became Prime Minister in 1830; the second, besides being his son-in-law, was his ablest assistant in the House of Lords; the third introduced the measure in the Lower House. Lords Durham and Russell, associated with two others, drew up the bill and submitted it to their chief. It is worth noting that Lord Russell made the first sketch of the measure.

The scene in the House of Commons when Lord Russell made his introductory speech was almost without precedent. The enormity of the evils as seen from one standpoint was equalled by the enormity of the proposals as seen from the other. An unsurpassed bitterness was infused into the Opposition by the knowledge that if the bill carried, the whole constitution and temper of the House would be changed. The suggestion involved the placing of over one hundred seats at the disposal of new constituencies.

Here, too, the event is familiar. We may pass over the election of the summer of 1831; the rejection by the Upper House of the second Reform Bill, which differed in no essential from the first; the exhibitions of popular discontent that greeted this rejection;* the abortive attempt of the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry when Earl Grey had resigned in consequence of an effort on the part of the Peers to mutilate the third bill. The essential thing is that this third bill, intact, received the royal assent on the 7th of June, 1832.

Lord John was in opposition from 1841 to 1846, after the defeat of Melbourne, and during the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. It may be questioned whether under any of the Whig administrations, not excluding the two of which he was himself the head, he ever displayed more patriotic statesmanship than during these five years. He definitively showed himself to be above partisan considerations by the way he held up the hands of his great opponent, from the first in the matter of the Maynooth Grant, and ultimately in the repeal of the Corn Laws. His action in the former case was all the more notable in view of the fact that Peel would have been beaten in the House had it not been for his support.

The second of these questions, in 1845, took a dramatic turn. Peel had come into power four years before as the champion of Protection; but—an Emersonian in point of political consistency—he was preparing to bend to the will of the people—and, it may be added, to Lord John and Providence; for Providence certainly came to the aid of the English masses in the bad crops of 1845. It became necessary, for safety, to relieve an acute temporary distress; and in doing this a great and permanent advance was made. While Peel was hesitating—owing to the opposition of his party—Lord Rus-

* The rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords in 1831, after it had passed its third reading in the House of Commons, caused a prodigious sensation. A recent writer thus epitomizes the facts, which may be found in detail in Canon Molesworth's and other histories of the period.

"... multuous meetings were held in every ... village as the news reached them; ... were draped in black, shops were ... the bells of the churches tolled ... In London the populace was quite uncontrollable. Vast crowds filled the streets, cheering the reform leaders, and denouncing with furious execrations the members of either House who had opposed the bill. Nottingham Castle, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, was burnt to the ground; and Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, was barely saved. Bristol saw a series of riots, and during them suffered greatly from fire, and the Bishop's palace was reduced to ashes.

"Everywhere the popular fury settled

sell, in November, 1845, issued his famous Edinburgh Letter, calling flatly for the abolition of the Corn Laws. This induced a panic, that would have given Russell the reins of power, had he been able to reconcile the conflicting views of his colleagues. Not being able to do this, Sir Robert Peel resumed the control of affairs. In 1846, as is well known, Protection in England received its blow of grace, and the cause of Cobden and Bright triumphed at Westminster as it had already triumphed throughout the country.

Of the two liberal measures last dealt with—the Maynooth Act and the Repeal of the Corn Laws—Lord Russell aided Peel in the one, and first spurred and then supported him in the other.

Sir Robert Peel was driven from Office by his Irish Coercion Bill, in which vote the Protectionist wing of his own party played him false. Lord John Russell succeeded him as Prime Minister in July, 1846.

The potato blight and the inadequacy of the oat crop made Ireland an especial menace in the winter of 1847-48. The growth of crime and outrage at length made necessary a resort to force,—a resort to which the Prime Minister was brought only at long last and reluctantly, but in which he was backed by both Peel and the people. The absence from the new bill of the most objectionable features of the one on which Peel had been defeated, frees Russell from the charge of meeting the crisis by the very measures that had enabled him to put his opponent out of power. It may not be amiss to remark that John Bright, contrary to the expressed wish of his constituents, supported the Government in its resort to strong measures.

The rapid succession of famine and of a widely diffused revolutionary spirit made the Irish relation particularly trying to both Peel and Russell.

Three of the most dramatic, if not most important, occurrences of the Russell Government were the Chartist agitation of 1848, the Durham Letter of 1850, and the dismissal of Lord Palmerston in 1851.

The case of the middle classes had been met by the Reform Bill, but the workingmen looked on themselves as left in the cold. In 1838 they began to organize under the aegis of the People's Charter, most of whose demands bore palpable evidences of their origin. The way the demonstration of April 10, 1848, ended showed that Lord Russell, who regarded the whole episode with considerable phlegm, had gauged the situation much more accurately than some of his colleagues.

The Durham Letter was an affair of first-class interest. This was a letter written by Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, to the Bishop of Durham. Its occasion was the attempt of Dr. Wiseman, recently created a Roman Cardinal, first Archbishop of Westminster, and Primate of the English Roman

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with special bitterness and hatred upon the Bishops. A cry arose, from one end of England to the other for their expulsion from the Upper Chamber; and proposals even for the abolition of the House of Lords were constant and very popular. It is hard to realize at this day, and with our knowledge of the disease, the frantic and abject despair which seized all classes. The churches were kept open, supplications ascended night and day from the altars; and on the sixth of November, at one hour, from every place of worship in England, hundreds of thousands knelt to utter aloud a form of prayer which was constantly broken by sobs of anguish. The Birmingham Political Union declared that if there was any further delay after Easter, two hundred thousand men would go forth from their shops and forges, and encamp in the London squares, till they knew the reason why the Reform Bill was not passed."

Catholics, to parcel out the kingdom in Roman Catholic sees in a document couched in the grandiloquent style which had been employed by the bishops of Rome in the high days of their power during the Middle Ages. This famous letter ran thus:

"MY DEAR LORD,—I agree with you in considering the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism as insolent and insidious, and I therefore feel as indignant as you can on the subject. I not only promoted to the utmost of my power the claims of Roman Catholics to all Civil Rights, but I thought it right, and even desirable, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who, without such help, would have been left in heathen ignorance. . .

"It is impossible to confound the recent measures of the Pope with the division of Scotland into dioceses by the Episcopal Church, or the arrangement of districts in England by the Wesleyan Conference. There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome, a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our bishops and clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation as asserted even in Roman Catholic times. . . .

"The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke on our minds and consciences. No foreign prince or potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious.

"There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than the aggression of a foreign sovereign. Clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty-Nine Articles and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks step by step to the verge of the precipice. The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the cross, the mutterings of the liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it was written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution,—all these things are pointed out by clergymen as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his charge to the clergy of his diocese. What, then, is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince, of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?

"I have but little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course; but I rely with confidence on the people of England; and I will not bate a jot of heart or life so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.—I remain, with great respect, etc.,

"J. RUSSELL.

"Downing Street, Nov. 4."

The letter made a tremendous sensation. Even Jews took part in the meetings which were held to defend "our common Protestantism." It appeared on November 4th, and on the 5th, Guy Fawkes Day, the Pope and the Cardinal were burned in effigy instead of Guy Fawkes.

Lord John Russell was pictured by Punch as a naughty little boy who chalked on the wall, "No Popery," and then ran away. Lord John never ran away. He always stuck to his colours to the very end. Alike when he persisted in the teeth of High Church opposition in his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the vacant see of Hereford, in 1847, and in 1850 when he repudiated papal pretension as exhibited in the appointment of Dr. Wiseman as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, he showed himself possessed of a spirit that many think might well be liberally infused into current English politics. The man who had shown himself the friend of Dissent by the repeal of the

Test and Corporation Acts in 1828, who had proved his enlightenment by assisting a rival to pass the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829, who from 1847 on to the crowning of their cause in 1858 stood out as the champion of the Jews, in 1850 promptly resented the Bull of Pius IX., and at the same time lashed the party of Keble and Pusey.

At no moment in the half-century since they were penned have the words of his Durham Letter been of more absorbing interest than they are to-day. Indeed, although thirty-three years have passed since he ceased to influence events as a responsible statesman, this manifesto is only one thing among many that make the career of Lord Russell specially interesting to men of our time. His views on arbitration, his concern for the safety of the Christian subjects of the Porte, his proposal of local representative assemblies for Ireland and Scotland, as well as his unceasing hostility to Ritualism in the Church of England, identify him closely with problems that still occupy the attention of English statesmen.

As for the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, it is enough to say that it was the inevitable result of a course of high-handed conduct on the part of the Foreign Minister, a course that came to a climax when he went directly counter to the wishes of both Queen and Cabinet in regard to the policy to be observed toward France after the "coup d'etat" of 1851. Lord John assumed full responsibility for his colleague's dismissal.

Lord Russell resigned in February, 1852, on the favourable reception by the House of Palmerston's retaliatory amendment to his Militia Bill.

The Crimean war occurred during the administration of the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Russell's almost immediate retirement from the Foreign Office made it impossible for him to direct the foreign, or any other, policy of England during that critical period. It seems fairly clear that Czar Nicholas overestimated the significance of the Protocol signed in 1844 by Lord Aberdeen in conjunction with Peel and Wellington —it was a statement of supposed fact, scarcely a pledge of policy— and was misled by the failure of Aberdeen as Premier to let him know definitely what position England would take if Turkey were attacked. Since his constant entreaties up to the time of his resignation—he was now Leader of the Lower House—did not succeed in infusing vigour or even good business methods into the management of the campaign, the only point of interest for us is that Lord Russell, had he been at the head of affairs, would have promptly conveyed the information to the Czar, and might thus have prevented the war.

Lord Russell was Foreign Minister in Palmerston's Cabinet from 1859 to 1865, that is to say, while the war was waging between the North and the South in the United States, and while Cavour and Garibaldi were consummating the union of Italy under Victor Emmanuel. In the one case Russell was the firm friend of liberty, in the other the staunch conservator of British dignity.

The failure of Lord Russell's Reform Bill of 1866, which was introduced in the Lower House by Mr. Gladstone, makes it unnecessary to refer at length to the second Premiership.

If asked to name the quality that stands out most prominently in a survey of Earl Russell's whole career as a statesman, I should say—disinterestedness. His sup-

port of Peel in 1829 on the Emancipation Bill, in 1846 on the repeal of the Corn Laws, the withdrawal in 1854 of his resignation from the Aberdeen Cabinet, and his support of Earl Derby in 1858, in transferring the government of India from Company to Crown, are but distinguished instances of his subjection of personal interest and party expediency to principle and the public weal. His memory in this regard must remain one of the noblest traditions of British politics.*

* In addition to being an active politician, Lord John Russell was also a voluminous writer. He wrote a History of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht, in four volumes; Life and Times of Fox, in three volumes; Memoirs of Thomas Moore, in eight volumes; Correspondence of the Fourth Duke of Bedford, in three volumes; History of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe; Establishment of the Turks in Europe; Causes of the French Revolution, and many other volumes.

REST SOUGHT.*

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed,
And I desire—what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways:
'Tis hard to sow, and never gather grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled, to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed:
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—sweet rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Tis always so; when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head—e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

REST FOUND.

BY BROTHER HELM.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me,
Thou soul oppressed."
Heart-sore I came, and I found in Thee
Rest—perfect rest.

I sowed in tears which fell like autumn rain;
"'Tis hard," I cried.
But now in joy I reap and garner grain
On every side.

This burden sore I now no longer bear—
In Christ I rest;
For I have prayed, and He has heard my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis sweet to plant in spring and ever reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis sweet to till, and joyous watch to keep
O'er ripening field.

Yes, so I sighed a weak and human sigh,
At times oppressed;
But now I raise my song to God on high,
For rest—calm rest.

My way now winds across the sunlit years,
Nor cares infest
My path; for God has wiped away my tears,
And gives me rest.

'Tis always so; for, like a child, I've laid
On Jesus' breast
My wearied head; he heard me when I prayed,
And gave me rest.

And I am restful still—I mourn no more;
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, gold-orbed, on the shore
Of heavenly rest.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

—*Christian Observer.*

*Read verses across the page.

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES.*

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER III.

You cannot buy a railroad ticket for North Elk village, nor can those iron rails that now represent civilization bring you within fourteen miles of that little spot which hardly seems worthy of representation on Rand & McNally's county and railroad map.

But the forty-seven householders of North Elk are not conscious of their isolation, nor do they submit willingly to a detachment from human interests. The Stony Creek stage brings the mail every day, including eleven city newspapers for the leading citizens of the town. The lesser lights are content to borrow the news, or to wait, as do most of the female inhabitants, until the weekly county paper sums up in a single column the events of the outside world for the past week.

The village lies in a hollow, so that roads leading out of it rise abruptly and climb slowly and very circuitously the dark wooded heights of the surrounding hills.

Inquiry at the village store for one Joshua Hillis would cause considerable discussion as to the best way to reach the Hillis farm. It is five miles distant, and an attempt to follow either the store-keeper or his customers' intricate directions results always in utter bewilderment and the despairing determination to inquire afresh of every passer-by—"the way to Joshua Hillis," which plan, if pursued with the zeal of an African explorer, will reward the traveller with a belated success.

Joshua Hillis' house stands on the summit of a high hill, over which the road makes its way with difficulty. The house is white, with green shutters, with a short, grassy terrace in front, reached by stone steps from the road. On either side are handsome sugar maples, tossing yellow and red leaves to the ground with every breath of wind. There is a porch in front, and a bay window is at the side, the latter crowded with geraniums and other plants, and bordered with a modest curtain of white muslin. It is a cheerful-looking mansion, and excessively neat. The woodpile to the left is symmetrical as human hands can make it. The red barn is in good repair. Across the road, as far as the eye can reach, stretch acres of pasturelands varied by strips of cornfield and patches of buckwheat—green, gold and red—and beyond this lies a strip of woodland, all that is left of the "black growth," which once covered the valleys and hills when Joshua's forefathers broke the ground for the building of a rude log cabin, and swung the axe which laid at their feet the first hemlock that had ever fallen in those parts by the hand of man.

The Hillis farm came into Joshua's hands when he was thirty-five years old, just six years after his marriage. Life had then become more pleasant to the inhabitants of the highlands; the oxen were exchanged for a pair of horses; the axe gave way to the plough; the spinning-wheel to the sewing-machine, and the log cabin to the comfortable homestead, and later to the white cottage which is now the characteristic dwelling of that part of the Appalachian range, that loses its peaks in the high, rolling tableland.

Joshua improved his farm with the rest, and built the white house on the hill soon after the birth of his first and only child. Everything prospered under his hands; the land grew valuable with constant care, the cattle flourished, the sheep grew strong on the hills; but the little boy, who was more valuable than all of these, and whose hands had never known harder work than the tossing of a ball or the flying of a kite, died suddenly of diphtheria, and was laid away at the foot of the hill, beside those toilers of the past who had cleared the wilderness and broken the paths for his benefit. The sunlight seemed less bright on those hills, the sky less beautiful since that day.

The husband and wife toiled on, and adorned their home with many comforts. They were counted prosperous by their neighbours, and were prominent members of the North Elk church, and were always to be seen at country "sociables" and village gatherings—Emeline in her crisp black silk, and Joshua as neat and comely as wifely hands could make him.

Joshua had reached his forty-third year, and Emeline was past

seven years of age. They were sitting one evening beside the hanging lamp which illuminated the little sitting-room so brightly. Joshua had returned from the North Elk post-office, where he received his mail, and husband and wife were deeply absorbed in the contents of a letter bearing the postmark of the distant city. It proved to be a printed document in the form of a series of questions with space for written answers.

Emeline had heard much of a society which sent children into the country to board, and had obtained the address from a cousin who was boarding a city waif in an adjoining county. Emeline had written to the society timidly applying for a child, and this was the reply. It gave no information whatever, but asked a great deal of Emeline. Some of the questions were very pertinent, not to say impertinent.

"They want to know if we own our farm," she exclaimed, looking up, pen in hand.

"Well, we do, all except that mortgage," answered the matter-of-fact Joshua. "I'm not ashamed, are you?"

"Shall we say how much the mortgage is?"

"Two hundred. Let's tell the whole truth, Emmy, and save our neighbours the trouble."

Emeline wrote it down.

"How much live stock do we own? Well, I declare"—Joshua began to count.

"Eight head of cows, two heifers, four calves, twenty-two sheep, two horses and one colt."

"A dog and six cats, and a canary bird," added Emeline.

"Put them all in, Emmy. What next?"

To what newspapers and periodicals do you subscribe? "Do you think it's any of their concern what newspapers we take?"

"Well, now, I presume there's folks living in the backwoods, Emmy, that never sees a newspaper once in six months, and don't know who's President, maybe. I presume the society is thinking of such like, and these questions is kind of leaders, so they'll know where to place us."

"I presume that's so," returned Emeline, cheerfully, for she had a beautiful wifely trait of suggesting a doubt for the sole purpose of yielding gracefully to her husband's superior ic, and this readiness to be conced on all occasions caused Joshua to describe her as the "wisest little woman in the world."

"Now here come references. They must be neighbours, it says."

"Well, there's Zebulon Post, Joshua Camp, Dr. Woodbury, and, well, I guess, Josiah Slocum."

"Why, Joshua, you know he's no friend of ours since he stoned our turkey gobbler last spring for scratching up his radishes, and you gave him a piece of your mind."

"I didn't know as it said anything about friends, Emmy; I thought we was to give in the names of our neighbours. I presume what these folks is trying to get at is whether we're the right sort to have the care of children. What they want is the onvarnished truth, and that's what they ought to get."

"It would be hard for the poor little orphans to get into wrong hands—that's true," assented Emeline, thoughtfully, but she added Mr. Slocum's name with reluctance.

"Now, there's only one question more, Joshua, and that's kind of a suspicious one."

"What is your object in desiring to take a child to board?" "It seems as if they kind of mistrusted us, doesn't it?"

Joshua studied for a correct answer. "Let's say we're lonely here without children, and we'd like to pay off that mortgage. It would pay it off if we kept the child two years."

"Don't you think that sounds graspin', as if we cared for the money?" objected Emeline.

"It's the truth, Emmy—that's what we want the money for, and it ain't saying as we are going to misuse the boy, is it?"

"We ought to treat him all the better because of the pay," agreed Emeline. "Goodness me, who'd want to misuse a poor little orphan anyways? Seems to me, Joshua, folks couldn't do enough for a child coming all ready-made from the city, and paid for, too."

She folded up the paper and directed the envelope with a careful hand. Joshua put the letter in his pocket, and promised to mail it the next morning. A week passed, during which Emeline was constantly watching for the coming of the child. Joshua had driven to the post-office every day for letters, but nothing more was heard from the society. Emeline arranged a little single bed in the spare-room, next to hers, and

covered the floor with a piece of new rag carpet. There were flowers in the window and two pictures on the wall—one representing the Saviour blessing little children and the other the little Samuel in prayer. Everything was in readiness for the child, but still he came not. Emeline was sure that their answers were not accepted as satisfactory. Perhaps the society objected to the mortgage, or had heard an unfavourable report from the unfriendly Slocum. She was sure something was wrong, and worried herself almost sick over it; but Joshua seemed indifferent and said nothing, yet in his heart he yearned for the presence of the child, and never came in from the fields without hoping to find the little stranger on his hearth.

One day, two horses and a buggy drove up the steep hill and stopped in front of the little white house. Joshua had observed it from the field, and decided that it was a livery team from the distant railroad station. Perhaps the child had come at last. When he reached the house he found Emeline trembling with excitement. A lady in a gray cloak and looking decidedly travel-worn and weary was sitting by the window. Emeline was describing their hopes and fears, and explaining why she thought they could take care of a child.

"We're lonely; we're both fond of children, and thought it would keep us young to have a little one about the house—and then, you know, we told you about the mortgage."

"We can pay off the mortgage without boarding anybody else's child, Emmy," said Joshua, the proud and inconsistent. "The money will come handy, of course, but it's not just the money we're after. If Emeline and me didn't have our hearts set on that child we'd never look this way to get our farm clear of debt; but the two things seem to fit together—the money will pay off the mortgage, and, I presume, we can benefit the child. Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," said the visitor. "Will you show me where you would have the child sleep?"

Emeline led the way up-stairs to the little bed-room. The visitor took it in at a glance.

"The stove from the sitting-room heats this room, too," Emeline explained, showing the opening in the floor to the room below.

"We thought perhaps you had heard something against us," she murmured, with a blush. "Mr. Slocum—didn't he—"

"He wrote us that we couldn't find a better home for a child."

"There, Emmy; Slocum ain't got the grudge you gave him credit for! He knew all along that I said no more'n the truth when I spoke my mind so free to him."

Emeline was radiant with pleasure. "And when is the child coming?" she whispered to the visitor.

"He's out in the buggy; I'll call him in," and she disappeared quickly out the door. In a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand your Little Brother James, restored to the very least of his rights—the right to be clean and fair to look upon—and the hero of the prison cell, the reformatory, and the streets, stood for the first time in his life on the threshold of a Christian home.

If you had seen him at that moment, you would not have hesitated to claim him as a little brother. It seemed as if the criminal had been laid aside, with the rags and filth of the slums, and the child was now apparent, proudly conscious of his improved appearance and the glory of his new apparel, which, to his critical, boyish mind, elevated him to a level with all the happy, well-cared-for children in Christendom.

He sat down carefully on the edge of a chair, and laid his well-filled canvas bag of clothing, of which he was justly proud, on the floor by his side. Emeline gazed at him with rapture, but in her shy excitement knew not what to say. He seemed to her a creature from another world—so strikingly handsome and yet with such pale and delicate features, sharpened somewhat by hunger and privation. His deep-set, dark-blue eyes looked unnaturally large, and gave a pathetic expression to his face. The crowning beauty of all was the mass of thick yellow curls which clustered over his forehead, giving almost the effect of a halo.

There was so much to be said that ought not to be said in the presence of the child that Emeline led the visitor to another room, where she tried to collect her thoughts and understand fully the requirements of the society. The visitor talked very earnestly, striving to impress on Emeline's mind some idea of the life the little boy had led in the city, and expressing a hope that they would

expose him to temptation nor suffer the smallest action to go unheeded. He was to be under strict surveillance, and it would require the greatest patience to train him properly. Emeline and Joshua listened intelligently, and thought they understood all that was said.

They promised faithfully to comply with the requirements of the society, but their chief fear was that the city child would not be happy in his new home.

"It will be hard for him until he gets used to our country ways," said Emeline, wiping her eyes furtively.

The visitor departed, after bidding her little charge good-bye with much tenderness, and promising to call and see him soon. Emeline and Joshua followed her to the buggy and held another hurried conversation out-of-doors. The visitor finally tore herself away, and the buggy vanished over the brow of the hill.

When Emeline returned to the kitchen she found the little boy sitting where she had left him, crying bitterly. He had not expected to be deserted in this fashion, and felt a good deal as you would feel, dear reader, if the mayor, or some other high dignitary, were to take you by the hand and lead you gently, but firmly into the wilds of Patagonia, believing such a remote spot more conducive to your morals than the excitements of the Stock Exchange or the luxurious independence of a woman's club. He had become also rather attached to the visitor during the long journey, and regarded her sudden desertion as base, and thoroughly in keeping with his preconceived notions of the heartlessness of philanthropists.

"They're goin' to bind me out to a farmer," he muttered, with a fresh burst of tears. The neat home-like kitchen, with its ticking clock, cheerful fire, and the canary bird in the window failed to bring comfort to his mind.

Emeline, with her heart full of pity, stroked his head tenderly, and laid a rosy apple in his hand—the tears did not cease to flow, but he thoughtfully put the apple in his pocket.

"Come with me, my boy," said Joshua, "and I'll show you a baby horse that ain't afraid to eat out of your hand." A baby horse struck the city boy as something of a novelty, he dried his eyes and followed [illegible]ua to the stable.

On his return he found the table set with a white cloth, and a great variety of eatables thereon. There were three kinds of preserves, and two of canned fruit; two large pies, three kinds of pickles, a steaming dish of potatoes, another of ham and eggs, an immense plate of home-made bread in thick slices, a great round of butter, a plate of cookies, and a jug of milk.

Your Little Brother had never seen a table set with such plenty before, and his eyes grew round with wonder. Joshua sat down and motioned James to a seat by his side, and the boy slid into a chair overcome with bashfulness and hunger. Like all well-regulated country families, Emeline and Joshua began by giving thanks, after which, the meal proceeded without ceremony.

To say that little James did justice to those wholesome viands would but feebly express his appreciation. Joshua and Emeline had never seen a child eat quite so much, but then they had never before seen a child who for seventeen days had partaken of the delicacies of prison fare. It seemed as if he could not quite fill up the vacuum which that dreadful experience had caused. The last course of all was the plate of cookies, which Emeline handed him, laying a delightfully browned morsel sparkling with white sugar on his plate. Your Little Brother was unable to eat more than one, but after Joshua and his wife had risen from the table, he managed, by a quick, sly movement of his hand, to transfer half a dozen of the delectable cookies to his trousers' pocket, after which he felt happier, and strolled over to the window in great peace of mind.

It seemed to your Little Brother nothing more than a wise precaution to lay by some of this over-abundant meal for a future occasion. How could he know that such plenty would ever appear again, and especially those particular cookies? In his experience a feast had always been followed by a famine.

He looked out the window and again over his shoulder at the busy Emeline, who was occupied with dish washing. Joshua had disappeared. Your Little Brother waited until Emeline chanced to leave the room with a pile of shining dishes in her hands, when he slipped quickly out-of-doors and walked about, carelessly kicking the pebbles with his feet.

Presently he found what he wanted, a large, smooth, gray stone resting

against the fence, and wrapping the cookies in his handkerchief he deposited them carefully in a little hollow, which he scooped out of the earth with his hands, and laid the big stone over them. It was so neatly done that not a vestige of the handkerchief remained in sight, and it was the work of a few seconds only.

Emeline, from the kitchen window, had observed this performance, feeling (in obedience to the visitor's instructions) in duty bound to keep her charge in sight. So far she was unable to discover what the buried treasure might be.

Just at that moment a beautiful shepherd dog, with tawny mane and tail, came bounding joyfully toward the little boy, as if to welcome him as an acceptable playfellow. Little James started back half-frightened, but, accepting the overtures as friendly, patted the dog shyly on the back. Rover pranced, wagged, and barked; and then, pausing as if struck by a sudden thought, stood with his long pointed nose sniffing the wind.

With a flourish of his handsome tail, he whisked about and rushed to the stone that covered the buried treasure. As it was too heavy to be easily moved, he proceeded to dig under it with rapid, vigorous strokes of his powerful paws, and behold! out came the treasure with a jerk, held by a corner of the handkerchief in Rover's mouth, and tossed proudly aloft for exhibition. The little boy attempted to rescue it, but failed, and Rover proceeded to shake the handkerchief fiercely, scattering the cookies right and left on the ground. James gathered them up as quickly as possible and put them into his pocket. He did not betray either anger or mortification at this exposure of his little scheme, but seated himself contentedly on the large stone, and threw pieces of the cake at the dog, who was now engaged in wreaking playful vengeance on the handkerchief. This was soon dropped for the cookies, and your Little Brother, forgetful of the future, threw them away one by one in broken pieces, and entered into an exciting and delightful game of romping, in which the deep barks of the dog were mingled with the merry shouts and laughter of the child.

Emeline was well pleased to witness his enjoyment, but much mystified by the concealment of the cookies.

"It's what you might expect of a dog," she said to Joshua, "but it seems kinder uncommon behaviour in a child."

"Probably he don't know what it is to have enough and plenty to eat," suggested Joshua, "and he's laying by for the time when he's hungry again. We don't know what that child's been through in his lifetime, Emmy."

"Yes," assented Emeline, "he has a kind o' look on his face as if he mistrusted everybody, and I presume he allows that you and me are going to misuse him and grudge him even a few cookies."

Joshua took his hat from its peg and went out to bring in the cows, for it was now milking time. He called the little boy to accompany him, and ordered the facetious Rover to "quit his pranks and fetch in the cows." Rover started off immediately, and sprang over the fence and up the hill as swiftly as a fox pursued by hunters.

Joshua and your Little Brother followed leisurely. Rover soon appeared at the top of the hill, barking and bounding at the heels of the cows, who were trotting obediently homeward, with the exception of a foolish heifer—persistently bent on returning to the pasture. Joshua and his little companion were soon out of the lane and ascending the hillside, where they waited for the cows.

Rover, in his zeal, had worried the unwise heifer into a state of excitement, in which she hardly knew what she was about. Cantering recklessly down the hill, she was about to turn aside to avoid her master, when your Little Brother courageously headed her off on the right with open arms and terrific shouts. The older and more sedate cows closed in on the rear, and she finally yielded to their pressure, and followed the herd until they reached the bars. Here some turned back, confused by the presence of a stranger and annoyed by Rover's exciting barks.

Your nimble Little Brother, eager to distinguish himself again, flew near to the rear, and, picking up a small stone, flung it at the hindmost cow with the unerring aim of a street Arab, accompanying the action with a string of choice adjectives and oaths, such as had been addressed to him since infancy.

Joshua's powerful hand grasped

your Little Brother's arm sternly, and his face flushed with anger.

"That language ain't to be used here—not on my farm nor to any of my cattle."

"I didn't mean nothin'," murmured your Little Brother, dismayed and terrified. "I was only tellin' them cows the way to go."

"It's not fit language for cattle to hear, nor little boys to speak," continued the shocked Joshua, in milder tones, for he noticed the pallor that came over the boy's face, and the sudden shrinking of the small form. "They've yet to hear the first curse-word from me—I don't swear at them myself, nor allow them that lives with me to misuse 'em; it ain't Christian-like."

"I didn't know as it was wrong to swear at cows," replied your Little Brother, ingenuously, his confidence restored as soon as he found himself released without a blow; "I knowed it wasn't right to swear at Christians, but I didn't know as it mattered for Jews or 'Dagoes' or dumb things like cows."

"Well, I calculate that my cows is Christian," asserted Joshua with decision. "They live in a Christian country, with Christian folk, and they behave peaceable and proper."

"I wouldn't 'a' swore at 'em if I'd knowed that," apologized little James sweetly; "I thought they was just common cows like we have in the city. But I won't swear agin at nothin'. I didn't mean no harm; I like them Christian cows real well."

"They're only used to kindness; Emeline and me don't holler at our cattle, nor beat them. 'Taint worth while, when you can make them mind just as well without."

Emeline came out in her sun-bonnet, and assisted at the milking, after which Joshua and his small companion were summoned to the supper table.

This was another abundant meal, of which your Little Brother partook heartily.

The rolling landscape outside grew dim, and James could barely see the outside of a stone fence and the waving boughs of trees. Night was falling, and he was glad of the warmth and comfort within. The hanging lamp in the sitting-room was lighted, and a wood fire made, to take the chill off the autumn evening.

"If you get hungry between meals," Emeline said, with a gentle smile, "you'll come to me for a 'piece,' or a couple of cookies, won't you?"

The little boarder looked up suspiciously, but Emeline gave no sign of superior knowledge.

"It won't do to let him know we've been watching him," she thought; "he might think us mistrustful, and if he just knows he can have all he wants for the askin', there won't be any occasion to take things."

Little James, sitting in a large, old-fashioned chair by the stove, while Emeline bent over some sewing, and Joshua spread out his newspaper, was soon overcome with drowsiness, and fell fast asleep. Joshua and Emeline talked in low tones about their new responsibility, and concluded that he would need "a deal o' watchin'," but they hoped he would listen to advice and would take training. Joshua carried him up-stairs to his little room, and Emeline undressed him and laid him in the cozy feather bed.

"We won't hear him his prayers to-night," observed Emeline; "he's that tired and sleepy I presume he wouldn't know what he was sayin', but we can mention him in our prayers, Joshua," and they took the lamp down-stairs. And thus ended the child's first day's experience as a recognized little brother.

DUTY.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher; but if done,
My view is brighten'd and another spot
Seen on my mortal sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes the more
Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom then to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appal?
No; duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall.

THE NEW ORGAN.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

"Gittin' a new organ is a mighty different thing nowadays from what it was when I was young," said Aunt Jane judicially, as she lifted a panful of yellow harvest apples from the table and began to peel them for dumplings.

Potatoes, peas and asparagus were bubbling on the stove, and the dumplings were in honour of the invited guests, who had begged the privilege of staying in the kitchen awhile. Aunt Jane was one of those rare housekeepers whose kitchens are more attractive than the parlours of other people.

"And gittin' religion is different, too," she continued, propping her feet on the round of a chair for the greater comfort and convenience of her old knees. "Both of 'em is a heap easier than they used to be, and the organs is a heap better. I don't know whether the religion's any better or not. You know I went up to my daughter Mary Francis' last week, and the folks up there was havin' a big meetin' in the Tabernicle, and that's how come me to be thinkin' about organs.

"The preacher was an evangelist, as they call him, Sam Joynes, from down in Georgy. In my day he'd 'a' been called the Rev. Samuel Joynes. Folks didn't call their preachers Tom, Dick and Harry and Jim and Sam like they do now. I'd like to 'a' seen anybody callin' Parson Page 'Lem Page.' He was the Rev. Lemuel Page, and nothing else. But things is different, as I said awhile ago, and even the little boys says 'Sam Joynes,' jest like he played marbles with 'em every day. I went to the Tabernicle three or four times; and of all the preachers that ever I heard he certainly is the beatenest. Why, I ain't laughed so much since me and Abram went to Barnum's circus the year before the war. He was preachin' one day about cleanliness bein' next to godliness, which it certainly is, and he says, 'You old skunk, you!' But, la! the worse names he called 'em the better they 'peared to like it, and sinners were converted wholesale every time he preached."

Just here the old yellow rooster fluttered up to the doorstep and gave a hoarse, ominous crow.

"There, now! You hear that?" said Aunt Jane, as she tossed him a golden peeling from her pan. "There's some folks that gives right up and looks for sickness or death or bad news every time a rooster crows in the door. But I never let such things bother me. The Bible says that nobody knows what a day may bring forth, and if I don't know, it ain't likely my old yaller rooster does.

"What was I talkin' about? Oh, yes—the Sam Joynes meetin'. Well, I never was no hand to say that old ways is best, and I don't say so now. If you can convert a man by callin' him a polecat, why, call him one, of course. And mournin' ain't always a sign o' true repentance. They used to tell how Silas Petty mourned for forty days, and, as Sally Ann said, he had about as much religion as old Dan Tucker's Derby ram.

"However, it was the organ I set out to tell about. It's jest like me to wander away from the p'int. Abram always said a text would have to be made like a postage-stamp for me to stick to it. You see, they'd jest got a fine new organ at Mary Francis' church, and she was tellin' me how they paid for it. One man give five hundred dollars, and another give three hundred; and then they collected four or five hundred amongst the other members, and give a lawn-party and a strawberry festival, and raised another hundred. It set me to thinkin' o' the time us women got the organ for Goshen church. It warn't no light matter, for, besides the money it took us nearly three years to raise, there was the opposition. Come to think of it, we raised more opposition than we did money;" and Aunt Jane laughed a blithe laugh, and tossed another peeling to the yellow rooster, who had dropped the role of harbinger of evil and was posing as a humble suppliant.

"An organ in them days, honey, was jest a wedge to split the church half in two. It was the new cyarpet that brought on the organ. You know how it is with yo[redacted]

git a new dress, and then you've got to have a new bonnet, and then you can't wear your old shoes and gloves with a new dress and a new bonnet, and the first thing you know you've spent five times as much as you set out to spend. That's the way it was with us about the cyarpet and the organ and the pulpit chairs and the communion set.

"Most o' the men folks was against the organ from the start, and Silas Petty was the foremost. Silas made a p'int of goin' against everything that women favoured. Sally Ann used to say that if a woman was to come up to him and say, 'Le's go to heaven,' Silas would start off towards the other place right at once; he was jest that mulish and contrairy. He met Sally Ann one day, and says he, 'Jest give you women rope enough and you'll turn the house o' the Lord into a reg'lar toy-shop.' And Sally Ann she says, 'You'd better go home, Silas, and read the book of Exodus. If the Lord told Moses how to build the Tabernicle with the goats' skins and rams' skins and blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen and candlesticks with six branches, I reckon he won't object to a few yards o' cyarpetin' and a little organ in Goshen church.'

"Sally Ann always had an answer ready, and I used to think she knew more about the Bible than Parson Page did himself.

"Of course Uncle Jim Matthews didn't want the organ; he was afraid it might interfere with his singin'. Job Taylor always stood up for Silas, so he didn't want it; and Parson Page never opened his mouth one way or the other. He was one o' those men that tries to set on both sides o' the fence at once, and he'd set that way so long he was a mighty good hand at balancin' himself.

"Us women didn't say much, but we made up our minds to have the organ. So we went to work in the Mite Society, and in less'n three years we had enough money to get it. I've often wondered how many pounds o' butter, and how many baskets of eggs it took to raise that money. I reckon if they'd 'a' been piled up on top of each other they'd 'a' reached to the top o' the steeple. The women of Israel brought their ear-rings and [illegible]lets to help build the Tabernicle, [illegible]e had jest our egg and butter [illegible], and the second year, when the [illegible] cholery was so bad, our pros[illegible]oked mighty blue.

"When I saw that big organ up at Danville, I couldn't help thinkin' about the little thing we worked so hard to git. 'Twasn't much bigger'n a washstand, and I reckon if I was to hear it now, I'd think it was mighty feeble and squeaky. But it sounded fine enough to us in them days, and, little as it was, it raised a disturbance for miles around.

"When it came down from Louisville, Abram went to town with his two-horse waggon and brought it out and set it up in our parlour. My Jane had been takin' lessons in town all winter so's to be able to play on it.

"We had a right good choir for them days; the only trouble was that everybody wanted to be leader. That's a common failin' with church choirs, I've noticed. Milly Amos sung soprano, and my Jane was the alto; John Petty sung bass, and young Sam Crawford tenor; and as for Uncle Jim Matthews, he sung everything, and plenty of it, too. Milly Amos used to say he was wuss'n a flea. He'd start out on the bass, and first thing you knew, he'd be singin' tenor with Sam Amos; and by the time Sam was good and mad, he'd be off onto the alto or the soprano. He was one o' those meddlesome old creeturs that thinks the world never moved till they got into it, and they've got to help everybody out with whatever they happen to be doin'. Uncle Jim must 'a' been born singin'.

"I've seen people that said they didn't like the idea o' goin' to heaven and standin' round a throne and singin' hymns forever and ever; but you couldn't 'a' pleased Uncle Jim better than to set him down in jest that sort o' heaven. Wherever there was a chance to get in some singin', there you'd be shore to find Uncle Jim. Folks used to say he enjoyed a funeral a heap better than he did a weddin', 'cause he could sing at the funeral, and he couldn't at the weddin'; and Sam Crawford said he believed if Gabriel was to come down and blow his trumpet, Uncle Jim would get up and begin to sing.

"It wouldn't 'a' been so bad if he'd had any sort of a voice; but he'd been singin' all his life and hollerin' at protracted meetin's ever since he got religion, till he'd sung and hollered all the music out of his voice, and there wasn't nothin' left but the old creaky machinery. It used to make me think of an old rickety

house with the blinds flappin' in the wind. It mortified us turrible to have any of the Methodists or Babtists come to our church. We was sort o' used to the old man's capers, but people that wasn't couldn't keep a straight face when the singin' begun, and it took more grace than any of us had to keep from gittin' mad when we seen people from another church laughin' at our choir.

"The Babtists had a powerful protracted meetin' one winter. Uncle Jim was there to help with the singin', as a matter of course, and he begun to git mightily interested in Babtist doctrines. Used to go home with 'em after church and talk about Greek and Hebrew words till the clock struck twelve. And one communion Sunday he got up, solemn as a owl, and marched out o' church jest before the bread and wine was passed. Made out like he warn't shore he'd been rightly babtized. The choir was mightily tickled at the idea o' gettin' shed o' the old pest, and Sam Crawford went to him and told him he was on the right track, and to go ahead, for the Babtists was undoubtedly correct, and if it wasn't for displeasin' his father and mother, he'd jine 'em himself.

"And then—Sam never could let well enough alone—then he went to Bush Elrod, the Babtist tenor, and says he, 'I hear you're goin' to have a new member in your choir.' And Bush says, 'Well, if the old idiot ever jines this church, we'll hold his head under the water so long that he won't be able to spile good music agin.' And then he give Uncle Jim a hint o' how things was; and when Uncle Jim heard that the Presbyterians was anxious to git shed o' him, he found out right away that all them Greek and Hebrew words meant sprinklin' and infant babtism. So he settled down to stay where he was, and hollered louder'n ever the next Sunday.

"The old man was a good enough Christian, I reckon; but when it come to singin', he was a stumblin'-block and rock of offence to the whole church, and especially to the choir. The first thing Sally Ann said when she looked at the new organ was, 'Well, Jane, how do you reckon it's goin' to sound with Uncle Jim's voice?' and I laughed till I had to set down in a cheer.

"Well, when the men folks found out that our organ had come, they begun to wake up. Abram had brought it out Tuesday, and Wednesday night, as soon as prayer-meetin' broke, Parson Page says, says he: 'Brethren, there is a little business to be transacted. Please remain a few minutes longer.' And then, when we had set down agin, he went on to say that the sisters had raised money and bought an organ, and there was some division of opinion among the brethren about usin' it, so he would like to have the matter discussed. He used a lot o' big words and talked mighty smooth, and I knew there was trouble ahead for us women.

"Uncle Jim was the first one to get up. He was so anxious to begin, he couldn't hardly wait for Parson Page to git through; and anybody would 'a' thought that he'd been up to heaven to hear him tell about the sort o' music there was thar, and the sort they ought to be on earth. 'Why, brethren,' says he, 'when John saw the heavens opened there wasn't no organs up there. God don't keer nothin',' says he, 'about such new-fangled worldly instruments. But when a lot o' sweet human voices gits to praisin' him, why, the very angels stops singin' to listen.'

"Milly Amos was right behind me, and she leaned over and says, 'Well, if the angels 'd ruther hear Uncle Jim's singin' than our organ, they've got mighty pore taste, that's all I've got to say.'

"Silas Petty was the next one to git up, and says he: 'I never was in favour o' doin' things half-way, brethren, and if we've got to have the organ, why, we might as well git a monkey, too, and be done with it. For my part,' says he, 'I want to worship in the good old way my fathers, and grandfathers worshipped in, and, unless my feelin's change very considerable, I shall have to withdraw from this church if any such Satan's music-box is set up in this holy place.'

"And Sally Ann turned around and whispered to me, 'We ought to got that organ long ago, Jane.' I like to laughed right out, and I leaned over, and says I, 'Why don't you git up and talk for us, Sally Ann?'

"Jest then I looked around, and there was Abram standin' up. Well, you could 'a' knocked me over with a feather. Abram always w[illegible]

git a new dress, and then you've got to have a new bonnet, and then you can't wear your old shoes and gloves with a new dress and a new bonnet, and the first thing you know you've spent five times as much as you set out to spend. That's the way it was with us about the cyarpet and the organ and the pulpit chairs and the communion set.

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"Sally Ann alwa... ready, and I used t... more about the ... Page did himself.

"Of course ... didn't want the o... it might interfe... Job Taylor alw... so he didn't ... Page never op... or the other... men that ... o' the fence... way so ... hand a...

"Th... we m... organ ... Mike ... we h... offe... hate... it t... if ...

"When ... promised to sing a Danville. ... about ... What's that?' says hard a... a v... hc... fe... of ... Milly, 'it's a hymn ... or somebody in it, ... their own accord, without ... gwine' it out; just like ... comes up in the spring, ... without you plantin' the ... that's the way they do in the ... times,' says she, 'and we are ... on city style Sunday.'

... they went to work and prac... some new tunes for the hymns ... Page had given 'em, so if ... rheumatism didn't hold ... still have to hold his peace.

... Sunday come; but special ... was on Uncle Jim's side ... time, and there he was as smilin' ... basket o' chips, if he did have ... walk with a cane. We'd had the ... cleaned up as neat as a new ... My Jane had put a bunch of ... honeysuckles and pinks on the organ, ... everybody was dressed in their ... Miss Penelope was settin' at ... organ with a bunch of roses in ... hand, and the windows was all ... and you could see the trees ... in the wind and hear the ... singin' outside. I always did ... that was the best part o' Sun... that time jest before church ...

... Jane's voice dropped. Her ... came slowly; and into the ... face one of those "flashes of ..." in which she was as little ... as the great historian. The ... dumplings waited for the ... of spice and sugar while ... stood motionless, looking afar off, ... gaze apparently stopped ... the vacant whitewashed wall be... her. No mind-reader's art was ... to tell what scene her faded ... beheld. There was the old ... with its battered furniture ... high pulpit. For one brief mo... the grave had yielded up its ... and "the old familiar faces" ... out from every pew.

We were very near together, ... Jane and I; but the breeze that ... her brow was not the breeze ... as I sat by her kitchen win... For her a wind was blowing ... the plains of memory; and ... honeysuckle odour it carried was ... from the bush in the yard. It ... weighted with dreams, from ... heavens that her Jane had ... on the organ twenty-five

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..."I must be
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..., I believe I've
... was sayin'."
... church," I sug-
... singing was about
...

...ough! Well, all at ... Penelope laid her hands on ... and begun to play and sing ... My God, to Thee.' We'd ... that hymn all our lives at ... and protracted meetin's and ...yer-meetin's, but we hadn't no ...lea how it could sound till Miss Penelope sung it all by herself that day with our new organ.

"I recollect jest how she looked, pretty little thing that she was; and sometimes I can hear her voice jest as plain as I hear that robin out yonder in the ellum tree. Every word was jest like a bright new piece o' silver, and every note was jest like gold; and she was lookin' up through the winder at the trees and the sky like she was singing' to somebody we couldn't see. We clean forgot about the new organ and the Babtists; and I really believe we was feelin' nearer to God than we'd ever felt before.

"When she got through with the first verse, she played somethin' soft and sweet and begun agin; and right in the middle of the first line—I declare, it's twenty-five years ago, but I git mad now when I think about it—right in the middle of the first line Uncle Jim jined in like an old squawkin' jay-bird, and sung like he was tryin' to drown out Miss Penelope and the new organ, too.

"Everybody give a jump when he first started, and he'd got nearly through the verse before we took in what was happenin'. Even the Babtists jest looked surprised like the rest of us. But when Miss Penelope begun the third line and Uncle Jim jined in with his hollerin', I saw Bush Elrod grin, and that grin spread all over the Babtist crowd in no time. The Presbyterian young folks was gigglin' behind their fans, and Bush got to laughin' till he had to git up and leave the church.' They said he went up the road to Sam Amos' pasture and laid down on the ground and rolled over and over and laughed till he couldn't laugh no more.

"I was so mad I started to git up, though goodness knows what I could 'a' done. Abram, he grabbed my dress, and says, 'Steady, Jane!' jest like he was talkin' to the old mare. The thing that made me maddest was Silas Petty a-leanin' back in his pew and smilin' as satisfied as could be. I didn't mind the Babtists half as much as I did Silas.

"The only person in the church that wasn't the least bit flustered was Miss Penelope. She was a Marshall on her mother's side, and I always said that nobody but a born lady could 'a' acted as she did. She sung right on as if everything was goin' exactly right, and she'd been singin' hymns with Uncle Jim all her life. Two or three times, when the old man kind o' lagged behind, it looked like she waited for him to ketch up, and when she got through, and Uncle Jim was lumberin' on the last note, she folded her hands and set there lookin' out the winder where the sun was shinin' on the silver poplar trees, jest as peaceful as a angel, and the rest of us as mad as hornets. Milly Amos set back of Uncle Jim, and his red bandana handkerchief was lyin' over his shoulders where he'd been shoolin' the flies away. She told me the next day it was all she could do to keep from reachin' over and chokin' the old man off while Miss Penelope was singin'.

"I said Miss Penelope was the only one that wasn't flustered. I ought to 'a' said Miss Penelope and Uncle Jim. The old creetur was jest that simple-minded he didn't know he'd done anything out o' the way, and he set there lookin' as pleased as a child and thinkin', I reckon, how smart he'd been to help Miss Penelope out with the singin'.

"The rest o' the hymns went off all right, and it did me good to see Uncle Jim's face when they struck up the new tunes. He tried to jine in, but he had to give it up and wait for the Doxology.

"Parson Page preached a powerful good sermon, but I don't reckon it done some of us much good, we was so put out about Uncle Jim spilin' our voluntary.

"After meetin' broke and we was goin' home, me and Abram had to pass by Silas Petty's waggon. He was helpin' Maria in, and I don't know what she'd been sayin', but he says, 'It's a righteous judgment on you women, Maria, for profanin' the Lord's house with that there organ.' And, mad as I was, I had to laugh.

"Of course, the choir was madder'n ever at Uncle Jim; and when Milly Amos had fever that summer, she called Sam to her the day she was at her worst, and pulled his head down and whispered as feeble as a baby; 'Don't let Uncle Jim sing at my funeral, Sam.' And Sam broke out a-laughin' and a-cryin' at the same time—he thought a heap o' Milly. And Milly got to laughin', weak as she was, and in a few minutes she dropped off to sleep, and when she woke up the fever was gone, and she begun to git well from that day. I always believed that laugh was the turnin'-p'int. Instead of Uncle Jim singin' at her funeral, she sung at Uncle Jim's, and broke down and cried like a child for all the mean things she'd said about the pore old creetur's voice."

Aunt Jane peered into the stove where the dumplings were taking on a golden-brown. Her story-telling evidently did not interfere with her culinary skill, and I said so.

"La, child," she replied, dashing a pinch of "seasonin'" into the peas, "when I git so old I can't do but one thing at a time, I'll try to die as soon as possible."—The Cosmopolitan.

THE HARP.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

This have I learned . . .
That all my music must be tuned to His,
Or music it is not; but only harsh
And jarring sound, that fills the ear, and makes
His harmonies all discord; therefore He
(The great Musician) takes the instrument,
Misused and worthless, and His hand attunes
The unwilling chords that vibrate to His touch,
Raising the pitch until the tested note
Is kin to His.

The process may be long
And painful; oft it seems the strings will snap
Under the lengthened strain; but some sweet day
That same dear, patient Hand will sweep His harp,
Whose quick response of pure and perfect tone
Shall thrill the silence waiting for the sound,
And throb His love along the universe,
And satisfy my Master!

Victoria, B.C.

SPEAK NO ILL.

BY KATHERINE A. CLARKE.

Oh, breathe no ill of others' lives,
Or in such converse bear a part;
Words can give sorer wounds than knives,
And sadly lacerate the heart,
Judge not, O man, thy fellow man,
Leave that to Him who reads the mind;
But search for all the good you can,
For they who seek shall surely find.

Be tender in your speech of all,
[redacted]

To others' failings close your eyes
And tarnish not another's name;
For who shall say that you would rise
A better man if tried the same?

Then lenient be to others' faults,
As you would have them be to you,
And take no part in those assaults
That taint the noble and the true;
For God alone can judge the man,
And we must all before Him stand;
Then ever speak the best you can
And reach to all a helping hand.

A COSTLY CONTRIBUTION.

o elderly ladies sat by the fire in mfortably furnished room, the of which were adorned with engravings of scenes in the lives e Wesleys, Centenary gatherings, large photograph of the first lay sentative Conference. The one d in the low modern armchair he side nearest the window was l and thin, with white hair and skin, and cheeks like old china. had a meek, Quaker-like look t her, and her dress was of plain r grey.

e other one was taller than her r, and dark, and had a masculine th, at the corners of which there lines which had been left by-storms. She was reading the y arrived Methodist Recorder, there was a disappointed, almost ish look on her face, and presently threw the paper from her with mpatient jerk, and as it fluttered he hearthrug she shaded her face her hand, and gazed moodily into fire. Her soft-eyed little sister ced concernedly at her once or e, sighed a little, and then asked ly: "Anybody dead, love?"

Vo; nobody we know."

nother slight pause, and then, in ressing tone: "Anybody mar-?"

Vo."

Any news about Hanster?"

Vo."

e little Quakeress' knitting ed to trouble her just then, and thin, almost transparent hands, k a little as she fumbled for the ped stitch. In a moment, how-she lifted her head and asked ingly: "Is there nothing inter-g, love?"

ss Hannah dropped the hand covered her eyes, glanced petu-y round the room, and then an-ed pensively: "Susan, there's thing in that paper, and one only."

e head of the meek little woman site to her was bent over her ling, the pearly cheek paled a , and then she asked: "And that, ?"

That paper has got nothing in it Twentieth Century; it is Twenti-Century first page and Twentieth ury last, and Twentieth Century he way through. Oh, that we ld have lived to see this day!"

Hannah!"

"I mean it, Susan;" and the excited woman began to rock herself in an increasing grief. "There was a Branscombe who entertained Mr. Wesley, there have been Branscombes in every great movement our church has seen; our father sat in the first Lay Conference, and we both subscribed to the Thanksgiving Fund ourselves. And now that our church is doing the noblest thing she ever did we shall be out of it. Oh, that we had gone before it came!"

"No, no, love, not so bad as that; we can give our guinea each, and —and one in memory of our dear father, ah—with a little more economy."

"Guineas! Branscombes giving single guineas! Our dear father down on that great Historic Roll for a guinea! Susan, how can you? what will the village think? And the Hanster people, and father's old Conference friends? They might suspect something! We cannot think of it for a moment."

Miss Hannah had risen to her feet during her speech, but now, with a fretful, half-indignant gesture, she sank back into her chair and once more covered her face with her hands.

Little Miss Susan stole anxious, sympathetic glances across the room for a moment or two, and then, letting her knitting slide down upon her footstool, she stepped softly to the side of her sister's chair, and, bending over and pressing her delicate cheek against Miss Hannah's darker one, she murmured soothingly:

"And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be;
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly."

As these lines were repeated, the face of Miss Hannah softened, the shadow upon it gradually disappeared, and in the pause that followed, a gentle light came into her black eyes. She bent forward and silently kissed the dear face that was still bent over her, and then said impulsively:

"Bless you, love! What have I done to deserve such a sweet comforter? But I should like to have done one more good thing for God and our church before I go to heaven."

"Never mind, dearest! When we get to heaven the Master will perhaps say to us as He said to David."

"What was that?"

"Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

Now, the father of these two ladies had been a prosperous, well-to-do Methodist laymen of connexional repute, but when he died it was discovered that all his means were in his business, and that he had really saved very little. His funeral was attended by great numbers of Methodist magnates, lay and clerical, from all parts of the country, and the respect shown to their father's memory had been a sweet consolation to the bereaved sisters.

But whilst they were receiving the written and spoken sympathies of many friends, the family lawyer was expressing himself to himself in language that was, to say the least, very unparliamentary. Branscombe's business was certainly a lucrative one, and whilst he was there to attend to it, all was well; but the man who spent or gave away all his income, when he had two daughters unprovided for, was, in the lawyer's judgment, more fool than saint, and he ground his teeth savagely when he discovered that he would have to explain to the sorrowing women that they would have to change their style of life.

There was nothing else for it, however. The business would have to be carried on, for it was not the sort of thing that would realize much when sold. A manager would therefore have to be paid, and when that was done there would not be very much left for the two ladies who had always been brought up in such comfort.

The lawyer had no patience with men who left their affairs like that, and in spite of himself, some of his feeling on the point slipped out upon his first interview with his fair clients.

When he had gone, their minds were occupied with one thought only. It was clear that Mr. Bedwell thought their father blameworthy in the matter, and if he did, others would be of the same opinion. But they knew, as no one else did, how true and noble a parent they had lost, and at all costs they were determined that nothing should be done that would excite suspicion in the minds of their friends. Appearances, therefore, must be kept up, and everything must go on as usual; all their father's subscriptions must be continued, and their home must still be the chief house of entertainment in Hanster.

But as time went on these things became more and more difficult. Nearly half the profits of the business had to go to pay a manager; but, as he was not Mr. Branscombe, and the concern had depended largely upon the personal effort and influence of its chief, there was a serious annual shrinkage, in spite of all that Lawyer Bedwell could do to prevent it. Then the manager precipitated a crisis by absconding with some hundreds of pounds, and the legal adviser to the firm was compelled to recommend that the business be sold, and that the ladies should reduce their establishment, so as to be able to live upon what was left.

For their own sakes this might easily have been done, but for their father's they could not think of it. At last, however, they decided to leave the little town where they had been born, and where all their interests centred, and go into some quiet village, where they might live cheaply, and do in a smaller way the kind of work their father had done in Hanster.

And so they came to Pumphrey, where they were regarded as very great people indeed, and where their now reduced contributions were received as most munificent donations. But the habits of a lifetime are not easily unlearnt, and so, finding that the memory of their father was still fragrant in Pumphrey, and that the simple inhabitants of the village were ready to give them all the respect and deference due to their antecedents, they were soon acting in the old open-handed way; and whilst the little circuit in which the village was situate rejoiced in and boasted of their generosity, the poor ladies were constantly over-reaching themselves, and lived in a condition of chronic impecuniosity.

Their personal expenses were pared down until they could be reduced no further, but the large-hearted liberality to which they had always been accustomed, and which regard for their father's memory seemed to demand, was continued as far as possible. Recently, however, Miss Susan had had a severe illness, and this,

with the heavy doctor's bill it involved, had reduced them still further, and the announcement of the Twentieth Century Fund found them in the worst possible condition for doing their duty to it.

The long, pensive silence that fell upon the sisters after Miss Susan's last remark was broken presently by a knock at the door, and Jane, their faithful, if somewhat unmanageable, domestic, brought in the supper. Placing the little tray containing hot milk and thin bread and butter on the table, she picked up The Methodist Recorder, and somewhat ostentatiously proceeded to put it away in the home-made rack at the side of the fireplace.

"You can take the paper with you, Jane," said Miss Hannah.

"I doan't want it, mum," answered Jane gruffly, and in broadest Yorkshire.

"You don't want it, Jane! Why, it is full of news this week, all about the Twentieth Century Fund, you know."

"That's just it, mum! that theer fund I caan't abeear! It's gotten hup out o' pride an' pomp an' vanity, that's wot it is, an it'ull niver prosper, mark my wods!"

"Jane!"

"I meean it, mum! Thank goodness, nooan a my muney 'ull gooa ta sitchan a thing, an' bi wot I can hear ther's nooan o' t' villigers gooin' ta give nowt neeither."

"But, Jane——"

But before Miss Hannah could stop her, Jane had burst forth again: "It's nowt bud pride, an' wickidness, mum, it's woss nor that king as showed his treasures to that Babshakkle, an' as fur that theer rowl, it's King Daavid numberin' Hisrael, that's wot it is."

"But, Jane, we must all——"

"Yes, mum, that's wot you allas says, beggin' your pardon, bud it's my belief you ladies 'ud subscribe ta buyin' t' moon if t' Conference wanted it; bud I'm different, an' if I hed my waay not a penny 'ud goa oot o' this house ta that Million Fund."

As the privileged and outspoken Jane closed the door behind her, the two ladies looked at each other with astonishment, for Jane was as stout a supporter of all things Methodistic as they were, and they had difficulty sometimes in restraining her liberality.

To Miss Hannah, however, their old servant's words were more disturbing than to her mild sister. She did all the business of the establishment, and had charge of the purse, and she had privately resolved, in spite of her querulous words to her sister, that, if the worst came to the worst, she would do as she had been driven to do once or twice before, and get a temporary loan from Jane; but, if Jane disapproved of the fund, there might be difficulty, for nothing was concealed from her, and, in fact, she had more to do with the financial arrangements of the little family than even Miss Hannah herself.

Meanwhile Jane, who was short and plump, with bright black eyes and black hair, had made her way back into the kitchen, where sat a ruddy-looking man of about thirty, dressed like a gardener, and whose face wore an injured, protesting expression whilst he leaned forward propping his elbows on his knees and nervously twirling his cap round with his hands. He glanced sulkily up from under his brows as Jane entered the kitchen, and furtively watched her as she picked up a wash-leather and resumed her work at the plate basket.

The gardener gave his cap a fierce extra twirl, and then grumbled: "Ther niver wur nooabody humbugged like me; this is t' fowert (fourth) time I've been putten off."

Jane gave an ominous sniff; her plump face hardened a little, but she never spoke.

"It's t' Million Fund an' t' Mississes an' onnybody afoor me."

The spoon Jane was rubbing was flung into the basket with a peevish rattle, and rising to her feet and stepping to the rug before the fire she said indignantly: "John Craake, hev sum sense, wilta? Here I've been telling lies like a good 'un i' t' parlour till I can hardly bide mysen, an' noo I mun cum back ta be aggravaated bi thee. Them owd haangils i' t' parlour 'ud sell t' frocks offen ther backs ta subscribe ta this fund, an thou sits theer talkin' about weddins an sitch like floppery. I wunder thou isn't ashaamed o' thisen."

John sat ruminating dolefully for a moment or two, and then he wiped his nose with the back of his hand, and said, with sulky resignation: "Well, what mun I dew, then?"

"Dew? thou mun cum i' t' morning an' saay thi saay to 'em, an' if that weean't dew, thou mun waait, that's what thou mun dew."

Now, John had been courting Jane in a dogged sort of way almost ever since the Branscombes came to Pumphrey, but until recently he had made little apparent progress. Some few months before the time of which we write, however, a terrible burglary, with murderous incidents, had taken place in the neighbourhood, and as the news greatly upset the old ladies, and made them declare that they would never be able to stay in the house unless they could have a man about the place, Jane had made a virtue of necessity and accepted her lover, on the understanding that he was to come and live in the house, and never suggest any other arrangement so long as the old ladies lived.

John had eagerly agreed; but, though the wedding had been fixed now three times, it had so far been put off again and again, because, as John eventually discovered, the money which Jane, with a Yorkshire woman's thrifty ideas, felt was absolutely necessary for a decent woman's wedding, had been sacrificed to the needs of her mistresses.

And now it had seemed that the happy event was really to come off, and just at the last minute, so to speak, this Million Scheme had turned up, and Jane insisted that before her spare cash was spent on such a frivolous thing as getting married, she must be sure that it was not wanted to enable her mistresses to subscribe to the fund as become the daughters of Thomas Branscombe. For Jane, be it said, was as jealous for the honour of her old master as his daughters. She was, moreover, a Methodist of the Methodists, and had, upon the first announcement of the fund, decided that it was her duty to give at least five pounds to so glorious an object.

This idea, however, she now abandoned, and whilst she consented to try and persuade her mistresses not to think of subscribing, and had agreed that John should use his powers of persuasion in the same direction, she knew but too well that the dear old souls she worshipped would insist upon taking their part in the great movement, and, therefore, the money needed for the approaching wedding, would all be required for the old ladies' subscription. And, even if the sisters themselves could be talked over, she still felt that their names ought to be on the Roll, and that it was her d[redacted]et them on, even if she had to do it unl them, and pay the subscript self.

Next morning, therefore, his best to convince the la nobody thereabouts cared for the fund, and that it useless to hold a meeting ir lage for the purpose. Hr by Miss Hannah's manner spectfully argued with her, suggested that she should wr super advising him not to holding a meeting in P Jane, however, when he told he had said in the parlour, w than skeptical, and insisted o a leader, writing to the supe

A post or two later, howe ply came to say that the me fixed for the following Thursd and that Pumphrey surely w be behind other places. John to Pear Tree Cottage to tell as soon as he got the letter entering the kitchen, he w rupted in his story by the information that Miss Susan taken ill in the night, and hasten away for the doctor.

The Thursday night came, super, alarmed and disapp not seeing "The Ladies" at ing, discovered, on inquiry, Susan was confined to her r that the doctor's report wa couraging. The good mar fore, came round on his w and Miss Hannah came down sick-room to speak to him.

Her report of the conditic patient was so discouraging, herself looked so sad, that pastor forgot all about the and was just saying good-ni Miss Hannah said: "I was missed the meeting, but" (v tation and embarrassme course, we shall send our tion."

"Send it? But you did Miss Branscombe."

"No! but we will do so; all right, Mr. Makinson."

"But you did send it, ex and a very nice one it is. it is," and the minister pull small roll of papers, and s top one out upon the table.

Miss Hannah, with a puz bent over the good man's and read, whilst tears came sad eyes as she recogn clumsy writing:

	£	s.	d.
Thomas Branscombe, Esq. (In Memoriam)	5	5	0
Miss Susannah Wesley Branscombe	5	5	0
Miss Hannah More Branscombe	5	5	0
Jane Twizel	1	1	0

Miss Hannah turned away with a choking sob, and the super, embarrassed and perplexed, took a hasty departure.

In the small hours of the next morning, as Miss Hannah sat musing by the sick-room fire, a gentle voice called her to the bedside.

"What is it, love?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Hannah, love, isn't God good? I said He would find a way, and He has done—better than we can ask or think."

"Yes, love! of course, love; but what do you mean?"

"The fund, you know, the great fund; we shall do it, you see, after all. Oh, isn't He good?"

"Yes, love, of course."

But Miss Hannah's voice showed that she did not quite understand, and so, with a bright smile, the gentle sufferer explained faintly: "The insurance, you know; it is for whichever of us dies first."

"Dies?" cried Miss Hannah, in sudden distress; "you are not dying, love. Oh, no! You mustn't leave me alone."

But the sufferer evidently did not hear.

Presently she murmured almost inaudibly: "There will be plenty of money for you now, love, and the Branscombes will have an honourable place on the roll, and whilst the money will be making the world sweeter and better, we shall be at rest."

Two days later the gentle soul slipped away, and was laid by her father's side in the Hanster chapel-yard, and shortly after the Million Scheme was enriched by a contribution of a hundred pounds, "In loving memory of a noble father and a sainted sister in heaven."

Poor John Crake is still waiting, though somewhat more hopefully, to be allowed to act as a protection against burglars at Pear Tree Cottage.

IN SHADOWLAND.

I sit alone beside the fire and dream,
And watch the flickering shadows on the wall
Make weird, fantastic shapes, which rise and fall
As flames and sinks the pine log's fitful gleam.

It seems but yesterday we sat here hand in hand.
Though years have passed, I hear her voice so low
Murmuring the lullabies of long ago,
Mother and I, alone in shadowland.

I want her so, I long to hear her say,
"If you are sad, a cry will do you good,"
Then clasp me close. Ah, how she understood
And healed the heartache in her tender way!

Does she not know the longing? need I tell
How I would take from off my brow this crown
Of golden fame, which seems to weigh me down,
If she could kiss the hurt and make it well.

Friends pass me by; they do not understand,
Nor could they give that magic, healing touch
That mothers know, and which we need so much,
And so we weep alone in Shadowland.

—*Annie Grier Callender.*

THE COHESIVE ELEMENTS OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM.

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND.*

On June 22nd, 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated throughout the British Empire. As her Majesty left Buckingham Palace to take part in that magnificent procession which marched through the streets of London to the accompaniment of the frenzied applause of three millions of people, she touched an electric button, and forthwith there went out to every part of the British dominions a message—to glaring, sun-scorched Aden, to the sweet, green slopes of Barbados, to the lands where the Southern Cross hangs right overhead, to the wide waste lands flushed by the Northern Lights—a simple message of greeting, "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

I was in British Guiana at the time, and heard the Governor of the Colony read the Queen's message in a public place to a large crowd of colonists.

Now, the point is this: Why should that crowd of negroes, coolies, Portuguese, and half-breeds have given itself up to the most enthusiastic expressions of delight? Why should there have been such a throwing up of caps, such a cheering and hurrahing, such a lusty singing of the national anthem? Why, later in the day, should many thousands of people in that little out-of-the-way colony close under the Line have gathered in and around the cathedral to offer up their heart-felt thanks to God that a monarch whom they had never seen should have been spared to rule for sixty years in an island whose shores they had never visited? Why should the crowd which gathered round the Queen's statue that afternoon to hear the school-children sing "God Save the Queen" have been moved with one accord to join their voices to the childish anthem, until the song became a chorus, the chorus a joyful tumult? Why, when the swift tropical night had fallen, could I look out across the land and see glowing everywhere amidst the palms and the bread-fruit trees, shining from the thickets of oleanders and hibiscus, in every house and hut, a lantern, or at least a candle, alight by way of rejoicing?

Why? The answer would fill volumes; it would be a history of British colonization. But, apart from matters of sentiment or emotion, there are so many things to be accounted for in the British colonies that there should be some interest even in a most brief and inadequate survey of the cohesive factors of British imperialism. For instance, I might continue my questionings in another direction, thus: Why do we find in the annals of the negro colonies of Great Britain no record of outrages on white women? Why is the page unstained by the story of a lynching? Why do we find a mulatto occupying the high office of Chief Justice in a British colony having a population of twenty thousand whites? Why do we see the negro freely permitted to cast his vote in a British colony in which he forms a majority of the electorate? Why is the majority of the legislature in such a colony composed of coloured men, the white population quietly acquiescing in the arrangement?

The statements implied in the foregoing questions indicate the existence of strong elements of cohesion in the British Empire. What are those elements? To deal only with the more obvious ones, it seems to me that we must claim predominance for four distinct factors—the high sense of personal loyalty to the sovereign, the absolute incorruptibility of British justice, the swift and strong executive power behind the colonial administrators, and the universal honesty and almost universal efficiency of the British Colonial Civil Service.

As regards the first, it is impossible for any one who has not lived in the British colonies to realize what a mighty force

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*[We have pleasure in presenting this stirring paper, abridged from the New York *Outlook* for December 30th, 1899, with the following note by the Editor of that periodical.—EDITOR METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.]

Mr. Ireland is a native of Manchester, England. His father was Alexander Ireland, the proprietor of the Manchester *Examiner and Times*, and the friend and biographer of Ralph Waldo Emerson. His mother was the author of the "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle." He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, and subsequently studied at Berlin University. During the past twelve years Mr. Ireland has spent most of his time in the British Colonies. He lived for three years in Australia, and later spent seven years in the West Indies and in South America. Mr. Ireland has recently published a volume on "Tropical Colonization," and has in the press a volume on "The Anglo-Boer Conflict."

this loyalty is. I have seen a man almost torn to pieces for refusing to drink the Queen's health at a banquet in Melbourne; I have seen a drunken French sailor in St. Lucia soundly thrashed by a negro porter for spitting on a picture of the Queen in an illustrated paper. One must understand that there exists throughout the British colonies that sentiment which in these days is driving London wild over the abominable and vile attacks made on the Queen by the French "yellow press." It is in neglecting to count in this element of personal devotion to the sovereign throughout the colonies that Continental Europe falls into an absurd error when it congratulates itself on the smallness of the British army.

It may be said that the feeling is ridiculous, that it is incapable of bearing a logical examination. What if the Queen dies? What if we get a sovereign who is unworthy of the throne? Why should all these millions have any such feelings for a woman whom they have never seen? Such questions are idle. We may not be able to explain this loyalty on any scientific theory; but there is the fact. That the Queen must some day die we English realize with sad hearts. I, for one, am proud to be able to say that I know no Englishman who would not cheerfully lay down his life that hers might be spared a while longer. But after her death we shall be bound together as closely by our common grief as during her life by our common love.

I have placed loyalty to the Queen first among the cohesive elements of British imperialism because the other factors which I have named are intimately associated with her reign, and are to a large extent the product of her influence.

Of the incorruptibility of British justice in England there is, I believe, a very general recognition. That the same quality marks British justice in the colonies, and more particularly that it is a characteristic of its administration in those colonies where the inhabitants belong to the inferior races, is not, I think, so universally appreciated. An instance which is instructive occurred last year in one of the West Indian islands. The Administrator of the island, the highest resident official, a man who had been in the British service for many years, committed a violent assault upon a negro. The negro sued the Administrator before a magistrate, and obtained a conviction against him. There was no attempt to hush the matter up, and the Administrator stood convicted before the whole community. The outcome was that the official was dismissed from the colonial service.

I could quote a score of cases which passed under my notice in which common negro or coolie labourers have secured verdicts against some of the most prominent white men in their communities.

At any rate, here is a great cohesive element—the absolute conviction in the minds of the masses that under British rule the highest official, the most powerful civilian, holds no advantage under the law over the meanest peasant or the poorest labourer.

To one acquainted with the judicial system in the British tropical colonies it is not surprising that this confidence should prevail.

All judicial appointments are made by the Crown, and only those men who have undergone a legal training and have been called to the Bar in one of the Inns of Court in London are eligible. But if a man possesses this qualification, no consideration of colour or creed is allowed to weigh for or against him. Several instances are within my knowledge of negroes in humble positions in the British West Indies who have saved up their earnings in order to send a son to England to study for the Bar, and have lived to see such a son appointed to a magistracy.

All appointments to the judiciary in the British colonies are for life or during good behaviour; and although it is most unusual for any judicial officer to so conduct himself as to merit dismissal, such cases have occurred on rare occasions and the officer has been promptly dismissed from the service. A case occurs to my mind in which the Chief Justice of British Guiana, some time during the seventies, was dismissed from his office after a Government Commission had inquired into certain charges made against him by the colonists. The circumstance has a double interest, in that the dismissal followed the recommendation of a Commission composed of fellow-officials of the Chief Justice.

No judge or magistrate in the British colonies is allowed to engage in any occupation of any kind outside the exercise of his judicial functions, and the title "judge" belongs only to those officials who are actually in active service on the bench. If the result is that we appear somewhat scantily supplied with "judges," the custom has obvious advantages by way of compensation.

The salaries of the judges are high, and place them entirely beyond the necessity of possessing private means. For in-

stance, the Chief Justice of British Guiana, a colony with a population of 280,000, receives a salary of $10,000, and the puisne judges receive $7,500 each.

An excellent rule is observed in the appointment of colonial judges, namely, that connection with a colony by birth, family ties, or otherwise, disqualifies a man for appointment in that particular colony. This rule, it may be added, applies only to the higher fiscal appointments.

The strength of the executive power vested in the local authorities thoughout the British colonies has served to mould the character of the lower races under British rule. Absolute freedom of speech is allowed in all the British colonies. You may convene public meetings for the purpose of calling the Governor an ass and a popinjay; you may write columns in the newspapers advocating all sorts of violence (except in India, where the circumstances are peculiar). The authorities will look on and smile indulgently. But start a riot, commit violence, destroy property, and, hey, presto! the line is crossed, and down comes the strong hand. And it is to be noted—*first*, the violence is stopped; *then*, when all is quiet again, the inquiry takes place, the blame is fixed, and the civil law takes its course. It took England many, many years to learn this first simple lesson in the psychology of control; and volumes might be written containing nothing but the record of those unhappy experiences through which this wisdom was attained. Now the character of the people is being moulded under the continued pressure of the consistent policy of "Talk all you will, but no violence." As the children in our tropical colonies grow to manhood and pass on to old age, they are unable to find precedents which justify a hope that violence may go unpunished or that crime may go undetected. And when they observe that it is not only the black man who is held back from violence, but that the white man also must stay his hand in fear of the consequences, the strong confidence in the righteousness of British rule is borne in upon the natives, and we have another cohesive element in our empire.

Before passing to the British Colonial Civil Service, I may digress for a moment in order to point out the wisdom of England in adopting several different forms of government in her Empire. It is true that this policy affords the world the curious spectacle of such widely diverse systems as the democratic rule in the United Kingdom and the autocratic Crown Colony government existing under one flag; but it is in facing the fact that democratic institutions are not suited for all men, instead of trying to fit the facts to a preconceived theory to the contrary, that England has shown her good sense.

Thus we find all the British colonies in which the population is of English stock enjoying complete self-government. In these colonies the Crown has no power to levy taxes or to decide in what manner the revenue must be expended. The legislature is elected by the people, and the only appointment within the gift of the Crown is the Governorship. It is interesting to note that all the British colonies enjoying complete self-government lie outside the tropics.

The colonies within the tropics are governed under one or another of two systems—the Crown Colony system, or the system under which there exist representative institutions without responsible government.

The former system places the affairs of the colony in the hands of trained officials who are under the immediate control of the Colonial Office, and it possesses this advantage, that the administrators are free from local prejudice and are unhampered by the constant antagonism of local elected assemblies.

The latter system is more liberal in spirit, for it enables the people of the colony to voice their sentiments through their representatives in the local legislatures, and places in the hands of the popular body the raising of taxes and the granting of the civil list.

In the tropical colonies enjoying representative institutions voters are required to have a property qualification; but no distinction of race or colour is made, and in several of these colonies the majority of the electorate consists of coloured men. As the coloured man has his vote in fact as well as on paper, it is not unusual to see a majority of the elected members of a local legislature coloured men.

But the colonial system of Great Britain would be a miserable failure, despite the good intentions of the Home Government, were it not that the administrative work is in the hands of honest and capable men.

The honesty of the civil servants in Greater Britain is attested by the fact that during the past twenty years there have not been brought to light a dozen cases of official corruption in the higher branches of the service, which administers the affairs of about 400,000,000 people. Although the efficiency of the service is of a high order, I do not think it is equal

to its honesty; but the system is worked in the manner best calculated to secure men of ability, and the course of training insures the development of the best powers that lie in a man.

A youth enters the service in some humble capacity, and is moved about freely from one part of the Empire to another. By the time he reaches a post of responsibility he has accumulated an amount of experience in administrative work which enables him to face his duties with a wholesome conviction that he can honourably acquit himself. He has his life's work before him. He knows that promotion lies in his own hands, that when the Colonial Office is considering his advancement it will not ask, What is this man's colour? What are his politics? but simply, What is this man's working record?

The service offers high salaries, permanence of appointment, liberal provisions for leave, a pension or provision for widows and orphans, and unlimited scope for the realization of all reasonable ambitions. This being so, it is easy to understand that men of a high type are eager to enter the examinations for Civil Service appointments, and that consequently the Government has a wide range of selection.

The *morale* of the service is high, for, in addition to the ordinary motives which guide gentlemen in their actions, the conviction is present in the mind of each member that, if he so conduct himself as to bring discredit on the honourable service to which he belongs, no influence will save him from dismissal. One of the strongest cohesive factors in the British Empire is the belief which exists among all classes that, whatever may be the mistakes of policy, whatever the blunders of local officials, the money paid for the expenses of government is expended for the public good, and does not go into the pockets of the rulers.

The spirit which animates the Colonial Service of Great Britain is that of a true realization of the beauty and excellence of honest work, of satisfaction in obstacles overcome, of joy in the accomplished thing.

Were the guiding Genius of British Imperialism to address the youth setting out on his career as a colonial servant, we may imagine her saying: "Go to the man with whom you have to deal, learn his language, study his habits, enter into his life, understand his superstitions, rejoice with him, mourn with him, heal his sick, respect his dead, stand by his side in work and in play, in health and in sickness. And as time passes your work will become a tradition, a tradition by which the natives will measure every new man and by which every new man will measure his work. And when you have taught the natives that you are not with him to make money out of him, to wean him from his gods, to oppress him and ill-use him, and when he has taught you to understand the strange workings of his heart, to sympathize with the ever-present conflict within him of strong emotions and a weak will, you will reap that reward which cannot be measured by any standard—the knowledge that as a man you have gone out into the waste places of the earth and done man's work."

After this article had gone to the printer news arrived of serious reverses to British arms in South Africa. The British Empire is on trial before the whole world, and we see all the British colonies eager to afford assistance to the mother country in the time of her need. The question which is being settled is whether England is powerful enough to protect her subjects throughout the world, whether there is or is not any significance to the expression, "Civis Britannicus sum." My own feeling is that England has never been called on to face a situation so full of dangerous possibilities, and that now is the time when the moral fibre of the British Empire is to be put to the test. It will be seen whether the cohesive elements of British Imperialism are powerful enough to preserve the unity of the Empire in such a crisis as this, when almost the whole of Europe is rejoicing over the temporary failure of British military power, when the foe she is fighting is encouraged and assisted by the presence and advice of European military experts. For my part, I have no fear as to the ultimate issue of the present conflict. Despite the hostility of Europe, nay, even should that hostility take the form of intervention, the day has not come when the magnificent edifice of British Imperialism, with all that it means for humanity, civilization, and progress, is to clatter to the ground like a house of cards.

The fire i' the flint shows not till it be struck. . . .
Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.—*Shakespeare.*

THE BIBLE UNDER HIGHER CRITICISM.

This is emphatically a book for the times. It treats topics of intense current interest—topics of which every one speaks, but about which many have only an imperfect knowledge. The very name, "Higher Criticism," is thought by many to express a sort of superior authority over the views which have until recently been almost universally held with regard to the Scriptures. It is assumed that a special scholarship in the Oriental languages and recent discoveries in archæology have thrown a great deal of new light upon the subject of the sources from which the Bible is derived. Dr. Dewart, in this book, freely admits the service rendered to the Bible by profound scholarship. The results of this have been brought within the reach of the wayfaring man by the most eminent biblical scholars in the world in the Revised Version of the Old and New Testament. He shows, too, that the discoveries of Oriental archæology, the deciphering of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, and of the cuneiform literature of Nineveh and Babylon give amplest evidence of the copious and learned literature at a period long before Moses, when many of the higher critics assert the art of writing was unknown.

This is a book for plain men, who know no language but their own. It shows that biblical scholars, equally learned with the higher critics, refuse to accept their negative theories. The book is written with all the old-time strength and clearness of one of the ablest thinkers on biblical topics in the Dominion of Canada. It is the result of many years of study on these important problems. Dr. Dewart is not a man who lags behind the times in which we live. He writes with a full knowledge of the most advanced biblical criticism. This book is the result of the ripened wisdom of its author.

Dr. Dewart says: "I have not written this volume with any thought of opposing the free criticism of the Bible; but with a humble hope that, in spite of my imperfect treatment of the subject, the facts and arguments submitted, and especially the judgments of eminent conservative scholars, may be the means of pre unprejudiced readers from accept verified theories about the Old Tes which tend to weaken and und faith in the truth and divine au of the Holy Scriptures."

The following is a partial *résum* scope of this volume, abridged f last chapter.

"The relation of these critical t about the Old Testament, to the ir authority and divine character of t Jesus Christ is a matter the most in its consequences. If the conce the Old Testament set forth in th ing of our Lord and His apos thrust aside as erroneous, to ma for the modern development theo impossible to see how the divine au of the New Testament can be cons maintained. In the opinion of competent judges, the way in wh higher critics try to solve Old Tes difficulties creates greater difficulti those they remove, and requires ceptance of more unreasonable than those they reject.

"It will hardly be denied th has been shown, respecting the q able methods and contradictory ences of leading higher critics, giv reasons to distrust writers whose r of proof are so utterly unscientific

"If redactors and later writers and added to the documents at w can our copies of the Scriptures condition that would justify critics in being so confident as were the original sources?

"The late dates, assigned b critics to a large portion of the O tament, assumes that the period of greatest national prominence was a period, that left comparatively no or religious record; and that th of national decline and ensla while their temple and city lay i was the time of literary and r fruitfulness.

"Moses, David and Isaiah ha enthroned in history and in the t of men, mainly on the ground being the authors of certain sacr ings; but we are asked by the critics to believe, without a pa historic evidence, that these l were not the authors of the wr which they owe their undying In other words, such a Moses an

* "The Bible Under Higher Criticism." A Review of Current Evolution Theories about the Old Testament. By the Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huest's. Price, $1.00.

David and Isaiah as the Old Testament assumes and the Church has believed in, in all ages, must be denied an historic existence, because the theory of Wellhausen and his followers requires the rejection of the historic belief respecting the religion and history of Israel.

"If we accept Canon Cheyne's theory of the Psalms being all of late dates, we must believe that, although David is enshrined in history and tradition as a poet and psalmist, he has left us no poems or psalms. Or, as one has expressed it, 'that the poems David wrote are lost, and that poems not his and not like his, differing essentially from his in character and spiritual grasp, have been universally and from very early times ascribed to him.'

"The critics who teach that the Levitical system was concocted and organized at or after the time of the Babylonian Exile, ask us to believe that, after the great prophets had preached a spiritual religion of truth and righteousness, and according to the higher criticism condemned all sacrifices, such godly leaders as Ezekiel and Ezra and their associates invented and finally established, as laws given by God to Moses, an elaborate system of ritual and sacrifices. Well may Professor Streibert say: 'That this work should be foisted upon the people by Ezra and Nehemiah is simply incredible.'

"Everything that brings out the meaning of the Scriptures should be prized and commended; *but we have seen that the chief work of the evolutionary critics consists in dissecting the books, that have been regarded as connected records written by certain Hebrew prophets, and ascribing fragments of them to different imaginary authors, of whom no one has ever heard; but who are assumed to have written at a late period that renders their statements of doubtful historic value.*

"It has been shown that many eminent professors of the Old Testament language and literature, who stand in the front rank of Oriental scholars, repudiate most of the conclusions of the dissecting critics, who build so largely on what they call internal evidence.

"The advantage of the dissection is by no means clear. As a recent writer has said, 'It is altogether unreasonable to suppose that the mere pulling of the Old Testament Scriptures to pieces, and putting them together again, must of necessity add a vast deal to our comprehension of their contents.' (Lias.) Supposing, for argument sake, that all these conjectural theories about authors and redactors were facts, what great benefit could this bestow? It would be a matter of literary interest, no doubt. But, leaving out of sight the fact that these critical guesses merely give 'a local habitation and a name' to such 'airy' beings as E, ^{2}E, J, ^{2}J, J E, D, P, R ^{2}R, ^{3}R, and all the rest of the redactors which the rationalist theories require, it is by no means clear how this assignment of fragmentary 'sources' adds any elements of spiritual or moral power to the Sacred Writings, or how it would tend to make them exert a mightier religious influence in the future than they have done in the past. We have seen that its tendency is to have a very contrary effect.

"Even if we leave out of sight altogether the very questionable kind of evidence, by which the dissections and conjectural sources are supported, there is not a shadow of reason to believe that the 'Polychrome Bible,' with all its rainbow hues, will give men truer conceptions of God's will, be more potent to quicken the conscience, bring richer messages of peace and pardon to the sorrowing and sinful, or be a mightier life-giving power to the children of men, than the undissected old Bible, whose words of life, from age to age, have been the power of God, making multitudes 'wise unto salvation.'"

"HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE."

The aloes grow upon the sand,
The aloes thirst with parching heat.
Year after year they wait and stand
Lonely and calm, and front the beat
Of desert winds, and still a sweet
And subtle voice thrills all their veins:
"Great Patience wins: it still remains,
After a century of pains,
For you to bloom and be complete."

I grow upon a thorny waste,
Hot noontide lies on all the way,
And with its scorching breath makes haste
Each freshening dawn to burn and slay.
Yet patiently I bide and stay,
Knowing the secret of my fate.
The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait,
Come when it will, or soon or late,
A hundred years is but a day.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

The World's Progress.

ENGLAND IN ADVERSITY.

England, I love thee in adversity,
When thou art up and struggling with the Fates,
Then dead as dust are all our old debates,
And every one sees clear and eye to eye.
Like scattered petals dead our pleasures lie,
And we put off from us our careless pride
Follies and luxuries we cast aside
And stand all adamant to do and die.
Round the old Mother fight her sons from far:
Fight for one Empire and one ancient race—
One freedom—of long years our polar star—
One is our duty, one were our disgrace,
And he that fails or falters in the war
Let him not look his Mother in the face

—*The Chronicle.*

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS,

Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in South Africa.

The world does not seem to have made much progress during the last month. Affairs in South Africa seem to be at an *impasse*. There is a feeling, however, that the nation is on the verge of a tremendous crisis. The opposing forces on the Tugela, British and Boer, are like two thunder-clouds gathering electricity for a fearful storm. Many a gallant British head will lie low, many a brave Boer will fire his last shot. It is like the physical paradox, the meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable obstacle. It is a conflict between 17th century absolutism armed with 19th century weapons, and the highest civilization, constitutional liberty and "equal rights for all." However long, however deadly may be the conflict, there can be but one issue. The hands go not back on the dial of time. The world cannot retrace its yesterdays. The 20th century is the dawn of wider liberties, of broader rights of man, of a higher Christian civilization than the oligarchy and despotism and oppression of the Boers.

"Our Bobs."

Lord Roberts, the new commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa, was born at Cawnpore, Sept. 30, 1832. He is a son of Gen. Sir Abraham Roberts. He was educated at Clifton, Eton, Sandhurst and Addiscombe, entered the Bengal artillery in 1851; was at the siege of Delhi and took active part in the subsequent operations down to the relief of Lucknow, winning the Victoria Cross in 1858. In the Afghan war, in 1878, Roberts, now major-general, forced the Afghan position on Peiwar Kotul and was made K.C.B. (1879). On Aug. 9, 1880, Sir Frederick Roberts set out with 10,000 troops on his memorable march through Afghanistan to the relief of Kandahar. Three weeks later he reached it and completely routed Ayub Khan. In 1881, then a baronet, he was appointed commander-in-chief in India. Created Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford in 1892, he became field-marshal and commander-in-chief in Ireland in 1895. He published "The Rise of Wellington" (1895) and "Forty-one Years in India" (1897). The latter was a phenomenal success.

GENERAL LORD PAUL SANFORD METHUEN,

Commander of British Forces for the Relief of Kimberley.

An Heroic Defence.

At the hour of deepest depression the heroic victory of Sir George White and his beleaguered garrison at Ladysmith revived the noblest traditions of British valour and stirred the pulse of patriotic pride throughout the empire. Stormed at with shot and shell, assailed from every side of an ever-narrowing circle, the British drove back at every point the Boers and their mercenary allies, though at a fearful cost of 420 killed and wounded. The Boers have found to their cost that it is a difficult task, even with threefold odds, to force British entrenchments at Ladysmith, Kimberley or Mafeking. The nation must have patience with General Buller and not stampede him into frontal attack on Boer lines studded with artillery and deadly rifles. They should remember how Wellington, with vastly inferior numbers and equipment, kept Massena at bay for half a year at Torres Vedras. The chief cause of the Boers' success is the mobility of their troops. They seem more at home on horseback than on foot. With their shorter lines of internal defence they have vastly the advantage of the infantry on the outside of the ring fence, where on every kopje and behind every boulder the Boers lie concealed.

Misplaced Sympathy.

A good deal of needless sympathy has been wasted on the Boers. They have been described as a tiny republic of simple farmer-folk battling for very existence against an almost all-powerful empire. The Boers are not so simple after all. Mr. J. C. Freund, whose name seems to indicate German origin, editor of the *New York Trade Journal*, says: "President Kruger himself stated, since the war began, that he had been preparing for this for the last twenty years, and that if England wanted the two republics she would have to pay a price that would stagger humanity. It is an open secret that the finest engineering and artillery officers in the French and German armies are with the Boers; that there are at least 20,000 to 30,000 mercenaries of all nationalities fighting for the Boers. This accounts for the size of the Boer armies, their splendid artillery and the engineering skill and consummate generalship they are displaying. Can you not see how the Boers are being used by the nations that hate England, because they are jealous of her supremacy and success? And what better means could these nations take to injure and, if possible, cripple her, than, while avoiding an open rupture, to strike at her over the shoulders of the Boers?"

It is Great Britain that has been forced by Kruger's insolent ultimatum to enter into war unprepared, while negotiating and hoping for peace. By fraud and guile and treachery, by false manifests, even since the war began, vast stores of Krupp and Creusot guns have been smuggled into the Transvaal as mining

GENERAL GATACRE.

machinery and the like. "The boastful statement," says the *Central Christian Advocate*, "that at Pretoria are eight thousand foreigners waiting as a reserve force the coming of the British, is enough to make England anxious lest she be fighting the whole world in South Africa, instead of the two Boer Republics."

The "barbaric yawp" of the venal foreign press is largely explained also by the secret service money wrung from the Uitlanders, and so skilfully applied by Dr. Leyds. Hating each other most cordially,

KAISER PAUL'S RECEPTION.

these foreign journals are for the moment united by a common hatred of Britain. If there be truth in the ancient proverb "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished," a Nemesis certainly awaits the authors of this treacherous conspiracy.

Kaiser Paul.

For such a simple-minded patriarch Paul Kruger assumes a deal of state. His salary is nearly as great as that of the President of the United States, and [redacted] pomp and circumstance with which he surrounds himself vastly greate never moves, even from his bung his office, without a cavalry esco imitates, too, the social functions capitals of Europe, and, althougl never learned some of the social an as, for instance, the use of a h chief, he emulates the social sta least a kaiser or a king.

Nemesis for Wrong.

A deal has been made of the so hysterical appeal clever pro-Boer Olive Schreiner, an sympathy of her Premier of Cape with his Boer k Against this may b the solemn app Mrs. Ellis, sister Schreiner, addresse Christian peoples claiming that this God's vengeance Boers for their i treatment of the races. With eloqu spired by intense tions she writes as

"If ever there w for the Lord of E ever there was a truth and right, for down oppression an for the deliveranc people powerless t themselves, this is t It is not the griev the Uitlanders, thou have been very r have called for jus is not what British have had to suffer nities and wrongs, these have been ous under the recen vaal Administratio not the insult to England's po prestige shown by the refusal to her moderate demands for justi done to her subjects, followed unparalleled act of defiance cont the Transvaal war ultimatum; i these things, however they ma stir the national heart, which c us as Christians to bring the unit of God's people, by the power o ing prayer, to bear upon this war q

"Let no Christian heart th immediate events which have le war are the chief cause why the li of the British Empire is being

out to-day. British soldiers are dying on African soil to-day to put an end to a condition of atrocious wrong, a wrong continued throughout generations, and which apparently nothing but this sacrifice of life could right.

"For over two hundred years the progenitors of the Transvaal Republic and their descendants have crushed, maltreated, and, as far as they had the power to do so, robbed of all rights belonging to them as fellow human beings, the coloured peoples of this land.

"Under Transvaal rule a ceaseless succession of crimes—legislative, social and individual—have been perpetrated upon the helpless natives, both within and beyond the borders of the republic, for whom it has seemed till now there was no possible deliverance. To justice-loving souls who have known of these wrongs it has been like some horrible nightmare that in the nineteenth century, within the limits of a country over part of which waves the British flag, political and social oppression by one race over another was long so grossly practised; to know that on every side individual brutalities were being committed on defenceless victims, and that not by Arab slave drivers or Moslem oppressors, but by a professedly Christian and highly religious people, who, with the Bible in their hands and loud professions of faith in prayers, were practising barbarities, in peace as well as in war, which put to shame the records of what the savages of this land have inflicted, even in war time, upon white races.

"Oh, it has been horrible, beyond words horrible!"

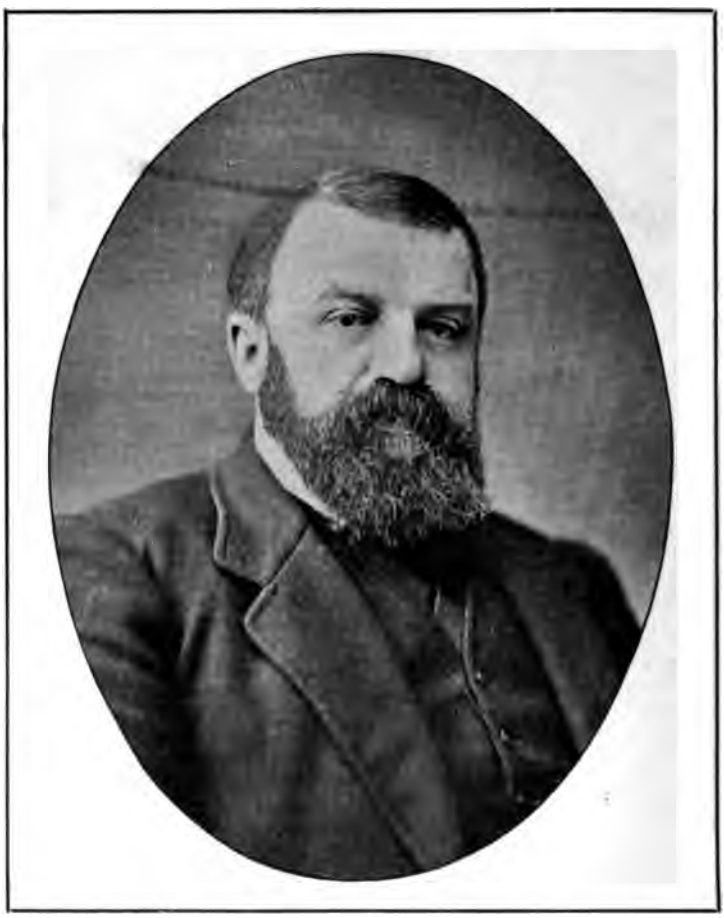
How English Soldiers Make Their Wills.

How does the soldier, killed in battle or fatally wounded, dispose of his property, provided he has any to leave behind him? asks the *Chicago Tribune*. The list of casualties reported regularly from South Africa and the Philippines lends pertinence to the inquiry. Every English soldier has served out to him when he enlists a little volume which contains, among other things, three blank forms of will which he is at liberty to fill out at his leisure. In a majority of cases, however, he pays no attention to this pocket-book and goes into battle with his will still unmade. After he has been hit by a bullet and begins to realize that his chances of getting home are small, the soldier begins to think more carefully of the loved ones left behind him and of the provisions he has made for their comfort. As a result many queer and pathetic wills have been found upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and in every case the wishes of the testator have been respected, and duly carried out. During the Soudan campaign of 1884 the body of one soldier was found on the battlefield of El Teb, who, before death, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet on the inside of his helmet, the words, "All to my wife." When an English army invaded Afghanistan one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when none of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterwards his body was found lying before a tall rock on which he had written in letters of blood: "I want mother to have all." In both cases the war department held the wills to be valid and saw them properly carried out.

Exit Khalifa.

In the meanwhile Britain's civilizing mission goes on in the Soudan. That monster of cruelty, the fanatical Khalifa, has met his just doom. It was significant that it was a little army of Egyptian troops, whom "Sergeant What's-his-name" had drilled into discipline, with only a handful of British officers, that caused the final overthrow of the darkest despotism that ever cursed even Central Africa. Egged on by French and Russian mischief makers, King Menelik of Abyssinia would doubtless like to lay claim to part of the Soudan, but the visit to his capital of Lord Napier of Magdala and the British army, will doubtless make him slow to be a catspaw for the enemies of England.

Religious Intelligence.



THE LATE DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Dwight L. Moody.

The most conspicuous event of the month in the religious world has been the passing of the greatest evangelist of the century, Dwight L. Moody. No man was more familiar to the public of two continents than this great lay preacher. No man of our times so won the love and confidence and loyal service of those with whom he was associated. His record is a striking illustration of the power of God to use the seemingly weak things of this world for grandest purposes. As an uncouth, stammering boy, he was told that he could best serve by keeping silence. But his heart was full of love for souls. He we the highways and by-ways, com the roughs and toughs and tra come to the gospel feast. God be him in the quaint old phrase, ' matter and wisdom." No man ' permitted to address so many m his fellow creatures,—not less, firmed, than a hundred millior or to lead so many into the of God's grace.

What was the secret of this cess? First, his utter and faith. He believed God, a counted to him for righteou asked for the conversion of t

souls, and God answered his
econd, his large and generous
He loved his fellow men
itense, consuming ardour. No
hear him pleading with men to
God, exhorting, warning, en-
em with a brother's tenderness,
ing deeply moved. As in the
e Great Teacher, the common
ard him gladly. Third, his
l common-sense. He was a
arvellous shrewdness, of great
ability, a born leader of men.
ed his evangelistic services as a
ural would a campaign. He
thoroughly organized and his
l dominated the entire move-

it in the schools, he was deeply
God. He was a man of one
e had no questionings as to its
hority. The old, old Gospel,
is still the power of God unto
Yet he was not narrow in his
s. He won the enthusiastic
ich men as Professor Henry
l and Professor Adam Smith,
whose theological position he
y the whole heaven. Yet he
ited their aid and they gladly
loyal support. Uncultured,
es almost uncouth, with strid-
with occasional ungrammatical
ithout the arts of oratory,
orbed the attention of listening
and won the co-operation and
e learned, the gifted and the
Said one of these in London,
glad to be his door-keepers, or
oor-mats."

His Vein of Genius.

as a vein of genius in the man
his winged words like barbed
For instance, speaking of this
rofessor Drummond says, "In
uasiveness Mr. Moody has few
d rugged as his preaching may
me, there is in it a pathos of a
hich few orators have ever
n appealing tenderness which
holly redeems it, but raises it,
lom, almost to sublimity. No
do the faintest justice to this
other most characteristic quali-
public speech, but here is a
taken almost at random: 'I
e when Christ said to the little
nd him, 'Go ye into all the
preach the Gospel,' Peter said,
you really mean that we are to
o Jerusalem and preach the
those men that murdered
es,' said Christ, 'go, hunt up
that man who spat in my face, tell him he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth, if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift.'"

"Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that"—prepared or impromptu, what dramatist could surpass the touch?

It was in the inner circle of his intimate friends and in the privacy of domestic life that his most genial characteristics were shown. He knew the power of sacred song, and attributed his success very largely to the pathos and persuasive power of the singing of his comrade in his holy crusade, Ira D. Sankey. He was one of the most unselfish men. The royalties on the Moody and Sankey hymns would have made him a millionaire, but he absolutely refused to touch a penny from them, devoting the whole to his mission work. The sum of $4,000 was offered to him as a tribute of gratitude for his marvellous work in Glasgow, but he refused to accept it, requesting that it be sent to his friend, Major Whittle, for mission work in Chicago. It was only by stratagem that he was induced to accept the home given himself and his mother at Northfield.

Of late years he devoted much energy to establishing a Bible Institute at Chicago and a Seminary and Training School at Northfield. At these 1,100 students are trained in Christian culture and Christian service. The land and endowment at Chicago exceed in value $250,000; at Northfield the plant consists of 1,200 acres of land and about thirty buildings. For the maintenance of these the annual cost was $125,000. This was largely raised by Mr. Moody's personal efforts. The trustees of these institutions ask for an endowment of $3,000,000 to carry on the great work he has begun.

At Crisis.

Almighty God, our strength and shield,
We bend the hand, we bow the knee,

Before the awful glimpse revealed
Of what our future yet may be.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Afar, across the tropic sea,
Within our grasp an empire lies;
Though all unsunned by liberty,
Its gold-gleams daze our startled eyes;
The wish for power, gain, glory—all
New-roused within—our souls appal.

Let thoughts and deeds more solemn grow,
And eyes begin to question eyes;
Teach thou bewildered minds to know
Wherein the course of wisdom lies.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide;
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Let vaunt and boast and triumph cease,
The war-won glories fade away;
Now come the harder strifes of peace—
It is the time for men to pray.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

—*Francis Whitmarsh.*

The accompanying verses, though written with reference to the new Imperialism of the United States, are no less appropriate for the Motherland in this time of stress and strain. There is a difference of opinion as to how God's judgments are to be interpreted or understood. There can be no difference of opinion, however, as to the duty of earnest prayer to Almighty God, the confession of sin, and an earnest consecration to nobler living, personal and national. Our good Queen, in harmony with the pious instincts of her soul, calls for a day of humiliation and prayer. The bishops of the National Church repeat the appeal. Dr. Fairbairn, perhaps the leading voice of the Nonconformist conscience, joins in the appeal. The President of the Wesleyan Conference adds his authority. The ex-President, Hugh Price Hughes, affirms that it is not a day for humiliation, but of glad thanksgiving for the outburst of love and loyalty throughout the empire. "If God be chastening us," he says, "it is because Great Britain did not go to war for the succour of the Armenians three years ago." This, it seems to us, is being wise above what is written. We do not claim for Britain immunity from mistake and even from wrong. It is a time to humble ourselves beneath the mighty hand of God, to ask his pardon for our national sins and offences, to supplicate his guidance and his grace. No more appropriate prayer for the present hour can we find than the closing words of Kipling's "Recessional":

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord. Amen."

A Methodist Chaplain Appointed.

We are glad that a Methodist chaplain, the Rev. W. G. Lane, of Parrsboro', N.S., is to accompany the second Canadian contingent to the seat of war. Mr. Lane, says the *Guardian*, has already had experience in the army, having been chaplain of the British garrison at St. Lucia. Of his qualifications for the work, the president of the Nova Scotia Conference, Rev. Eben E. England, in sending on his application to the General Superintendent, wrote: "He is specially qualified in every respect—strong, physically—acquainted with military ways and life—and one who is popular with men—ready and can adapt himself to every

REV. W. G. LANE.

kind of work." The following quotation, from a letter to Dr. Carman from Mr. Lane, reveals the spirit in which the Methodist chaplain approaches his work: "I feel keenly that the Methodist Church in this Dominion ought not to lack in loyalty to the Queen, and, also, it ought to look after the spiritual interests of many of our members who are risking much in volunteering at this crisis. We must range up not only alongside, but ahead of other Churches in our duty to God and our country." Ten Methodist ministers volunteered as chaplains. No class in the community are more loyal to Queen and country than the people called Methodists.

The "Pious" Boers.

There are doubtless many who go forth for the succour of their country in this time of trial in the spirit of the old Ironsides and Covenanters. There are in the British army 25,000 declared Methodists, and many thousands more as God-fearing as they. There are doubtless those, like the gallant Colonel Hutchinson, who pray, "O God, though I forget Thee in the hour of conflict, do not Thou forget me." But there are also those who rush like the unthinking horse into the battle. The chanting of the jingo songs of the music-hall is not the evidence of the highest patriotism. The conquering legions of the Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, sang as their marching song, "A mighty fortress is our God." The British soldier is not one to make broad his phylacteries, or to pray standing at the corner of the street. But, we doubt not, many an earnest prayer goes up to the God of battles as these brave men march bravely to their doom. We do not think that all the piety is monopolized by the Boers. Many of them, we have no doubt, are God-fearing men, many others are coarse and treacherous, and their record as a race is one of oppression, cruelty and wrong to the native races.

Progress of the Churches.

It has been affirmed that the Christian Churches in the United States are losing ground. The *Independent* investigates the case, with the following results: The census of 1890 gave a total population of 62,622,250, a gain in the decade of about 12,000,000. The present population is estimated at 70,000,000, a gain of 8,000,000, or thirteen per cent. The church membership of 1890 was 20,612,806, the present membership is 27,710,004, a gain of over 7,000,000, or thirty-four per cent. That is, the church membership has increased more than two and a half times as fast as the population. The givings of the decade exhibit also a very remarkable increase.

Dr. Hartzell, the Methodist Episcopalian Bishop of Africa, is loud in his praises of Cecil Rhodes. He has received generous co-operation and aid in his mission work. When a town was removed six miles to a railway junction, Rhodes gave the Bishop the whole town site, embracing a group of buildings and several thousand acres of land worth $100,000.

In an article on Bishop Thoburn's appeal for a forward movement in revival and missions, the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "Methodism is equal to the task he would have it undertake. Multitudes of pastors and hosts of men and women in our pews, and a great body of eager young people in the League, would rejoice to follow apt leaders in such a campaign. A movement like this would fitly mark the departure of the nineteenth century and the inauguration of the twentieth. It would afford instant scope and opportunity for those who in great numbers in our churches are inactive because no one has indicated to them a sphere in which they can be useful. Under its impetus and inspiration the whole denomination would be lifted to a higher plane of living, would be 'roused to a new life, inspired with a new spirit, filled with new courage, and led forward to assured victory.'"

Noah Phelps.

Thousands of summer visitors to Grimsby Park will hear with profound regret that they shall no more see the figure of good Noah Phelps on the platform. For over thirty years he has been identified with the old camp-ground, and for over half a century was one of the prominent figures in business and religious circles in the Niagara Peninsula. He was a veteran local preacher, a stalwart temperance pioneer, a man mighty in prayer, a man of great executive ability. His long and busy life was devoted to the glory of God and the higher interest of his fellow men.

Dr. Crowle.

The last time we saw Dr. Crowle, of Markham, was at the General Conference of 1898. Though long an invalid, he bore his weight of years with fortitude and maintained his intense interest in the Church to which he had devoted the energies of a long life. As a high-school master successive generations of Canadian youth passed under his formative influence, not a few of whom reached important positions in the Church and in the State. Dr. Crowle was in his eighty-first year when he entered into rest. Dr. Robert Hall, racked with pain and worn with toil, used to say that he was greatly in need of the resurrection. So also, for similar reasons, was our venerable brother. Thank God for the prospect of the immortal youth, the unwearying energy of the soul in the Father's house on high.

Book Notices.

The Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario, 1792-1899. By D. B. READ, Q.C., author of "The Life of Governor Simcoe," "The Lives of the Judges," "The Life and Times of Sir Isaac Brock," "The Rebellion of 1837," etc. With 22 full-page portraits by J. E. LAUGHLIN. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, 1900. 8vo, pp. 257. Price, $2.00.

Mr. Read has rendered important service to the history of his native Province by this volume. From the time of Plutarch the most interesting and instructive mode of teaching history has been by recounting the lives of the world's great men. This gives a human and personal interest to the narrative that the more formal annals of history do not possess. Mr. Read was personally acquainted with a large number of the Lieutenant-Governors whose characters he here sketches. This lends additional value to this volume.

In reviewing this book one cannot but be impressed with the fact that Britain gave of her best for the founding, defence, and development of this Province. They were men of mark, were those makers of early Canada—men of wide culture and large experience; men from Eton and Oxford; men of old historic families; men of wide military experience; men who had won name and fame in Britain's wars in the Low Countries, in Egypt and Italy, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo, and in other hard-fought campaigns; men who had experience with civil government in Honduras, Bombay, in the British Cabinet; and more recently, men who were born and bred in Canada, who had built their lives into its social and political fabric.

It is a record, on the whole, of which, notwithstanding the tactical mistakes of Sir Francis Bond Head, we may all be proud. It is a bead-roll of high-minded, honourable men, whose story is here given. A feature of unique interest is the twenty-two portraits, many of them from rare sources, with which the book is embellished. One of immediate interest is that of the sturdy Britisher, our present Lieutenant-Governor, who has been Premier of a British Province longer than any other man, and to whom this volume is gracefully dedicated.

Builders of Nova Scotia. An H: Review. With an appendix co copies of rare documents relatin early days of the Province. JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., Lit.D. (Laval). Au "The Story of Canada" (1 Series), "Cape Creton and its ials of the French Regime," Canada is Governed," etc. W merous portraits and other illust Royal octavo, cloth, pp. x- with a special design by the C artist, J. W. L. FORSTER, A. Price, $1.50.

In this handsome volume Si Bourinot renders another import vice to his native country. Sir previous large quarto volume o Breton is an admirable and autho monograph on that historic island "Parliamentary Procedure and ment in Canada," a large and cost of nearly a thousand pages, has rea second edition, a cogent proof of its value. "The Builders of Nova comprises the results of the stud investigations of years. It pays ous tribute to those men who lai and deep the foundations of Briti tutions in that Province. It rec heroism and fidelity of the United Loyalists, who for love of the under which they were born le homes in the revolted colonies faithful northern Province. It with appreciation the establishme great Churches which gave the s and safeguards of religion to the institutions of the country. It many genial reminiscences of Nova Scotians for over forty year

It is remarkable how many m nent as statesmen, as divines, as as soldiers, Nova Scotia has pr We have here graphic sketches, cases accompanied by portraits, J. Uniacke, Judge Haliburton, Sir Cunard, Sir William Young, Ho Marshall, Sir A. G. Archibald Joseph Howe, Sir Charles Tup John Thompson, Sir W. F. Wil Kars, Sir J. E. W. Inglis of L Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal Gran Schurman, Chancellor Wallace, Welton, ex-Chancellor Rand, and

Few nobler episodes are recorded in history than that of the exile from the revolted provinces of the United Empire Loyalists. "We may fairly estimate," says Sir John Bourinot, "that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women and children were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world." Of this number between thirty and forty thousand people came to the Provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The British Parliament voted them an allowance of nearly sixteen million dollars, besides considerable annuities, land grants and the like. The following verses on the U. E. Loyalists, by Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley, now a resident of British Columbia, are quoted by Sir John Bourinot, from *Longman's Magazine* for June, 1897:

"They left the homes of their fathers, by sorrow and love made sweet;
Halls that had rung a hundred years to the tread of their people's feet;
The farms they had carved from the forest where the maples and pine-trees meet.

"He left his years of manhood, he left his place of pride;
And she, she left the little room where her first baby died.
Ah, God, how each familiar thing to that fond mother cried.

"The rebels held our homesteads; 'Ours' laid them down in the moss.
The world was loud with their triumph; the woods were dumb with our loss.
They sat on the throne as victors; the throne of our love was a cross.

"'Mid slow, soft-footed things that creep at the edge of the eve and dawn,
The women went with their young ones, as a doe goes by with her fawn,
While the men they loved went on before, guns ready and sabres drawn.

"They passed down the silent rivers which flow to the mighty lake;
They left what they'd made for England (but those who have made can make),
And founded a new Dominion for God and their country's sake."

In the story of the Churches a generous tribute is paid to that in which the readers of this magazine are specially interested. A portrait and sketch of Bishop Black, the heroic Methodist pioneer, also of Dr. Matthew Richey, whose son became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, are given. Fifty-two illustrations, embracing portraits, views, many of them reproductions of rare prints, enhance the value of the volume. Several appendices present important historical documents.

We hope that this book will be widely read far beyond the boundaries of Nova Scotia. As Sir John Bourinot well remarks: "Canada can never be a nation until the peoples, who live either by the sea, or in the valley of the Saint Lawrence, or by the great lakes, or on the western prairies, or on the Pacific slope, take a common interest and pride in each other's history and in the achievements of the men who reflect lustre on the respective provinces that make up the federation to the north of the ambitious American Republic."

The Paraclete. A series of Discourses on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. By WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C. Professor of Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto. The Slocum Lectures, 1899, delivered at the University of Michigan. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited.

Professor Clark's latest volume is on the most important subject that can engage the human mind. The age in which we live is most emphatically the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Yet not all Christians realize as they should the privilege they enjoy, the obligation under which they rest. In this volume both of these are clearly and cogently set forth. The exposition of the various Scriptures on this solemn subject is lucid and luminous. The author demonstrates the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit. He is set forth as the Promise of the Father, the Creator and Teacher of the Church, the Author and Source of Spiritual Life, the Advocate, Intercessor and Comforter of the individual Christian, and the Inner Witness of his acceptance with God.

No Methodist writer could be more clear and explicit on the subject of the Witness of the Spirit, the doctrine so strongly emphasized by John Wesley, than the author of this treatise. This witness is not the privilege of a few favoured saints. "The apostles had no privileges which are not equally provided for all Christians, and there is no reason why every faithful disciple of Jesus Christ should not have the inward experience of Peter and of Paul." This is a personal witness to a present relationship, not to any past or future condition, but to one now existing. The sense of adoption, of sonship, enables the renewed soul to cry "Abba, Father" and to rejoice

in God's mercy, his grace, in all that is his.

But there must be corroborative evidence of this inner witness to convince the world. If the Holy Spirit dwell in the soul, then shall a man bring forth the fruits of the Spirit and the graces of the Christian character. The Divine Paraclete is the Spirit of truth, of love, of sacrifice, of holiness. "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." If He dwells within, the spirit of love, of sacrifice, and of heavenly-mindedness should be manifest to all—"the mind which weighs the things of earth in the scales of heaven, regarding wealth, and position, and power as gifts of God, to be used for the fulfilment of his gracious purposes, and not for enjoyment, or ease, or vainglory. It is a mind which views men, and the world, and all things as in the light of God, and lives continually as in His Presence." Professor Clark's notes on the Gift of Tongues and the Sin against the Holy Ghost are eminently judicious and convincing. The whole treatise is one whose lucid English makes it an intellectual pleasure to read, and whose practical teachings cannot fail to bring spiritual profit.

Village Life in China. A Study in Sociology. By ARTHUR H. SMITH, D.D., author of "Chinese Characteristics." With illustrations. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $2.00.

The Methodist people of Canada are much interested in everything that pertains to the people of China. Two thousand miles up the Yang-tse River, about as far as from Halifax to Winnipeg, but by a vastly more difficult road, is our Canadian Mission, where the agents of both the General and the Woman's Missionary Society are doing noble work. Dr. Smith's volume gives an insight into Chinese life such as we have not seen in any other. It is written from the sympathetic point of view of one who, as the author remarks, "has come to feel a profound respect for the numerous admirable qualities of the Chinese, and to entertain for many of them a high personal esteem. An unexampled past," he adds, "lies behind this great race, and before it there may lie a wonderful future. China was never so much in the world's thought as to-day, nor is there any apparent likelihood that the position of this empire will be less conspicuous at the opening of the twentieth century. Whatever helps to a better understanding of the Chinese people, is an aid to a comprehension of the Chinese problem."

This book removes many erroneous impressions. We had the idea that a very large proportion of the people lived in the great cities; this, it seems, is incorrect. They live mostly in villages. The country is, of course, densely peopled, being from about the average of Belgium, 1,534 persons to the square mile, to over 2,000 to the square mile, not in cities, but in rural villages. This book is an endeavour to answer the questions, What are these incomputable millions of people thinking about? What is the quality of the life which they live? What is its content and its scope?

In a series of fascinating chapters our author discusses the village life, country roads, which are very wretched means of communication, and the village ferries, which are even worse. The village wells, shops, schools, temples, markets and fairs, theatres, weddings and funerals, and the like, are fully described. The family life forms the subject of a special section. Its monotony, vacuity, its unstable equilibrium, are set forth. One of the most important chapters is that on the regeneration of the Chinese village. In answer to the question, What can Christianity do for China? the author says, "It can call into existence a sympathy between parents and children, hitherto unknown, one of the greatest needs of the Chinese home. It will revolutionize the system of education. It will purify and sweeten the Chinese home, now always and everywhere liable to devastating hurricanes of passion, and too often filled with evil-speaking, bitterness and wrath. It will sanctify childhood, ennoble motherhood, dignify manhood, and purify every social condition."

No matter what the object of life,
Small work or large,—the making thrive a shop,
Or seeing that an empire take no harm,—
There are known fruits to judge obedience by.
—*Browning.*

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SIR J. W. DAWSON.

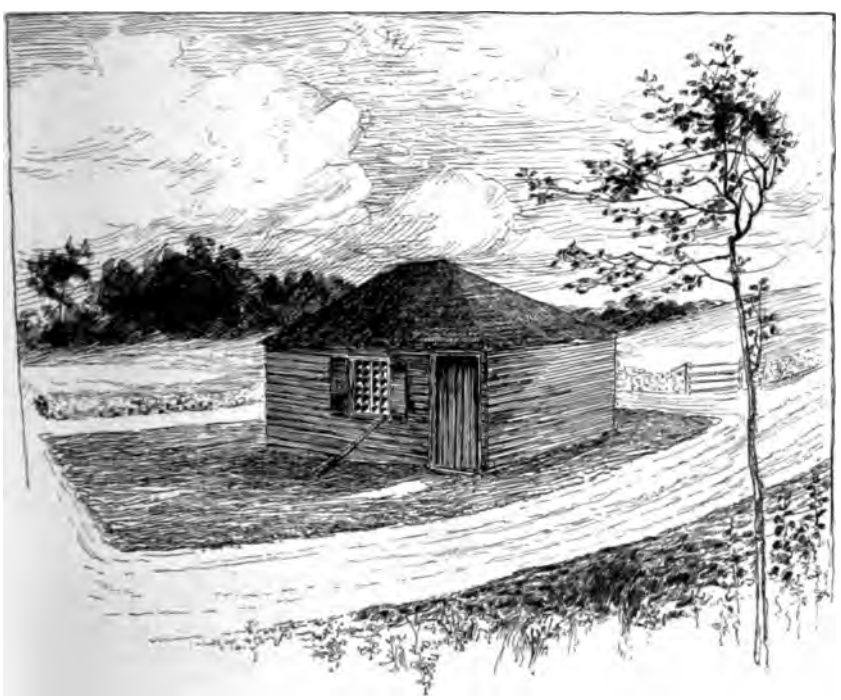
Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1900.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).



COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE IN 1837.
—*From "Eighty Years' Progress of British North America," Toronto, 1863.*

III.

In a new country like Canada one cannot look for the high culture and intellectual standard of the old communities of Europe. But there is even now in Canada an intellectual activity which, if it has not yet produced a distinct literature, has assumed a practical and useful form, and must, sooner or later, with the increase of wealth and leisure, take a higher range, and display more of the beauty and grace of literary productions of world-wide interest and fame. The mental outfit of the people compares favourably with that of older countries. The universities of Canada—McGill, in Montreal, Laval, in Quebec, Queen's, in Kingston, Dalhousie, in Halifax, and Trinity

HAMILTON (ONT.) PUBLIC SCHOOL, 1900.
—From Bourinot's "How Canada is Govern

and Toronto Universities in Toronto—stand deservedly high in the opinion of men of learning in the Old World and the United States, whilst the grammar and common school systems in the English-speaking provinces is creditable to the keen sagacity and public spirit of the people, who are not behind their cousins of New England in this particular.

We have already seen the low condition of education sixty years ago—only one in fifteen at school; but now there are almost a million of pupils in the educational institutions of the country, or one in five, at a cost to the people of upwards of $10,000,000, contributed for the most part by the taxpayers of the different municipalities in connection with which the educational system is worked out. In Ontario the class of school-houses is exceptionally good, and the apparatus excellent, and the extent to which the people tax th may be ascertained from that the Government only utes annually some $1,512, of a total expenditure c $4,200,000.

In French Canada there essentially literary activity has produced poets and hi whose works have natur tracted attention in France the people are still deeply in in the material and intellec velopment of their old colon names of Garneau, Ferlan chette, and Casgrain, especi recognized in France, thou will be unfamiliar to most l men, and even to the maj Americans, who are yet quit ant of the high attainm French Canadians, of who Durham wrote, in 1839, "T a people without a history a out a literature," a statem disproved in these later t

the works of Parkman, and the triumphs of French Canadians in Paris itself.

The intellectual work of the English-speaking people has been chiefly in the direction of scientific, constitutional and historical literature, in which departments they have shown an amount of knowledge and research which has won for many of them laurels outside of their own country. In the infancy of the United States, works like "The Federalist," with its wealth of constitutional and historical lore, naturally emanated from the brains of publicists and statesmen. In laying the foundation of a great nation the learning and wisdom of the best intellects were evoked, and it has been so in a measure in Canada, where the working out of a system of government adapted to the necessities of countries with distinct interests and nationalities has developed a class of statesmen and writers with broad national views and large breadth of knowledge. On all occasions when men have arisen beyond the passion and narrowness of party, the debates of the legislature have been distinguished by a keenness of argument and by a grace of oratory—especially in the case of some French Canadians like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present premier, and Sir Adolphe Chapleau, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec—which would be creditable to the United States in its palmy days.

Anyone who reviews the fourteen volumes already published by the Royal Society of Canada—one of the most useful results of Lord Lorne's administration—will see how much scholarship and ability the writers of Canada bring to the study of scientific, antiquarian and historical subjects. In science, the names of Sir William Dawson, of his equally gifted son, Dr. G. M. Dawson, as well as of many others, are well known in the parent state and wherever science has its votaries. In poetry we have the names of Frederick G. Scott, Pauline Johnson, Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archbishop O'Brien, Speaker Edgar, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Lampman and Wilfred Campbell, who merit a high place among their famous contemporaries. The historical novels of Major Richardson, William Kirby, Gilbert Parker,—notably "The Seats of the Mighty" and other works of the latter,—

PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF UPPER CANADA.

From Bonnycastle's Canada, 1840.

show the rich materials our past annals offer for romance. "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," and other books by Judge Haliburton, a Nova Scotian by birth and education, are still the only noteworthy evidences we have of the existence of humour among a practical people, and his "Wise Saws" and "Sayings" were uttered fully half a century ago. In art we have L. R. O'Brien, George Reid, Bell Smyth, Robert Harris, J. W. L. Forster, W. Brymner, and Miss Bell, who have done much meritorious work. Yet, on the

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TORONTO UNIVERSITY - MAIN BUILDING, 1900.

whole, if great works are wanting nowadays, the intellectual movement is in the right direction, and according as the intellectual soil of Canada becomes enriched with the progress of culture we may eventually look for a more generous fruition. The example of the United States, which has produced Poe, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Howells, Parkman, Lowell, Holmes, and many others, famous as poets, historians, and novelists the world over, should encourage [redacted]adians to hope that in the later

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matters which should hav

exclusively to the control of the people directly interested, have been entirely removed in conformity with the wise policy of making Canada a self-governed country in the full sense of the phrase. These provinces are, as a consequence, no longer a source of irritation and danger to the parent state, but, possessing full independence in all matters of local concern, are now among the chief glories of England and sources of her pride and greatness.

2. The Governor-General, instead of being constantly brought into conflict with the political parties of the country and made immediately responsible for the continuance of public grievances, has gained in dignity and influence since he has been removed from the arena of public controversy. He now occupies a position in harmony with the principles that have given additional strength and prestige to the throne itself. As the legally accredited representative of the sovereign, as the recognized head of society, he represents what Bagehot has aptly styled the dignified part of our constitution, which has much value in a country like ours, where we fortunately retain the permanent form of monarchy in harmony with the democratic machinery of our government.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Governor-General is a mere *roi faineant,* a merely ornamental portion of our political system, to be set to work and kept in motion by the premier and his council. His influence, however, as Lord Elgin has shown, is wholly moral, an influence of suasion, sympathy, and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the aims of local politics. If the Governor-General is a man of parliamentary experience and constitutional knowledge, possessing tact and judgment, and imbued with the true spirit of his high vocation—and these functionaries have been notably so since the inception of Confederation—they can sensibly influence the course of administration and benefit the country at critical periods of its history. Standing above all party, having the unity of the empire at heart, a governor-

PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF LOWER CANADA, 1839.
—*From Hawkins' "Pictures of Quebec."*

general at times can soothe the public mind and give additional confidence to the country when it is threatened with some national calamity or there is distrust abroad as to the future. As an imperial officer he has large responsibilities, of which the general public have naturally no very clear idea, and if it were possible to obtain access to the confidential and secret despatches which seldom see the light except in the Colonial Office, it would be seen how much for a quarter of a century past the colonial department has gained by having had in the Dominion men, no longer acting under the influence of personal feeling through being made personally responsible for the conduct of public affairs, but actuated simply by a desire to benefit the country over which they preside and to bring Canadian interests into unison with those of the empire itself.

Self-government now exists in the full sense of the term. At the [illegible]se of the political structure lie [illegible]ose municipal institutions which, for completeness, are not in any other country. It enterprising province of that the system has its greatest development. village, township, town, c county has its council com reeves or mayors and coun aldermen elected by the pe having jurisdiction over al of local taxation and local ment, in accordance with enactments. Under the c of these little local parliame modern form taken by the

PROVINCE HOUSE, HALIFAX, 1837–1900.
– From McGregor's "British America," 18

of old English times—eve munity, regularly organize the law, is able to build and bridges, light the stree sanitary arrangements, a initiate bonuses for the en ment of lines of railway.

The machinery of these palities is made to assist i the taxes necessary for the of public schools. Free are provided for in every pality whenever the people as in the cities of Toront ilton, Guelph, and other p

tax themselves for the support of these necessary institutions. In the other provinces the system is less symmetrical than in Ontario, but even in the French section, and in the maritime provinces, where these institutions have been more recently adopted, the people have within their power to manage all these minor local affairs which are necessary for the comfort, security, and convenience of the local divisions into which each province is divided for such purposes.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, FREDERICTON, 1837.
—*From an old print.*

Another illustration of the growing importance of Canada in the councils of the empire is the fact that quite recently, in the jubilee year, a Canadian judge has been placed on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Supreme Court of Great Britain and Ireland, India, and all the dependencies of the crown.

From this brief historical summary of the leading features of the political organization of Canada it will be seen how remarkable has been the expansion of the liberties of the people since 1837, when they exercised no control over the executive, when England imposed restrictions on their trade, and officials of Downing Street were practically the governing powers.

No doubt there are difficulties constantly occurring in the working of the Canadian federal constitution, arising from conflicts of jurisdiction between the Dominion and the Provinces, despite the careful enumeration of powers in the fundamental law, or British North America Act of 1867; but these doubts are gradually being removed by the wise practice which places the interpretation of all written legal instruments in the courts.

Here also the wisdom and learning of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England and of the Canadian Judiciary are to a large extent nullifying the contentions of politicians and bringing about a solution of difficulties which, in a country divided between distinct nationalities, might cause

serious complications if not settled on sound principles of law which all can accept.

One of the most encouraging results of this political system has been not merely the material development of the country, but the creation of that national sentiment which must lie at the basis of any political structure, if it is to withstand the storm of passion and faction which from time to time will

cumstances throw upon the G ment.

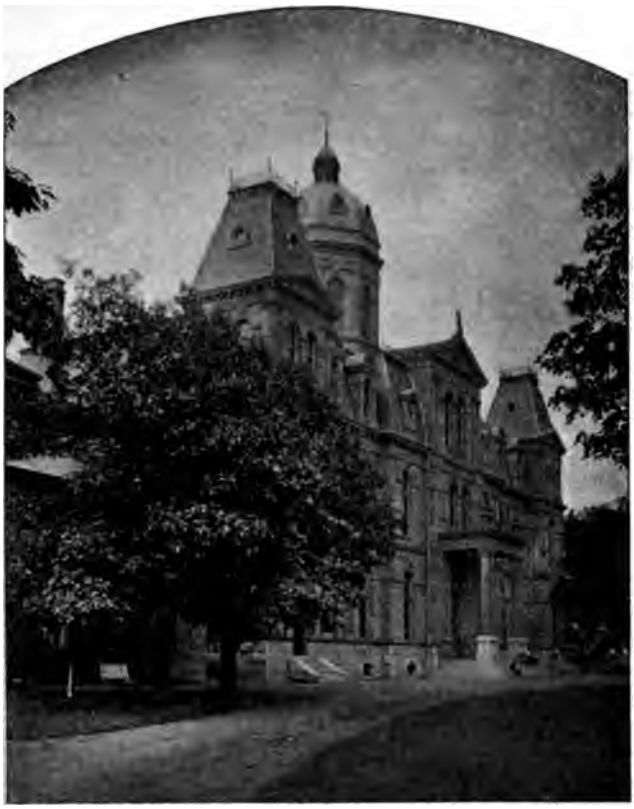
If we look at the map, lying on the Atlantic se three provinces whose ind are chiefly maritime, and propinquity to the United naturally gives great import the commercial arrangements may exist with that country. provinces are separated by hundred miles from the po prolific province of Ontario,

MANITOBA GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WINNIPEG, 1900.

beat against its walls. The government of an immense country like Canada is surrounded by many difficulties which an Englishman or an American not thoroughly conversant with its history and conditions can hardly realize. The great extent of territory, and the diverse interests of the populations that inhabit it from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, require that there should be much wisdom and patience used in the exercise of the large responsibility which these cir-

commercial intercourse must means of railroads, or by th and expensive navigation of Lawrence. To encourage provincial trade under thes cumstances, and make the peo that their true interests shou lie in dependence upon the States, or on any single c but on opening up new aver commerce wherever practical been the natural policy of th ernments since 1867.

The result has been on the



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, FREDERICTON, 1900.

moderately successful, considering that the fight has not been merely against geographical obstacles, but also against the antagonism exhibited by American politicians, ever since the repeal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854. The firmness with which the Government has adhered to the rights it possesses in the fisheries, and the liberality with which it has promoted maritime interests by the construction of railways and other public works necessary to the material development of the country, have succeeded in restraining the clamour that was raised for some years in the maritime provinces against the operation of the union.

The situation has still its difficulties; but there is every reason to believe that the national sentiment is largely predominant, and that the mass of the people clearly see that by strengthening the confederation they are assuring their true happiness and prosperity in the end, and that to weaken or destroy it by the withdrawal of any single province would mean the destruction of British interests on the continent and the annexation of Canada eventually to the United States. Then, leaving that branch of the subject, if we look at the distinct national elements that exist throughout Canada we have further evidence of the difficulties with which a government

has to contend in striving to achieve the unity and security of this widely extended confederation.

When the Canadian provinces were united, in 1840, the French Canadians were restive and uncertain of their future. The Act of Union was considered by many of them as an attempt to make them subservient to British influences. The elimination of their language from legislative records was to them a great grievance, because it was, in their opinion, a clear evidence of the spirit which lay at the basis of the union. As a matter of fact, however, the Union Act was a measure which, from the very outset, gave to Lower Canada a political superiority in the government of the whole country. The representation of the two provinces was equal in the assembly, but the greater unity that distinguished the French Canadians in all matters that might affect their political power, or their provincial interests, naturally enabled them to dominate the English parties, divided among themselves on so many political issues.

The French language was soon restored to its old place, and step by step all the principles that the popular party of Lower Canada had been fighting for previous to 1840 were granted—even an elective legislative council—under the new regime. The consequence was that F Canada eventually recognize power, and its people forgot old grievances and were rea sustain the Union into which had entered with doubt and a hension. It was the English-s ing people of the West that raised the clamour against F domination, when the repre tion granted in 1840 did not d tice to the increase of populat Upper Canada, where, since year, the progress had been rapid than in the French se The consequence was that, th provinces, united in law, were tically divided on the floor of liament, and government a became almost impossible fro division of parties and the co ling influence of French Ca always determined to yield nc to the cry from the upper pro that would destroy the equal representation. The solutic the difficulties, arising, it w seen, from national antago was found in a federal union, which Lower Canada obtai supreme control over the prov matters in which she has an i diate interest and at the same has been able to exercise gre fluence in national affairs by r of her large representation i Dominion parliament.

THE OUTCOME.

"There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood;
A deep equality of aim postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him—brother unto brother.
There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world;
When the cannons roar and the trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts, the battle-flags are furled,
When the bars of speech and creed and race which sever
Shall be fused in one humanity forever."

—*Sir Lewis Morris.*

THE SORROWS OF ARMENIA.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CAVEN, D.D.,

Principal of Knox College, Toronto.

ARMENIAN GIRLS AND MISSIONARY.

The boundaries of Armenia have varied at different periods, but, without attempting precision, it may be said to have the Caucasus on the North and the Mountains of Kurdistan on the South, the Caspian Sea on the East and Asia Minor on the West. It is a plateau, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, while the loftiest peak of Mount Ararat rises to the height of 17,000 feet. The great rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Araxes and Kur pour down their waters—the two former towards the Persian Gulf and the two latter towards the Caspian Sea. Armenia abounds in lakes, the largest of which are Van and Oroomiah. Much of the country is fertile, but its troubled history has prevented good cultivation. The main productions are grain, cotton, grapes and tobacco. Though the valleys are warm enough to ripen the grape, the general elevation of the land implies a severe climate in winter.

* By the courtesy of the Massey Press.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

HOSPITAL GATE, PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, OROOMIAH.—(PERSIAN ARMENIA.)

Armenia, or part of it, is known in the Bible as Ararat, Minni or Togarmah. The ark rested on the "mountains of Ararat." (Gen. viii. 4.) Isaiah, predicting the downfall of Babylon, hears "the noise of a multitude in the mountains" (Ch. xiii. 4); and Jeremiah summons against Babylon "the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni and Ashkenaz (Ch. xli. 27.) After killing their father, the sons of Sennacherib "escaped into the land of Armenia." The name Armenia is first found in a Persian inscription, about 500 B.C. Many suppose it to come from Har-Minni, *i. e.*, the Mountain of Minni; but the derivation is quite uncertain.

According to their own legendary history, in which ancient traditions are curiously combined with biblical lore, the Armenians are descended from Haik, a son of Togarmah, grandson of Japhet, who fled from the tyranny of Belus Assyria and settled in the country which now, in their language, bears his name. If Togarmah is Armenia, the Armenians in the time of Ezekiel traded with Tyre "in carriage-horses, riding-horses and mules" (Ch. xxvii. 14.)

Armenia has had a troubled history almost continuously. For brief periods now and then it enjoyed independence or quasi-independence; and it has been under the yoke of Assyria, Macedonia, Parthia, Rome and Persia. As early as the fourteenth century the Kurds began their depredations, and the country suffered from the cruelties of Timour. Since 1604 Armenia has had no separate political existence. It is at present divided between Turkey, Russia and Persia. Of the 4,000,000 or more Armenians, 2,500,000 are in the Turkish Empire, while more than 1,000,000 are under Russia. Armenians are found all round the Levant. In European Turkey there are said to be 400,000, of whom 200,000 are in Constantinople. There are several thousands of this active, trading people in India, and in England and America there are, perhaps, 15,000.

The Armenians have a language of their own, which belongs to the "Iranian branch of the Indo-Germanic family of languages." An admixture of Turkish and Persian has resulted from the conquest of the country. Their literature begins in the fourth century, and is

ARMENIAN WATER-CARRIERS.

exclusively Christian. After this period much literary activity was developed, and Armenian students were found in the principal European seats of learning. Some important writings, which are lost in the Greek originals, are preserved in Armenian translations. The names of Mesrob (who rendered the Scriptures into his native tongue), Moses of Chorene, etc., are familiar to students of Church history. In our own day the Armenians, though "peeled and scattered," show considerable literary productiveness, and are a bright and intelligent people.

Christianity was planted in Armenia in the third century. The Armenian Church has, indeed, claimed an earlier origin. The legendary account is that our Lord wrote a letter to Akbar, or Abgar, King of Edessa, to whom also He sent a portrait of Himself, and that the Church was founded in Armenia in A.D. 34. The real founder was Gregory the "Illuminator," a prince of the reigning family and a zealous missionary. The Armenians were included in the unity of the early Church, and took part in the first three general councils; but they declined, for some reason, to receive the decrees of Chalcedon, and thus became separated from the Greek Church, or rather from the Ecumenical body. The imputations of heresy touching the doctrine of the Lord's person made by the Greek and Latin Churches they steadfastly repel. The doctrine, discipline, ritual and polity of the Armenian Church are nearly identical with those of the Greek Church, though from the sixth century it has stood apart. There are the three orders of clergy—bishops, priests and deacons; and three episcopal grades—archbishop, bishop and vartabed or doctor. The patriarch or Catholicos is chief of the hierarchy. The priesthood is hereditary.

The great majority of the people belong to the Armenian Church, though both the Greek and Latin Churches have considerable numbers of adherents. Protestantism is mainly represented by the Missions of the American Board, which have been prosperous, and have also

ARMENIAN WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

reacted beneficially upon the native Church. The American missionaries have been remarkable for prudence and ability as well as for evangelical zeal.

The attention of the civilized world has been drawn to Armenia

by the terrible proceedings of Turks and Kurds in that afflicted land. Though Armenian Christians have been suffering from Turkish-Mohammedan oppressions almost constantly, the injustice and cruelty of the past have been thrown into the shade by recent atrocities.

In 1856 a hatti-sherif was issued by Turkey, guaranteeing religious liberty in the Ottoman Empire; but this famous edict has been a dead letter; for in that very year, and with little intermission ever since, persecution of Christians has been going on with more or less severity. Local outbursts of fanaticism may partly account for the sufferings of Christians, but the evidence is abundant that the Government, instead of protecting its Christian subjects from Kurds and Druses, has been well pleased to see them pillaged and slaughtered. Turkey cannot free herself from complicity in the massacres of Damascus, Lebanon and Cæsarea, any more than she can wash off the guilt of Bulgarian horrors.

More than five years ago Zekki Pasha, a prominent officer in the Turkish army, began to devastate Armenia. The report came to Europe that thousands of defenceless Armenians, men, women and children, had been killed by Turkish troops and by the marauding Kurds, who were organized by Turkey into cavalry regiments for the express purpose of joining in the bloody work. Many villages were said to be destroyed, and tens of thousands of people left without food or shelter. The report was at first received with an admixture of incredulity. Many influential journals espoused the side of the Turk or became his apologists—averring that the sufferings of the Armenians were much exaggerated, that one side was as blameworthy as the other, and that if some severity was used in chastising a people given to revolution and tumult, we need not expend a great deal of sympathy upon them.

The sources of our information as to proceedings in Armenia were too reliable to justify much doubt regarding the substantial truth of what came to our ears. The accounts received through missionaries, correspondents of newspapers, and official investigations by European powers placed before the eyes of Christendom scenes of horror, hardly to be surpassed in any age. The Turks resident among the Armenians, the Kurds from their neighbouring mountains, and the regular troops of Turkey, vied with each other in the atrocities perpetrated upon an unoffending people. Murder and pillage ran riot in almost every part of Turkish Armenia. One cannot even approximate with accuracy to the number of those shot, clubbed to death or hacked to pieces. Wholesale massacres occurred at Trebizond, Guran, Erzeroum, Bitlis, Sivas, Sassoun, Zeitoun, Kharpoot, and other important places. In some of these massacres several thousands perished. Hundreds of villages have been utterly destroyed, and great breadths of country desolated with fire and sword. No place of refuge from the destroyer could be found. Streets were littered with corpses, churches filled with slain, families despatched in their houses, pits filled with victims—often mutilated, sometimes quivering in death. Tens of thousands probably were slain, and hundreds of thousands became utterly destitute.

Why was all this butchery of a quiet, intelligent and enterprising people? The Turk informed us that he was subduing rebellion; and, in support of his assertion, pointed to the fact that in several instances the Armenians stood for their lives. But what should we think of a people who should not

even try to defend their homes against brutal barbarity and lust? The slander of their enemies represented the resistance offered by the Armenians—alas, too ineffectually—as organized rebellion against Turkey. Britons, we think, should be slow to condemn revolt against such a government, even should Armenia grasp the sword with all her might.

The explanation of these enduring atrocities, which threatened the extermination of a people, is found in the following things:—(1) Racial hatred. Of this both Turks and Kurds largely partake. They share, in this regard, the instincts of all rude peoples—nay, of all in

ARMENIAN WOMAN MAKING BUTTER.

whom humane sentiments are not developed by true religion. That Turks and Kurds should hate Armenians will not seem wonderful to those who remember that Englishmen used to speak of the French as their "natural enemies," and that a great naval hero told his sailors to "hate a Frenchman as they would hate Satan."

(2) The love of plunder is another motive in this case. For centuries the Kurds have been wont to swoop down from their mountains upon the Armenians and carry off their flocks and herds. The present was a special opportunity for securing booty of every kind, especially when the Government would regard all injury done to the Armenians as highly meritorious. But the evidence that the Turks—soldiers and citizens—were not less alert in plundering the Armenians is abundant. These murderers of men and women, old and young, were eager to appropriate what the fire had not consumed.

(3) But religious fanaticism, more than any other cause, must account for the frightful sufferings of Armenia. Mohammedanism always and everywhere hates Christianity with relentless hatred. Its whole history is proof. The sword or tribute is the option given to the conquered by the Koran. Only where the Moslem faith is under strict bonds, as in India, does its temper—even in the present day—seem milder; and in India its behaviour rather than its temper is improved. All Mohammedan doctors agree that the apostate from Islam should be put to death; and certainly the religious liberty guaranteed by Turkey to Christians has proved a delusion. It really appears as if Turkey were aiming at the extermination of Christians in Anatolia. The Kurds, who are Moslems after a sort, have been always encouraged to plunder and kill Armenians, and Turkish soldiery were employed in wholesale devastation and massacre. Mohammedanism had fine things to say of itself in the Parliament of Religion, but in its native seats it is a horrid combination of deceit, cruelty and lust.

The sympathies of Europe, and especially of Britain, have gone out strongly towards Armenia, and several of the great Powers were moved to intervene on its behalf. They made investigations of the facts. They addressed strong remonstrances to the Porte. Salisbury, in speeches and despatches, gave powerful expressions to the sentiments of Christendom. Warships of England, France and Russia lay

at the Dardanelles or passed into the Bosphorus. But the heartless and cunning Sybarite who rules Turkey only mocked the Powers by issuing pacific orders, which were not meant to be executed; for he well understands that the mutual jealousies of the European Governments made concerted, effective action on their part well-nigh hopeless; and he trusts to divide their counsels and play them off against each other.

We can but look up to the righteous and merciful Ruler of nations, and pray that He would arise, as in the days of old, for the protection of the oppressed and the defenceless. "If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side . . . then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul . . . our help is in the name of the Lord who hath made heaven and earth."

THE OLD LAND AND THE YOUNG LAND.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,

Poet Laureate.

The Young Land said, "I have borne it long,
But can suffer it now no more;
I must end this endless inhuman wrong
Within hail of my own free shore.
So fling out the war-flag's folds and let the
righteous cannons roar."

'Twas a quick, rash word, for the strong Young Land
Is a Land whose ways are peace;
It weareth no mail, and its keels are manned
With cotton, and corn, and fleece.
While lands there are that live cased in steel,
and whose war-hammers never cease.

And these, when they saw the Young Land gird
Its loins to redress the wrong,
Whispered one to the other, "Its heart is stirred,
But its hosts are an undrilled throng,
And its bolts yet to forge; so quick, let us
strike before that it grows too strong."

And they said to the Old Land, "Surely you
Will help us to foil its claim?
It waxeth in strength, as striplings do,
And it girds at its parent's name.
Take heed lest its overweening growth over-
shadow your fading fame."

Then the Old Land said, "Youth is strong and quick,
And Wisdom is strong but mild;
And blood than water is yet more thick,
And this Young Land is my child.
I am proud, not jealous, to watch it grow."
Thus the Old Land spake, and smiled.

"And look you," it said, "at the strong Young Land
Strike for Freedom and Freedom's growth;
Which makes 'twixt us twain, though unsigned by hand,
A bond strong as lovers' troth.
So 'ware what you do, for, if you strike, you
will strike not one, but both."

Then they fretted and chafed; for, though shod in steel,
Their war-tread stops at the shore,
While the Old Land's breath is the breath of the gale,
And its music the wave-wind's roar.
Then they hated the Young Land's youth and strength, but they hated the Old Land more.

Now, the Old Land, in turn, for Freedom's cause
Speeds her sons to the Southern zone;
They snarl, "Let us clip the Lion's claws,
The Lion that stands alone;
And harry her lair, and spear her cubs, and
sit on the Lion's throne."

And the Young Land laughs: "With her foaming steeds fleet,
I guess she's a match for you all;
She hath saddled the sea, and more firm her seat
Than yours, that would ride for a fall,
If you put all your fighting force afield and
charge at her watery wall!

"But if ever, hemmed in by a world of foes,
Her sinews were sorely tried,
By the self-same blood in our veins that flows,
You would find me at her side,
So long as she strikes for the Cause for
which her sons and my sons have died."

And thus let it be until wrong shall end,
This bond strong as lovers' troth,
'Twixt Old Land and Young Land, to defend
Man's freedom, and freedom's growth;
So if any should band against either now,
they must meet not one but both!

—*The Speaker.*

SIDE-LIGHTS ON METHODISM.

*DISTURBING FORCES WHICH SEVERED THE UNION OF TH CANADIAN AND BRITISH CONFERENCES IN 1840.**

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

In the January number of this Magazine an article was presented containing observations based on interesting incidents drawn largely from Dr. Gregory's recently published book entitled "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism."

Another subject of special interest to Canadians referred to in this fascinating volume is the attitude of the British Conference towards the Canadian Conference over the "Clergy Reserves" and allied questions. The union of the two Conferences had been consummated in 1833, after the hostility of the Canadian Conference to the assumptions of the Church of England in Canada was fully understood. On the consummation of this union the High Church party in Canada endeavoured to make use of the Wesleyans of England to secure their long-sought ultimate object by adroitly making such representations as would lead the English Wesleyan Conference on patriotic, as well as other grounds, to assume control over the policy of the Canadian Conference on this question. The tension kept increasing year by year. Finally there developed a total divergence of opinion between the two Conferences on fundamental points. The crisis took place in 1840, when the Revs. William and Egerton Ryerson, the deputation from Canada, appeared before the British (ence. The immediate occa the dispute was in connecti a certain grant of money n the Canadian Government Wesleyan Missionary Con but that was only a mere i in the affair, as far deeper qu lay behind. I here quot "Side Lights":

DEBATE IN THE BRITISH CONFE ON CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

In his address before the Brit ference Dr. Ryerson was "str favour of the continued acceptan grant, especially as a check to th of the clergy, and as a practical against the assumptions in Can dominant Church." During his Mr. E. Ryerson was repeated rupted by Dr. Bunting, against terference he and his brother the protection of the chair. Son ting language had been used. Mr. moved, and Mr. Fowler seconded of resolutions on the subject, pre an expression of respect for the (brethren, and a hope that in fu cussion all intemperance of would be avoided.

Dr. Beaumont: "I think the on Mr. Ryerson should be qualif

The President: "Have we n enough on this subject?" Lights," p. 291.)

Mr. W. M. Bunting, son Bunting, opposed the dissol the union, not because the Ca were right in their con against a State Church in (but because the Canadians selves needed British con in order to teach them loyal thus save them from be Yankee Republicans. I her from Mr. Fowler's Notes:

* "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism during the Second Quarter of the Nineteenth Century, 1827-1852." Taken chiefly from the Notes of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler. By the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., President of the Conference 1879. Cassell & Co., London, 1898. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

Dr. Alder: "The union has been of great service to Canada, and if dissolved the blame must be imputed to the *Guardian* newspaper."

Mr. Lord: "Politics have been the bane of Wesleyan Methodism in Canada. There can be no quiet in the land while the *Guardian* supplies the Sunday reading of our people in Canada. It is a most able and popular publication, with a large circulation amongst our ministers and people."

It was proposed, "That the allegations against Mr. Ryerson are proved."

Dr. Beaumont: "But there were extenuating circumstances."

Dr. Bunting drew up a resolution from which Dr. Beaumont disagreed.

Dr. Bunting: "I am for separation. . . If not you must appoint a new Canadian Committee. But I will not be a member. I must be excused from spending any more energy on the union business."

Mr. Dixon: "We shall be better without the connection, and they will do better without us."

Dr. Alder: "Unhappily in this case it is our principles that are at stake. With the prevailing party in Upper Canada, whose organ is the *Guardian*, the mission of Methodism is not to cry, 'Ye must be born again,' but they think they are called to lay the foundations of political government."

Mr. Haswell: "If only for the sake of future emigrants from this country to Canada, I would have the union maintained."

On the very last day of the Conference, when most of the members had left, the resolutions of the Committee were moved and seconded in Conference.

Dr. Ryerson: "I will keep my feelings within my own bosom; but I do entirely dissent from the resolutions. I have not been permitted to look at them, but have subjected myself to a mortifying refusal by asking to do so. . . The Canadian Conference will claim the privilege to exercise their judgment on all and every point not included in the doctrinal standards or the constitutional regulations of Wesleyan Methodism. You require that the Conferences in Canada shall receive through you the Government grant, even if paid from Canadian property. This seems to us unjust, and even inconsistent. You have no business with the Clergy Reserves. Mr. Stinson (the General Superintendent of Missions, who was sent out by the Wesleyan Conference) himself stated that he would defend everywhere our right to deal with Canadian money voted for Canadian purposes."

Here Mr. Ryerson was interrupted by Dr. Bunting: "The money from the Clergy Reserves will be applied by the Mission House to missionary purposes, for the benefit of the aborigines."

Dr. Ryerson: "This is no answer at all. The Mission House *in London* can have no power to divert the land reserves from the purpose for which they were expressly *reserved*, namely the religious instruction and oversight of the *settlers* themselves. This is beyond your power, as well as beyond your right. We have no objection to your receiving the grant; but not in such a way as would imply that *you* are the Methodist Church in *Canada*."

Dr. Bunting: "We cannot let the Connexion be committed to the violation of principles which the Conference has affirmed."

Mr. Galland expressed "the feelings of respect entertained by the Committee with regard to the brothers Ryerson."

Dr. Ryerson: "We regard these resolutions as a virtual dissolution of the union. This Conference is the parent of Canadian Methodism; but the preachers in Canada are not now in their minority."

Dr. Bunting: "I agree with very much that Mr. Ryerson has said, but I think the union is a perfect *ignis fatuus*. Will the Canadian Conference maintain the like relations to the English Church in Canada to those which are maintained by the British Conference to the Establishment in England?"

Mr. J. Ryerson: "In the Old Country an Established Church is good: it is not suitable to ours." (Mr. Fowler here makes a mistake in the initial. It was William, and not John, Ryerson who was the delegate on this occasion.)

Mr. Naylor moved, seconded by Mr. W. M. Bunting, "That the separation do not take place." The latter gave his reason as follows: "I am unwilling to throw them into the arms of what the Bishop of Exeter foresees with sagacity, and I fear with too much truth—Puseyism, or to buttress up American institutions in British dominions." . . .

Dr. Alder: "I lament the haste manifested by the Conference. The decision will be most important."

The vote was—for immediate dissolution, 38; for postponement, 13.

Dr. Gregory adds, "The decision of this matter of grave and far-reaching moment was made by not over one-seventh

of the Conference," which closed two hours later. Mr. Fowler says, "I believe not more than thirty of the one hundred were present when the Journal was signed." ("Side-Lights," pp. 292–294.)

THE COMBATANTS.

This debate is interesting from the meeting, in open field, of two great ecclesiastical gladiators, Drs. Bunting and Ryerson, with the odds considerably against the latter.

"Before ever having been heard, both the Canadian Conference and its representatives had been virtually condemned by the British Conference, or rather by the Canadian section of its Missionary Committee. The Canadian Conference was practically condemned as delinquent, and its representatives as ecclesiastical criminals—receiving not the least indication of respect or recognition from the President and leading members of the British Conference." ("Epochs of Methodism," by Dr. Ryerson, *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1881, vol. xiii., p. 409.)

Dr. Bunting for many years had been supreme in the British Conference as the prince of debaters. With perhaps the exception of Dr. Beaumont he had no competitor. After his argument on any subject he had long been accustomed to see his foes vanquished and the field deserted. But now he met another Samson worthy of his steel. As Dr. Hodgins, editor of Ryerson's "Story of my Life" (p. 281), says in reference to Dr. Ryerson on this very occasion:

"He was no novice in public or ecclesiastical affairs. He had been trained for fifteen years in a school of resistance, almost single-handed, to ecclesiastical domination, and had detected and exposed intrigues—one of which was of parties in this conflict, which was entirely derogatory to the dignity and independence of Methodism in Canada."

But "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Though the Committee had refused to allow Dr. Ryerson even to see [redacted]solutions which it had adopted, in which himself and were condemned, and while handicapped in other respe from the massive way in w could arrange his facts, a and present his arguments most overwhelming power, i no Canadian surprised to re Mr. Fowler's Notes the fo remarks made by Dr. Buntir all the Conferences I have tended this has given me t trouble. I will have nothin to do with this case for ever. ing shall ever compel me anything more to do with it

CAUSES OF DIVISION.

The causes of the differe tween the two Conferenc after this lapse of time, ea plained.

(1) In the mind of the Conference, or rather of t don Missionary Committee with the Canadian Con meant virtual subordination part of the latter; in fact used to be implied to an E man in the word "Colonial. Canadian Conference, on th hand, had not the remotest of any other union but equals, having co-ordinate ity in Canadian affairs, excep the contrary should be plai pressed in the Articles of U

(2) The British authori pected that when it practica out instructions to the C Conference to find Dr. guilty of certain matters o they complained that there v one course to pursue, name the complaint sustained, an a suitable remedy or puni They were simply amaze they found, on the contrary, Conference emphatically to do so by a majority of fi

(3) Another cause whic the union of 1833 "a hollow was the difference in the n

the two Conferences as to the expediency of a State-endowed Church in Canada. The English Conference had no objection to such an establishment, and, further, was perfectly willing that that dominant Church should be the Church of England. Evidence of this fact is in official documents. The Canadian Methodists, on the contrary, abhorred such a proposal, and battled against it for a quarter of a century, till victory was obtained.

(4) A further cause was the belief of the British authorities that the General Superintendent of Missions sent out by the English Missionary Society represented the English Conference in the sense of being an executive officer of that body, on any subject on which it might choose to make a deliverance. Dr. Gregory ("Side-Lights," p. 295), referring to Dr. Stinson, says that the General Superintendent (of Missions) "soon found himself in danger of being transferred from the quarter-deck to the bowsprit, as not the captain but the figure-head. This did not suit the British constitution." The implication here is that this Superintendent of Missions had proper authority vested in him to give general orders on any policy decided upon by the London Missionary Committee. As a matter of fact the President of the Conference and the General Superintendent of Missions officially communicated with the Governor-General, unknown to the Canadian Conference, and in direct opposition to its declared policy for the previous twenty years. By the Articles of Union (Minutes of Conference, 1833, pp. 12 to 16) no such power was given, or implied, to either of these officers. All questions lying outside the Articles of Union were considered by the Canadian Conference as within its exclusive jurisdiction. But it seems this "did not suit the British constitution."

(5) Another cause was the fact that the British Conference would not continue the union while they could not secure what they called "efficient direction," but which is only a milder phrase for "absolute control." The Canadian Conference admitted no control on any subject save those directly referred to in the Articles of Union. The subject of the Clergy Reserves was not hinted at there, and it was considered absurd that the attempt to control the policy of the Canadian Church on this question should be made by a body respecting a matter which from its distance and environments it could not fully understand, and in which it had no vested interest.

WHAT DOES THE TERM "POLITICS" MEAN?

(6) A further cause of disunion was on the definition of the word "politics." Dr. Gregory ("Side Lights," p. 294) says:

> "It seems impossible to read this memorable debate without agreeing with the ministers who knew most about the case, that the union of the Methodists of Upper Canada with the British Conference was wrecked upon the treacherous, shifting, sucking sands of worldly politics. This was the deliberate and firm conviction of Mr. Lord and Dr. Alder, who had lived and laboured in the country."

Dr. Alder had visited Canada several times, though Mr. Lord had only been parts of two years in the land. But the question arises, which "ministers knew most about the case"—the British visiting ministers or those Canadian-born? Dr. Alder at the Hamilton Conference of 1839 "introduced resolutions expressive of his views, to which he insisted upon the concurrence of the Conference." His resolutions were rejected by a majority of fifty-five to five. Afterwards Dr. Ryerson said to him, when he appeared to be disappointed and depressed,

"You see, Dr. Alder, how inapplicable your views are to this country —how entirely you have mistaken the state of Canadian society, the views and feelings of the Methodist people, and of our Connexion. (*Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1880, vol. xii., p. 513.) These, and not the two mentioned by Dr. Gregory, were the "ministers who knew most about the case."

It is significant that when Dr. Gregory says the union was "wrecked on the sucking sands of worldly politics," and quotes Mr. Lord and Dr. Alder to support the statement, that he leaves out the opinions and actions of Drs. Stinson and Richey, both of whom were likewise members of the British Conference, and who certainly knew as much about the case as the two brethren quoted, if not more. Dr. Stinson, under date of April 7th, 1838, wrote to Rev. John Ryerson as follows:

"I am quite of your opinion that Brother Egerton (Ryerson) ought to take the *Guardian* next year. There is a crisis approaching in our affairs which will require a vigorous hand to wield the defensive weapon of our Conference. There can be no two opinions as to whom to give that weapon. We now stand on fair grounds to maintain our own against the encroachments of the oligarchy, and we must do it, or sink into a comparatively uninfluential body. This must not be." (*Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1880, vol. xii., p. 515.)

This was the opinion of the representative of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee in 1838, two years before the disruption of the union, on the question of the *Guardian* engaging in "worldly politics," took place. Messrs. Richey and Stinson voted for Dr. Ryerson as Editor, knowing full well his sentiments, for he took care to announce them to the Conference previous to his election. By [illegible]d of these British ministers he was elected purposely to res "encroachments of the oliga

DR. BUNTING ON CANADIAN "PO

On this very subject of "pc Dr. Ryerson, in 1833, while the English Wesleyan Com when the Articles of Union under consideration, fully exp the position of Canadian M ists. He entirely satisfied the mittee, not only of the reasc ness and legality of their c but also of the propriety and diency of the methods they a to secure them. On this poi Bunting afterwards remark the Conference:

"Although he deprecated i intermeddling with merely part secular politics amongst professing tians, and especially among Cl ministers, and considered it unwo their character and calling, he b the part the Canadian Conferen taken was a laudable maintena their rights, sanctioned by the authority, and the opinions of m of His Majesty's government; a the Canadian brethren, as a bo more than individuals, were not b submit silently to unjust exclusi to desist from maintaining in a c tional and Christian manner their to privileges and advantages, to t session and enjoyment of which th so justly and legally entitled." (Ca *Methodist Magazine*, 1881, vol. x 120.)

Thus Dr. Bunting fully a with the Canadian Methodist tics" in 1833, and stated the case most succinctly. It is t retrograded from this positi 1840, but returned to it at th sequent reunion in 1847.

WHAT THE BRITISH CONFEREN DEMANDED.

The Canadians meant by th "politics" secular party p but expressly excluded the "(Reserve" question from tha which they considered was question of politics but of

civil rights to all. The English Conference characterized any arguments or discussions editorially or otherwise in the *Guardian,* in opposition to the claims of the Church of England in Canada to be entitled solely to the use or profit of one-seventh of all the lands of Upper Canada, as "politics." The definition having thus been settled, the Canadian Conference was required to cease using the columns of the *Christian Guardian* for the discussion of "politics." If the policy of the London Wesleyan Committee had prevailed, doubtless one-seventh of the lands of Ontario would be in the possession of the Church of England at the present moment. The crucial point of the whole question is revealed in Dr. Bunting's attempt at the Conference of 1840 to exact a solemn promise from the Canadian delegates that henceforth and forever the Canadian Methodists would maintain the like relations with the Church of England in Canada to those maintained by the Wesleyans in England towards the Establishment. He was either quite unconscious of the profound antipathy with which Canadian Methodists would receive this proposal, or he was determined to force submission, with the alternative of dissolving the union, which would bring in its train all the bitterness, strife and heart-burnings arising from rival Methodist preachers occupying the same ground in Canadian towns and villages.

DID DR. RYERSON EVER REGRET HIS COURSE?

Our author (p. 295) proceeds to say:

"This question I had the opportunity of thoroughly discussing with Dr. Ryerson himself, a generation later, at the Conference of 1876. As he then looked at it through the ærial perspective of six-and-thirty years, and the softening, mellowing haze of holy, tender memories, with the eyes of a chastened, long experience, he saw that he had been entangled in the errors of self-confident, impatient youth."

As to his "youth," Dr. Ryerson was then thirty-seven years of age, and with an experience equal to most men double that of his years. If Dr. Gregory means by the above extract that Dr. Ryerson ever regretted the part he had taken on the *principle* of the question at issue either before the British Conference or anywhere else, I must respectfully dissent from his opinion. It is probably the first time such a reference has been made in print, on either side of the Atlantic, and from his published writings on this very subject subsequent to his interview with Dr. Gregory, the inference is quite incredible. Of course after thirty-six years, when the battle had been fought and won, when the whole country was in peace, and himself held in the highest honour for his patriotic labours; when the question itself was long dead; when the militant spirit was out of him simply because there was no legitimate occasion for its exercise, and himself in an amiable, mellow and complaisant mood—that he should express regret for the warmth or strength of some statements made in the heat of debate, or the impulsiveness of some of his methods thirty-six years before, would be most natural, but these relate to the "accidents," and not to the "essence" of the question involved. The "errors" in which he had been "entangled" could only be those of the manner of discussion, and not in respect to the principle he sought to establish.

Dr. Gregory further says: "It would, I think, have been better to give the Ryersons another year to think about it. This would at least have thrown on them the responsibility of the division." The Canadian Conference would cer-

tainly have taken the responsibility, when once the members learned the great price demanded. Not another year, nor a dozen of them, would have produced on the main question the slightest result in the direction desired by the English authorities. The truth is, it was impossible for the Canadian Conference or people to fit into the mould prepared for them, no doubt with the best intentions, by the English Missionary Committee, and therefore the sooner the union was dissolved the better for all parties concerned.

PROOFS OF HIS CONSISTENT, LIFE-LONG CONVICTIONS.

In corroboration of the statements made above as to Dr. Ryerson's subsequent attitude on the question I will quote two short paragraphs. But first I will reproduce a few sentences delivered by him in closing his five hours' speech to the special Canadian Conference called in 1840, after the union was dissolved:

"I fear that I have injured myself, and injured this Connexion, and I fear this Province, not by my obstinacy, but by my concessions. This is my sin, and not the sins laid to my charge. . . We have surveyed every inch of the ground on which we stand: We have offered to concede everything but what appertains to our character, and to our existence and operations as a Wesleyan Methodist Church. The ground we occupy is Methodistic, is rational, is just. The very declarations of those who leave us attest this. They are compelled to pay homage to our character as a body; they cannot impeach our doctrines, or discipline, or practice; nor can they sustain a single objection against our principles or standing; the very reasons which they assign for their own secession are variable, indefinite, personal or trivial. But the reasons which may be assigned for our position are tangible, are definite, are Methodistic, are satisfactory, are unanswerable." ("Story of My Life," p. 276.)

The extract to which I refer above was occasioned by the demand of the English Conf contained in a resolution th Ryerson should write a certai of letter to Lord John Rus express opposition to his known, long-repeated and p avowed opinions. Here i Ryerson's note on that reso written by him in 1880. "T quirement of this resolutio that Mr. Egerton Ryerson, w regard to consistency or cha should advocate what he knew wrong, and to state what he to be false." (*Canadian Met Magazine,* 1881, vol. xiii., p.

The other quotation was sioned by the implication in t solution of the Committee referred to, and introduced tc ference, that while the Conf had a grievance against the dian Methodist Church, yet ground of teaching loyalty Canadians, for that reason, no other, the union should b served. Here are Dr. Rye remarks thereon, written in

"The insinuation implied was a sive as it was unjust. There neve body more loyal to the Constitu Upper Canada, and its connectic the Mother Country, than the Con and members of the Methodist in Canada, as shown in the war United States against Great Bri 1812-15, and in the W. L. Ma Rebellion in 1837. For such men whole community, to be impeac their loyal character by a commi London, not one of whom had eve powder on the field of battle, an nothing of the stuff of which true is made, except to prate about it casions for partisan purposes, wa offensive and unjust. After the l twoscore years, and approaching my fourscore years, I can scarcel of these imputations, from such s and for such purposes, without a t indignation pervading my whole or write about them in terms of n tion." (*Canadian Methodist Ma* 1881, vol. xiii., p. 413.)

These words were written years after the events occurre

four years subsequent to Dr. Gregory's interview with him, and certainly do not contain the slightest admission that on the question at issue he had previously been "entangled in the errors of self-confident, impatient youth." Besides, as he had no possible occasion for regret, why should he do so? His Church and country were satisfied, and even Dr. Bunting had become a renewed convert, for at the Wesleyan Conference, at the re-union of the Canadian and English Conferences in 1847, Dr. Bunting entirely endorsed the consistent action of the Canada Conference in all this painful and protracted business, saying "the Canadian brethren are right and we are wrong." ("Story of my Life," p. 280.)

Happily these days are over, but as the centuries roll by ecclesiastical gratitude and Canadian national glory will continue to adorn the brow of the hero through whose struggles chiefly were procured for his native land equal religious rights forever.

Guelph, Ont.

THE WOLVES.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be:
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

BETAKE THYSELF TO PRAYER.

When bitter winds of trouble blow,
And thou art tossing to and fro,
When waves are rolling mountain high,
And clouds obscure the steadfast sky,
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there,
Betake thyself, my soul, to prayer.

When in the dull routine of life
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,
So weary of the commonplace,
Of days that wear the self-same face,
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,
And then betake thyself to prayer.

When brims thy cup with sparkling joy,
When happy tasks the hours employ,
When men with praise and sweet acclaim
Upon the highways speak thy name,
Then soul, I bid thee have a care,
Seek oft thy Lord in fervent prayer.

If standing where two pathways meet,
Each beckoning thy pilgrim feet,
Thou art in doubt which road to take,
Look up, and say, "For Thy dear sake,—
O Master! show Thy footprints fair,—
I'd follow Thee." Christ answers prayer.

The tempter oft, with wily toil,
Seeks thee, my soul, as precious spoil;
His weapons never lose their edge,
But thou art Heaven's peculiar pledge.
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there,—
Dear soul, betake thyself to prayer.

BARBE-JULIE DE KRUDENER.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE MILTON HAMMELL, PH.D.

I.

There are men and women who belong to the Elite of History—incarnations of choicest ethic and intellectual forces, capable of overturning odious tyrannies, establishing grateful sovereignties of social justice, and propagating impulses of aggressive courage. They hold keys of kingdoms, opening doors of duty and destiny. In the grand unity of the human race they are the italicized words—the eyes of the face—the signature of the melody. They guide; others follow. They create; others criticise or imitate. To them the riddle of the age is an open secret, and the merit of its solution belongs to them. They are powers under thrones, back of thrones and against thrones. They realize their energy, but cannot always gauge it.

In the realm of commerce they are the "kings"—the organizers of labour, the capitalists, the rich. In the domain of politics they are the far-sighted statesmen who dictate issues and prescribe policies; and in the sphere of religion they are the priests and prophets who minister to conscience and induct souls into the mysteries of the kingdom of God. Sometimes they wear double and triple crowns, whose jewels flash far fairer than those that gleam in the diadem of a Victoria, and dominate an empire composite of interdependent, intersphering zones, as did the "saintly friend of Emperor Alexander, the prophetess of the downfall of Napoleon, the inspirer of the Holy Alliance, the repentant Magdalen who preached the forgiveness of sins throughout the length and breadth of Europe"—Madame Barbe-Julie de Krudener.

Sainte-Beuve says of her in his "Essays on Men and Women," "Those who seriously believe in the intervention of Providence in the affairs of this world should not judge too superciliously the mission and the attempt of Madame de Krudener. It is certain that 1815 was a decisive epoch, and to religious minds it may well have appeared that the crisis was grave enough to demand a mystical witness and a prophet. Madame de Krudener herself was not so much deceived about the importance of 1815 as about its anticipated consequences. In these moments of universal crepitation, it may, I fancy, occasionally come to pass that rapid glimpses of the ideal hidden behind this sensible cosmos are revealed to the eyes of some, causing such to believe its advent near. But the rift soon closes, and the eye which for one instant had seen clear and far, still believing in the vanished radiance, is deceived and filled with its own light only.

"The mistake of Madame de Krudener has been the misfortune of many souls. It was merely that of conceiving at a certain awful and critical juncture in human affairs, the blessed solution which a truly great man might have effected. But the great man did not appear, and the prophet of his mission remained a simple visionary."

True to his office as a literary critic, Saint-Beuve regarded Madame de Krudener's most distinguished, if not sole, service to hu-

* "Portraits de Femmes." Sainte-Beuve, Paris, 1832-9. "Vie de Mme. de Krudener," Ch. Euyard, Paris, 1849. "Leben Frau von Krudener," Steinberg, Leipsic, 1856. "Juliane von Krudener," Ziethe, New York, 1867. "Life and Letters of Barbe-[illegible] de Krudener," Ford, New York [illegible] London, 1893.

manity, the production of a romance —"Valerie"—and he ignores those other achievements which the historian records. In fact, the Madame herself almost repudiated the products of her pen; she was far more than a novelist—she was a factor in the political and religious history of modern Europe, and her name is vital to the completeness of any record of European diplomacy and continental revivalism.

Of her career as the political and religious *confidante* of an Emperor, the author a colossal political scheme, and the sensational preacher of a crusade of chastity, asceticism and orthodoxy, her early life gave no forecast. Resembling Marie Bashkirtseff (she was also a Russian by birth), her life for a score of years after her girlhood was a revel of moral eccentricities of which one may think, but never speak, unless with tears in the voice. She loved Nature, Art, Literature, Music, the Drama and "Society"—above all, "Society." Her aesthetic life was full and brilliant, but she resented the strictures and restraints of the moral law, and, at last, committed the sin that fastened the scarlet "A" upon her soul.

In 1804, after the publication of her "Valerie"—an autobiographical novel suggested by her career in Venice as the wife of an ambassador—and the decease of her husband, the Baron de Krudener, with whom she had not lived for many years, she returned to her childhood home in Riga, among the scenes that she had so graphically described: "the solitude of the sea, its vast silence and stormy activity, the uncertain flight of the kingfisher, the melancholy cry of the birds that inhabit our northern regions, the sad, tender light of our aurora borealis."

Here, to quote one of her own aphorisms, her past proved her truest friend by breaking with it; and she, so uniquely dowered, so strenuously devoted to sensuous and sensual life, passed without clear premonition through a spiritual crisis from which she emerged as a Nineteenth Century disciple of Jesus Christ—"the friend and comforter of the poor, the religious guide of queens and emperors, and the preacher and founder of one of the most curious revivalist movements of the century."

True, in the midst of her marital infidelities, literary pursuits, theatricals, escapades and eccentricities, she seems to have had paroxysms of regret, but she too easily lapsed. Yes, there even seems to have been a "conversion"—a conversion of 1792 which presaged the conversion of 1804:—"No more useless intercourse, no more superfluous vanity, or exhaustive coquetry, no more intense longing to succeed! I have shone, and I wish neither for the successes nor the anxieties of that brilliant society." "The craving for conquests, the delirium of vanity has all become fused in a calm tranquillity of soul."

Twelve years elapse; she again abandons society and again attains "tranquillity of soul"; but there is a new and a loftier element in the conversion. In a letter written at the time she says, "You have no notion of the happiness which I gain from this holy and sublime faith. I go like a child to be enlightened and consoled, to rejoice and confide in my merciful Saviour. You will feel that man cannot be happy either in this world or the in the next without Jesus Christ." Evidently the transformation of 1804 was of quite another type from that of 1792—it was Divine Union, produced by a vision of the Son of God, and producing spiritual and ethical affinity with him. The history of this event is not, perhaps, unique; it was devoid of convulsive emotions or physical agonies, and is paralleled in the spiritual biography of any Christian who has once been

a devotee of the tyrannic society-god.

Depressed by the demise of her husband and the exile which it necessitated, the instantaneous death of a friend in her presence just after salutations had been exchanged, focussed her remorse, and she suddenly perceived the self-destructive viciousness of a course of life which flippant French society had so lightly pronounced only the pardonable aberration of a beautiful woman: and, unable to eliminate from her mind the dread of an ultimate judgment-act of God which should fix her eternal destiny, lost hope. Gaiety of spirit lapsed into dejection, and vanity into despair. But the agent of light was not far distant; and again, as often before and since, an obscure follower of Christ, whose immutable confidence in his Bible and his Saviour was his supreme characteristic and perpetual solace, became the bearer of the message which dispelled the clouds that had gathered in terror above an intellect superior to his own, and a spirit whose possibilities of achievement were larger than he could conceive—a Moravian shoemaker, became the tutor of this friend of Constant, Richter, and Chauteaubriand, this brilliant novelist, this sparkling jewel of the Parisian salon !

Three years of simple Christian life had passed away before that event occurred which began a new period of unique aspiration and activity.

In 1807 she made a tour among the various Moravian communities —Herrnhut, of course, where John Wesley had come nearly seventy years before to receive fuller instruction in the religion of the heart—and, seeking knowledge of a maturer piety, went to Carlsruhe, where she met Jung Stilling. "From the instant of her becoming a member of the Stilling household," says Ford, "she was launched on the deep waters of mysti which all the remaining ye her life were destined to be

Hitherto her religious li consisted of prayer, hymn-s Bible-reading for devotiona and acts of charity; she now that a much larger and mor plex development was pos and, not only possible, but es There were deeper [illegible] attainable by the devout soul intense joy, culminating in w ecstasies; mystic meanings of ture to be discerned; and, ab she, as a disciple of Jesus was to be prepared for the diate advent and personal r her Lord."

Mysticism ! I am awa mysticism is under the ban am also aware that, even in churches of a bastard type, " mental religion " is banned dame de Krudener did not cally resent the charge of l mystic, but if, as Vinet says, ticism annihilates obedienc was not a mystic, for she asp obey Jesus Christ as the a autocrat of her heart and li endeavoured to introduce in litical, commercial, religious cial life of Europe an elen implicit submission to the Jesus Christ as the Lord of l

There is an audacity of former whch may be insc and there is an audacity w courage; hers was the auda that faith in the Ideal which ism. A false Church and a State united in branding " mystic," but her friend, Boos, the story of whose holy Protestant life in the of Rome has been related by nes Gossner, said, " If that Christ, Peter and Paul preached is mysticism, then mystic, for I have always voured to teach only that whi taught."

These words of the simp

man parish priest, persecuted for truth's sake, express the thought that lay in the mind of the friend and directress of Alexander. She avowed that her only ambition was to reproduce the spirit of the Son of Man. That she did not realize her own ideal of Christ-life is confessed. Instead of affiliating with the unctuous and wily Fontaine, and the telepathic prophetess, Maria Kummrin, it would have been wiser had she co-operated with the unselfish Oberin. But Fontaine seemed to possess a more radical and uncompromising programme of social reform, and Madame de Krudener had become radical and uncompromising.

Eager to reorganize human life according to a scheme of Christian communism, proposed by Fontaine and endorsed by the inspired Kummrin, the Madame invested large sums of money in the establishment of a colony in Wurtemberg, but the sovereign of the little realm became suspicious—his crown was in danger—and she was advised to try her plans of social regeneration elsewhere. Obeying the royal behest, she went to Baden, and, abandoning her purpose to reconstruct the social fabric, found congenial society in a circle, to which, as the widow of an ambassador, she had the *entree*. Perhaps she was a communist, a socialist—but she was a Christian, as Baron de Norvins said, "who had taken the Bible literally." Her programme may have been false, but her principles were true.

At this juncture she became acquainted with the works of Madame Guyon and Archbishop Fenelon, and, promptly accepting their doctrines, was elevated to the summits of the inspired life, unfolding the will of God and predicting the future. For, whatever her subjective state, it was neither her custom nor desire to withdraw from the "market or the caucus and betake herself to solitary life." She rather considered that her duty was to establish, or restore, right relations between the world and God.

"I have been repeatedly detained by important business," she writes, "and I have felt strongly that my work was not finished. . . . I have lived through a momentous and blessed time, having been ceaselessly occupied with souls, having been enabled to preach Christ to the Queen and the Empress, and having lately spoken of our Saviour to the Queen of Holland and the viceroy whilst announcing to them *the great events that are approaching.*"

Great events, indeed, were approaching. I will not say that this "mystic," who had been a "mondaine"; this Christian who had been a coquette, definitely foreknew them; I can only present, in defence of her prophetic claims, this testimony of one who saw and heard her utter the famous predictions of 1814. She was then at Baden.

"I was alone in my room," says Mdlle. Cochelet, "when Madame de Krudener entered. Her inspired mien, her prophetic accent, and her impressive pose filled me with surprise. 'I have come to see your Queen!' she exclaimed. 'I must save her from a danger that threatens her. *I have come to declare to her what God wishes her to know.* . . . She must submit to her fate. She must be resigned; she is not yet at the end of her troubles. Above all, do not let her return to France, let her go to Russia; the Emperor Alexander is the refuge of the destitute. Ah! you do not know what a terrible year 1815 will be! You imagine the Congress will finish its labours. Undeceive yourself. *The Emperor Napoleon will leave his island!* He will be more powerful than ever; but those who support him will be pursued, persecuted, punished. They will not know where to lay their heads!"

There is a philosophy of the Future as there is a philosophy of the Past. It is founded upon knowledge of the absolute relations of events, and may express its conclusions in definite predictions for which Divine inspiration is unnecessary. This prog-

nosis is conceivably possible; for, the Present being what it is, the Future will be logically, if not necessarily evolved from it. To know the Present, therefore, is to know the Future. It is because we do not know the Present in the solidarity of its position in the cosmic history that we cannot definitely predict the life of to-morrow. Perhaps Madame de Krudener may have acquired a knowledge of her own time—it was *this* which enabled her to announce the future—to argue from a major premise of the current date to the conclusion of the farthest period of history.

To argue from Past to Present is easy. Victor Hugo, writing of 1815, says, "Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude and his fall decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe." But Victor Hugo wrote in 1860—nearly fifty years after the exile of Bonaparte. Madame de Krudener uttered her prophecies while the Star of Austerlitz still flashed in splendour before the startled gaze of Europe.

Now, as a preacher of the Gospel, the Madame fulfilled all the ethical functions of true prophetism, without predicting coming events, and, for the accomplishment of her evangelistic mission, had no need of the powers attributed to the prognostic. Neither Wesley nor Luther were seers, though both were prophets of the first order. Swedenborg was not less a prophet that he claimed to be also a seer. Perhaps her fame as a seer attracted curious audiences eager to listen to a fortune-teller, but she seems never to have forced her vision-seeing faculties to action, or assumed the *role* of prophet on demand. Neither did she simulate the Delphic frenzy for the purpose of deluding her votaries or securing a constituency—sitting on a tripod above a mysterious abyss, or drinking waters from some magic Kas-[illegible]te's spring—only once did there seem traces of charlatani even then her words are ca being translated into predi

However this may be, t dame was a genuine and prophet according to the t trayed by Fairbairn: "T phets were in a peculiar s spiritual watchmen of Juc Israel, the representatives vine truth and holiness, part it was to keep a and jealous eye upon the of the times, to detect prove the symptoms of d which appeared, and by means in their power, fos encourage the spirit of rea ness."

Madame de Krudener's and Israel" was Europe— rope of the great Na wars; and the objects of h cal censorship were the n of that disturbed continenta whose ideals and standards come almost as mutable as of the world under the swa Corsican corporal who had Emperor of France. Not fr pit, surrounded by inviolab tities and ecclesiastical prc did this "fanatic" unfold t ciples of the Christ-life, but lours, in salons, at the road the street, and, on one famo sion, in the cabinet of a Cz that Czar the pivotal perso modern European history.

If there was majesty in t at Baden when the Madame the words of a seer, there w limity in the scene at He when she confronted the s Alexander as a Nathan-like er of hearts. The Czar, h the throne of state, was cu see this woman, by whose pr however vague, he had beer nated a favourite of Pro and, no doubt, anticipated a tion of the eulogy. But, this white-robed oracle pour the most incisive rebukes, r

with exhortations to repent and plead for pardon!

A small, self-seeking quack would have flattered the ruler or trimmed the truth to please the royal ear, fearful of wrath or hopeful of reward; but this uncompromising preacher, unordained and unrecognized by any hierarchy, ennobled by loyalty to truth, delivered her message without abatement of emphasis or change of phrase.

"No, sire," she declared, "you have not yet approached the God-Man as a criminal, begging for mercy. You have not yet received the grace of Him who alone has power on earth to forgive sins. You are still living in the midst of your sins. You have not yet humbled yourself before Jesus. You have not yet cried like the publican from the bottom of your heart, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' And that is why you enjoy no peace of mind. Listen to the voice of a woman who also has been a great sinner, but who has found pardon for her sins at the foot of the Cross of Christ."

Discarding the parable as indirect, this modern "court-priest," under prophetic impulse, used plainest speech in the manner of a Methodist exhorter during a protracted meeting in a village church.

The imperial auditor, startled, but submissive, said, when his daring mentor ceased, "Your whole speech is justified in my heart. You have made me discover in myself things which I had never seen. I give thanks for it to God."

Four days later, in a cottage on the banks of the Neckar, the Czar and his counsellor met again, and there, on alternate evenings, in the presence of Empaytaz, the potent Alexander reverently listened to prayer, admonition and Bible-reading; and he confessed that, having previously failed to eradicate the elements of sin from his soul, he had at last sincerely repented.

It was the year 1815—the year of the Catastrophe—the Transformation—preannounced by Madame de Krudener in October of the preceding year. Guilty France was chastised, according to her prediction. The "Black Angel of the South" was driven from Europe, and the great Alexander—the "White Angel of the North," publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to her in the presence of his armies, on the occasion of the grand review on the Plain of Vestus, in Champagne, the Madame standing, visible to the assembled regiments, "bareheaded, her fair hair parted and falling over her shoulders, clad in a long, dark robe, confined by a girdle." She had not won a crown for him, but she had taught him how to wear one. There is here no opportunity to legendize, or shroud a fact in mists of myth—this scene was witnessed in 1815.

HIS HAND WAS ROUGH.

His hand was rough and His hand was hard,
For He wrought in wood, in Nazareth town;
With naught of worship, with no regard,
In the village street He went up and down.

His hand was rough, but its touch was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born blind;
Or strake sick folk in its healing might,
And gave back joy to the hearts that pined.

His hand was hard, but they spiked it fast
To the splintering wood of the cursèd tree;
And He hung in the sight of the world, at last,
In His shame. And the red blood trickled free.

—*Archibald MacMechan.*

RECENT DISCOVERIES AS TO NEBULÆ.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

When we search the heavens with a telescope of small magnifying power, but a large field, we come upon objects called Nebulæ, which give a light similar to that of the Milky Way. They are of various forms and sizes, ranging from one degree to a few seconds in size, and from round, circular or elliptical to great irregularity in form. Sometimes little stars are seen in such nebulæ, or there is a visible thickening of the nebulous matter towards the centre. What appear in telescopes of small power like light clouds, separate into stars when viewed through a stronger glass, forming star clusters. In other nebulæ no separate stars can be discerned, but an impression is received that they consist of many stars crowded close together. There are, besides these, a great many nebulæ which cannot be resolved into stars at all.

The distinction between the real nebulæ and the star clusters was first discovered by the help of spectrum analysis. The spectrum of the star clusters is continuous, while that of the nebulæ consists of one or more (generally three) bright lines; the light of the clusters of stars seems to come from bodies in a glowing liquid or a solid state, and that of nebulæ from glowing gases. Dr. Huggins was the first to make this spectroscopic examination, and found the line-spectrum (gas-spectrum) in nineteen nebulæ, and a continuous spectrum in thirty-eight clusters of stars and separable nebulæ. According to the investigation of Dr. Huggins and Herr Vogel, the nebulæ consist principally of nitrogen and hydrogen.

Another great aid beside spectroscope in solving many tions in regard to the pl nature of nebulæ is photog which has been used so mu late years in examining the enly bodies. Some years plan was devised for obtai photograph of the entire h by the co-operation of a se observatories; the preliminar carrying out this plan are a in full operation. Besides thi work, which will require years,—indeed, before this id conceived — special investig in this field had been unde by different astronomers, wit happy results.

One of these enthusiastic tees, Mr. Isaac Roberts, of pool, has taken photograp various objects, among which of the great nebula in Andr taken in December, 1888, by ing a plate for four hours focus of a mirror telesco twenty inches diameter. Th nebula in Andromeda is one most regular in form, and seen by the naked eye more than the one in Orion, becaus are no bright stars in the neig hood of the former, and it appearance of a nebulous st was first seen in Europe in 1 Marius, who compared its l that of a candle shining thr plate of horn. Observers, the time of William Hersch ticed little more than that the was brighter in the middle schell thought that the centr could be resolved into star 1848, G. P. Bond, of Cam U. S., using a refractor fifteen-inch opening, count

thousand five hundred little stars within the limits of the nebula, without losing the nebulous outline of the whole.

Through the nebula pass two dark belts like two breaks. Bond considers that this nebula can be separated into stars, and the spectroscope seems to uphold him, for it gives a continuous spectrum, such as always comes from the combined light of groups of stars; and the spectrum of the nebula is not to be found. The nebula proper seems to be behind the stars, which impression is also given by Roberts' photograph. Further, it can be clearly seen that the great nebula consists of rings which surround a bright centre, and in some parts of these rings knots of nebulous matter are visible; this was probably separated from the main body, as it shows no connection with it.

The great philosopher, Kant, advanced, more than one hundred years ago, in his "Universal Natural History and Theory of the Heavens," an hypothesis based on the supposition that our system, for example, had been formed by the condensation of an immense nebulous mass; from which mass single parts had broken away, and of these parts the planets and their moons were formed. We can consider the nebulæ now visible to be such systems in process of construction; but as periods of time incomprehensible to the human mind are required for the formation of these systems, and the changes cannot be watched, we must be satisfied with hypothesis.

Prof. Pickering had pointed out some years ago, that if the variation in stars of the Algol class were due to the transit of a dark satellite across the disk of its primary, producing a partial eclipse, then, since in every case yet known the two bodies must be close to each other, and of not very disproportionate size, the primary must revolve with very considerable rapidity in an orbit round the common centre of gravity of the two, and therefore be sometimes approaching the earth with great rapidity, and sometimes receding from it. Six photographs of the spectrum of Algol have shown that before the minimum the lines of the spectrum of Algol are markedly displaced toward the red, showing a motion of recession; but that after the minimum the displacement is toward the blue, showing a motion of approach. Assuming a circular orbit for the star and combining the details given by the spectroscope with the known variation of the star's light, Prof. Vogel derives the following elements for the system of Algol:

Diameter of Algol	1,074,100 Eng. miles.
Diameter of the dark companion	840,600 "
Distance of centre	3,269,000 "
Speed of Algol in its orbit	27 miles a second.
Speed of companion in its orbit	56 "
Mass of Algol	⅘ of the sun.
Mass of the companion	⅖ "
Speed of translation of the entire system towards the earth	2 miles a second.

From day to day, oh, be it thine to lie,
As some mute harp beneath the Master's eye;
Yet ever ready for His skilful hand
To waken just the music He had planned.
Or, like some instrument of mighty tone,
Content to wait unnoticed and unknown.
So may thy heart, when He shall sweep the keys,
Give forth to Him its praiseful melodies!

—*Lucy A. Bennett.*

A GREAT CHRISTIAN SCHOLAR—DR. WILLIAM F. MOULTON.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

REV. DR. WILLIAM F. MOULTON.

We used to go to Leek "out of the noise." The phrase was universally employed in announcing any prospective visit to the old moorland town by reason of the fact that it boasted a "quiet woman." Thi striking phenomenon differentiate it from every other place in the mid lands of England, if not, indeed from every centre within the fou

ras impossible for a mo-
in thought, to separate
n lady from the town
by her name. Their
s historical and identical.
say, however, there was
of a very hollow char-
boast Leek made of her
. The quiet woman was
s dream. Her story was
l as that of Minerva or
x. Yet, like those pleas-
s, it furnished the artist
ject; and a large painting
inent street set forth his
nception of the fabled

quisite production of the
Joshua formed the sign
its ancient inns. Upon
in question was repre-
vinsome and well-propor-
as minus the decoration
"The Quiet Woman"
ame to this famous hos-
it was in allusion to the
f the decapitated dame
pplied the good-natured,
nt, appendix above re-
when they announced
se of going to Leek.
natter of fact you will
town no quieter than
, while, if you happen
Wednesday, the market
will meet with noise
Then the great square is
with a busy multitude in-
ie buying and selling of
d of commodity—from
tch to dolly-pegs, from
to crockery. Here, too,
listen, as in many neigh-
owns, to that delightful
ich George Eliot has im-
in "Adam Bede," but
olic readers of that work
le the Atlantic do not in
approximate. This form
has reigned in that region
immemorial, and polished
light to drop into it in
itercourse.

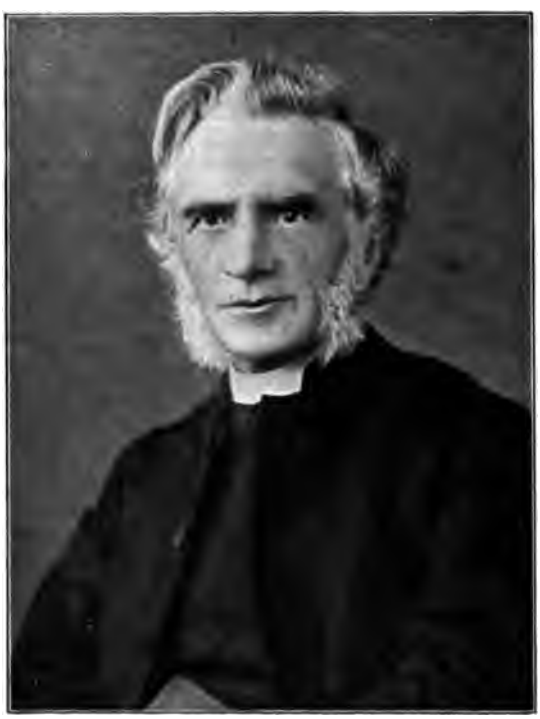
John Wesley first preached in Leek in 1772. At five in the morning of Monday, March 23rd, he spoke to a huge congregation in Derby; by nine o'clock he was in Ashbourne market-place crying: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." At mid-day, while he was dining at Leek—perchance at the very inn alluded to above—"a gentleman of the town desired he would give them a sermon." Wesley says: "As it seemed a providential call, I did not think it right to refuse; a large congregation quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive." Thence he flew to Macclesfield, where, in the evening, he preached "longer than usual;" and summed up the record of the day's work by the laconic statement that he felt no more weariness when he had done, than he did "at six in the morning."

Methodism became established in Leek at an early date, and still holds a strong position there. Among the ministers of the circuit during the present century, we find the names of the Revs. G. B. Macdonald and J. E. Moulton. It was during Mr. Macdonald's incumbency that John Lockwood Kipling, the son of another Methodist minister, visited the Leek parsonage and took one of his host's daughters for an outing to Rudyard Lake, a pretty sheet of water in the neighbourhood. On that afternoon the young couple became engaged, and when their son was afterwards born to them in far-off Bombay, they named him Rudyard after the lake that had witnessed their romance. That son has now reached man's estate, and he who does not know Rudyard Kipling argues himself unknown.

It was in Leek, on March 14th, 1835, and during his father's residence there, that William F. Moulton first saw the light. It was on Feb. 5th, 1898, and at Cambridge,

that he closed his eyes to the scenes of earth. In this interval of three-and-sixty years his intellectual gifts and accomplishments had advanced him to the forefront among the great men of the nation, and his departure was regarded as an irreparable loss.

Dr. Moulton was blessed in being born well. A remote progenitor wrote that imperishable hymn: "Hail, thou once despised Jesus;"



RIGHT REV. DR. F. B. WESTCOTT, LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

his grandfather had been an assistant minister at Wesley's Chapel, City Road; while his father was endowed with excellent qualities of heart and brain,—was a fine mathematician, a good classic, and read Hebrew "like a Jew."

At an early age the boy left his father's home and entered the school at Woodhouse Grove. At this time he was regarded as very delicate, and was not expe live to manhood. However, to the top of the school b left it at fifteen, and in 1850 Wesley College, Sheffield. he rapidly prepared himself triculation at London Un of which he became such a guished alumnus and ex and where, subsequentl brothers and his sons left a honourable record of thems

It was while at College that he b seeker after God. Augustine, he le say: "Thou hast for Thyself, a hearts are restless find rest in Thee not necessary fo to riot in ungodl order to know th ing of repentance broken heart. T and diligent you dent, to all huma ing, wore the flower of a blamel And yet He, wh with the humble contrite ones, h own means of l him to self-abasen to penitence. Th his heart who s Infinite, the cle vision of the hol God's law, and th er his conscience a deviation.

"I have sinned against tl est light," moaned W. F. to his school friend. This however, as has happened before and since, worked ance unto a salvation which no regret," and he kept the sary of the day upon w sorrow was turned into jo of his spiritual birth. "Thr to-day," he wrote in 1854, "

twelve and one in the morning, I found peace with God. Thanks be unto Him for His unspeakable gift."

He left Wesley College for a position in a private school at Devonport, whence at length he went as mathematical master to Queen's College, Taunton. It was while at Taunton that he captured the London University gold medal for mathematics and natural philosophy, and here also he received his call to preach. He had been strongly advised to enter the Indian Civil Service, in which two of his uncles held high positions, but, after much thought and prayer, he came to the decided conviction that it was his duty to enter the ministry in the Church of his fathers. Soon setting aside his favourite science of mathematics, he turned all his energies towards those studies that would best fit him for effective work in the lofty calling he was to follow. How thorough his devotion in this direction was is evidenced by the fact that in two years' time he took the Scripture examination at London University, making a record that has never been approached before or since. He carried off the University prizes in Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, Greek Text of the New Testament, and in Evidences of the Christian Religion.

RIGHT REV. T. B. LIGHTFOOT, LATE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

In 1858, though only twenty-three years of age, W. F. Moulton was appointed Assistant Tutor at Richmond College, where he remained for many years, being subsequently appointed Classical Tutor in succession to the saintly and scholarly Professor Hellier. The grand old college on Richmond Hill has memories and traditions which belong to no other school of the prophets in ecumenical Methodism. There men have taught and studied whose names will be held in loving remembrance while sun and moon endure. When first a man walks its halls he feels himself to be on holy ground. And his veneration for the famous fabric increases the longer he resides within its walls. To occupy, as the present writer did, the study in which Morley Punshon and other famous men passed their college days, is something to inspire a man. To read the prayers, as each student must once or twice a term, from the self-same pulpit in which the Wesleys stood so many years at the Foundry, is an ordeal no man likes, but one

which creates a bond of relationship for Richmond men which neither time nor space can sever. The very stones of the great stairs speak of those who have been "rolled off," and have gone to the ends of the earth to preach the good tidings of great joy.

Dr. Moulton's influence in this institution was potent and widespread. Concerning it, let two of his old students, who wield a better pen than mine, bear testimony. The first is the Rev. Henry Haigh, a successful missionary in India; the second is the Rev. T. G. Selby, famed for his work in China, and more recently known to the world as an accomplished litterateur. Says Mr. Haigh:

"It was in his Greek Testament classes that he always seemed to me to be the greatest. It was there that I first learned the meaning and began to realize the possibilities of exegesis, and scores of others will say the same. The New Testament became a new book to us as he discoursed the Greek text before us. He dealt delightfully with the significance of single words; he displayed to us the suggestions that were involved in cases and tenses and prepositions; and he insisted most strongly of all on our following and stating to ourselves precisely the course of thought of the writer. I can conceive no higher training for preachers than those classes gave. Possible sermons seemed to appeal to us frequently and clamorously as he expounded. Ay, and more than that: they were often occasions of the highest value, for 'did not our hearts burn within us' as he spoke? Time and again in those classes he glowed as he unfolded to us the fullest significance of the words before us. He was in his element, and for the time was tutor and prophet in one."

Writing in the *British Weekly* at the time of Dr. Moulton's death, Mr. Selby, well known to many of the readers of this paper by his book, "The Imperfect Angel," and by other works, said:

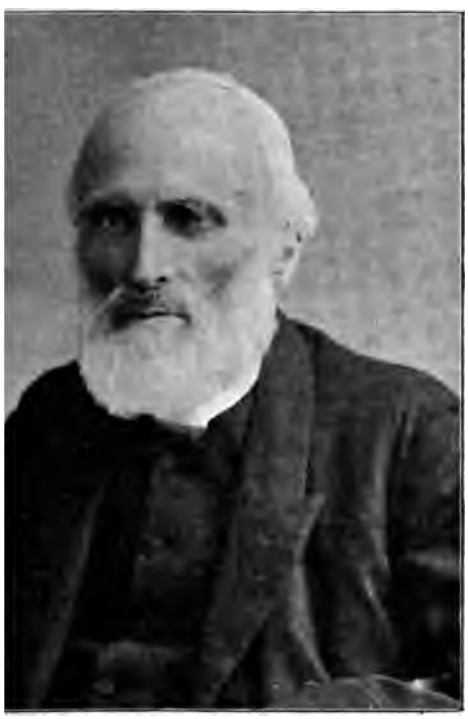
"Towards conscientious mediocrity he was very indulgent, and he sometimes made himself the protector of persecuted weakness with a magnanimity that prompted the question, Is the scholar in him sleeping, or walking, or hunting, or on a journey? The accurate and painstaking studies in his Greek Testament classes were a revelation to men who had got a smattering of classics in the private middle-class schools of thirty years ago, and who had come into college feeling fairly well satisfied with their equipment of working theology. The union of candour, reverence, and free and enthusiastic research in his temper broadened his students, without either making them prigs or tempting them to reckless delight in shocking old-fashioned orthodoxy. The extreme humility of the man, who was at once a great scholar and a notable saint, was pathetic and almost incongruous."

I have heard old Richmond men say, that before his marriage the students used sometimes to wonder where their tutor could possibly find a lady who would be a helpmeet for one such as he. He was a second Admirable Crichton, and the first of that name had never married! Like his father before him, however, he espoused the accomplished daughter of a Methodist minister, and any misgivings the students might have had were set at rest, when one of their number, going to his study, found Dr. and Mrs. Moulton reading Hebrew together. In course of time a son was born to the happily-mated pair, and the students, with the Richmond partiality for a pun, avowed that the child was "the Moulton (molten) image."

No thoroughgoing student of the Greek New Testament attempts to get along without his Winer. It is about as necessary to him as the rifle to the sportsman, or the paddle to the canoeist. It is his indispensable enchiridion. The edition of that work best known to English students bears upon its title page the name of Dr. Moulton. His excessive modesty only permitted him to claim the right of translation and annotation; but a glance at the "notes," which are relegated in

print to the bottom of the
reveals his real relation to the

And the amazing thing is
when he gave that monument
rning to the world, he was not
irty-five years of age! It was
to be wondered at when the
ıny for the revision of the
Testament was formed, that
ould be requested to become
f the number. "He had al-
" said his aged friend, Dr.



REV. DR. F. J. HORT.

:ott, the present Bishop of
ım, "established his reputa-
by his masterly edition of
r. Close and constant inter-
: increased my admiration for
ırning and scholarship, and to
as added a personal affection,
has grown deeper through all
:ars that have followed."

work on the Revision Com-
brought Dr. Moulton into
:ouch with some of the most accomplished scholars of the age, and enabled him to form delightful and enduring friendships. Drs. Hort, Milligan and Lightfoot, whose portraits are found on these pages, were among those whose affection he joyfully reciprocated. With Dr. Milligan, the eminent exponent of the Apocalypse, he collaborated on a commentary on the Gospel of St. John. With Dr. Scrivener he worked, after the Revision closed, at the task of furnishing marginal references for the new version. Owing to Dr. Scrivener's ill-health, however, this work devolved upon Dr. Moulton alone, and for years any inquiry after him evoked the reply that he was "busy with the references."

Of his conscientious and scholarly care in this immense labour Dr. Westcott writes: "Even in their original form these references were an invaluable commentary; and through them I believe that Dr. Moulton will lead many generations of students to recognize with a personal conviction the unity and variety of the Bible. No memorial of his life could be more appropriate, or, I think, more welcome to himself."

In this connection it should be added, on the authority of the *London Quarterly Review* for last July, that, in addition to the Reference Bible in the Revised Version lately issued, we are to expect shortly the announcement of a much fuller body of references from the Doctor's hand. This prospective publication, together with those delightful volumes now being given to the world by his brother, Dr.

Richard G. Moulton, of Chicago, will give the reader of the English Bible advantages he has never had before. And their united labours will lay the world under a perpetual obligation to yet another godly Methodist family.

Towards the higher criticism, Dr. Moulton assumed neither the attitude of the conservatives nor of the extremists. Believing that biblical

REV. DR. W. MILLIGAN.

science in this age should make advance along with the other sciences, he took his stand with the progressives. The works of men like Driver he heartily welcomed, and the position he held is that which those distinguished scholars, Drs. Beet and Davidson, and others prominent in the present-day Methodism of England thoroughly en[illegible]. "The old will not extinguish [illegible]ew," he said; "the new will not escape modification through the influence of the old."

Touching textual criticism, he was, like his friend Dr. Milligan, far in advance of the majority of the Revisers with whom he worked, and if he could have had his way, translations consigned to the margin would have been placed in the text, and still further changes effected. "This blessed Word," he said in his ordination charge at Nottingham in 1891, "may be studied with a microscope as with a telescope. But in each case the eye must be rightly trained. Not every impression that is vivid is therefore lasting. You may find it necessary to change your interpretation. . . . Difficulties will woo you on to more thorough search; and if you are walking in the light, and the Holy Spirit is your guide, you will possess for yourselves 'the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ.'"

The last and best years of Dr. Moulton's life were consumed in building up that Methodist Rugby, the Leys School, Cambridge. It seems, at the first blush, a terrible waste to make him a Head Master, given up to exacting office work and the routine drilling of young boys in the more rudimentary branches of knowledge, when he might with such brilliance have filled a Divinity chair. But the Conference asked him to leave Richmond for the newly-projected Cambridge school, and he went. Here he did not, either, spend his strength for naught. He lived again in those made better by his presence,—he

was not lost, but multiplied. In an affectionate tribute written in the school *Fortnightly*, one of the boys declares: "Upon us he lavished all the riches of his great mind, and upon us he poured out ungrudgingly and unstintingly the treasures of a pure and noble soul; and we cannot repay him for all that he has done better than by trying at all times to walk worthily of him."

*Ἐν πραΰτητι σοφίας** in uncial letters is inscribed over Dr. Moulton's monument erected in Wesley's Chapel, City Road. It consists of a fine bust placed under a canopy, and was unveiled last July by the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, himself a son of the Methodist manse, and a whilom Minister of the Queen. The phrase fittingly sets forth the spirit of the lamented Doctor, who is still further described as "a scholar keen, exact, accomplished, eminently versed in the sacred Scripture; a teacher who inspired love of learning and love of all goodness; a minister of Christ, humble, faithful, gentle towards all, fervent in spirit, pure in heart, constant in labour and prayer, an example to the flock, a good steward of the manifold grace of God."

Claremont, Ont.

* "In meekness of wisdom."—Jas. iii. 13.

BY THE BEST WAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

A short, smooth reach of sunny upland road
Led to a point wherefrom two ways diverged;
One, strewn with flowers, stretched evenly across
A table-land, bathed all in golden light,
Whose air was vocal with the blithesome songs
Of happy birds:—the other, hedged with thorns,
Wound roughly downward through a darksome valley
Where silence sad prevailed.

Fain had I been
To tread the sunlit path upon the height;
But He whose judgments are infallible
Deemed it not best for me; and, at His bidding,
I, trembling, turned me toward the gloomy vale.

I know not why it is I may not journey
By the bright path whereon glad sunbeams fall,
While others joyous follow it, and pass,
Still with rejoicing, to eternal glory:
But I am sure that the Almighty Friend
Who doth alike direct their steps and mine,
Will bring me, too, to everlasting light;—
For when I stood, shrinking and faltering, where
The darkness loomed before me, He within
His strong, sure clasp did take my feeble hand,
And bade me trust in Him, fearing no evil,
Since He would never leave me nor forsake.

And when, at last, I see Him, face to face,
Of all His ways I shall the wisdom trace.

Toronto.

POMPEII—THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

POMPEII.—VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon that I drove, with a companion in travel, from Naples to Pompeii. It is about a ten miles' drive through what is almost one continuous city —a humming hive of industry scarcely surpassed in Naples itself. "Pompeii," says the latest authority on the subject, "was a city of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, that had for many centuries enjoyed a happy, prosperous life, under the very shadow of Vesuvius. In the first century it was one of the most beautiful provincial cities of the Roman Empire, as it was one of the richest. Art had lent her aid to make it a delight to the eye, and nature had given it a site and surroundings exceptionally picturesque

active. Situated directly on
of Naples, Pompeii was an
sidence. As a background
ity loomed Vesuvius, dark
jestic. Thrifty vineyards
ve orchards adorned the
the mountains, and charm-
is dotted its sides. To the
arted, merry, industrious
ins, life on that August day
l to overflowing with hope
piness and the mere pleas-
xistence.

sixteen hundred years the
mained hidden under its
of mud and ashes before any
as made to uncover it. Not
e present century was a sys-
excavation begun and con-
so industriously that almost
f the city has now been dug
he romance of this buried
fired the imagination of
and artists just as its archæ-
importance has impressed
nt and historian. Painters
ulptors, novelists and com-
have found inspiration in its
l streets and empty, ruined

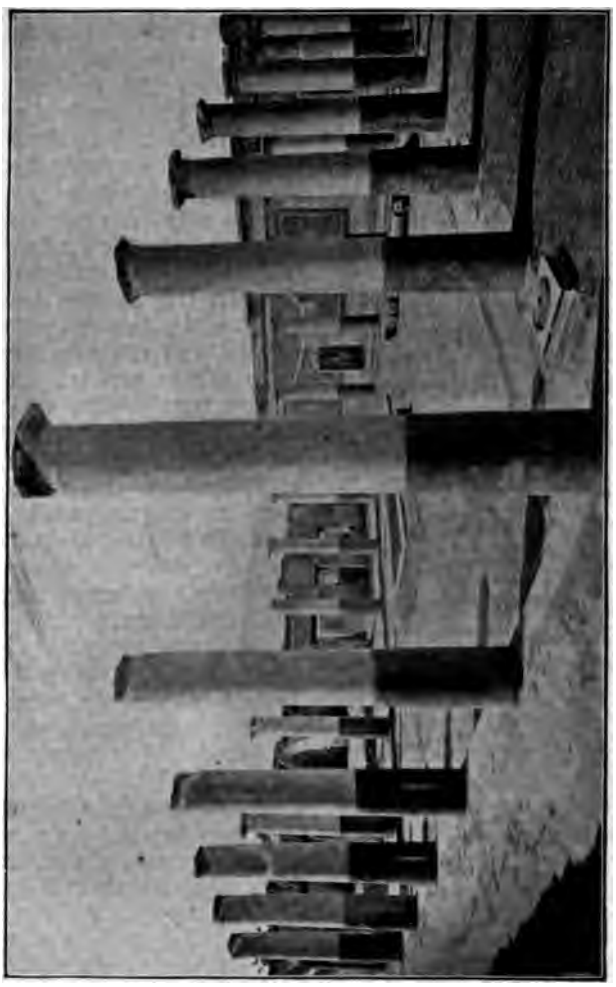
peii, it will be remembered,
ied beneath twenty feet of
ashes and pumice stone
year 79. About the middle
last century it was re-dis-
, and ever since its excava-
as been prosecuted with
energy. The result of this
ment is a revelation of the
ns of old Roman life, such
een exhibited nowhere else.
ay follow its minutest de-
You may accompany the
trician to the public forum
court; to the amphitheatre
re his seat, and look down
n into the arena where the
rs fight; to the temple, and
the altars still stained with
oke of sacrifice, and see,
could not, the secret open-
ind the image of the god
which the priest spoke his
oracles. You may go to the public baths and see the hypocausts for fire, the aqueducts and caleducts for hot water and cold air, the cabinets for his clothing, and niches for his soaps, strigils and unguents. You may enter the privacy of his home and behold the images of his ancestors, and the lares and penates of his fire-side. You may criticise the frescoes on his walls, the furnishings of his house, and his mode of entertaining his friends. You may enter his kitchen and examine the domestic economy of his family.

You may even penetrate the privacy of his wife's apartment, and behold the interesting mysteries—dear to the female heart—of her toilet table, the rouge pots, cosmetics, and mirrors, the jewellery and other articles of personal adornment. You may examine the surgeon's instrument case, its lancets and scalpels, and probes and cupping-glasses—three hundred intruments in all. You may visit the baker's shop and see the kneading-troughs, the ovens, even the loaves of bread stamped with the baker's name. You may study the different avocations and modes of work of the fuller, dyer, miller, barber, colour-man, grocer, perfumer, and wine-merchant. You may examine the commodities which they sold, and note the stains of the wine-cup on the marble counters, and the amphoræ on the floor.

The houses, of course, are roofless, the woodwork having been ignited by the red-hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents are perfectly preserved. It produces a strange sensation to walk down the narrow streets of this long-buried city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the ruts made by the cart-wheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, bearing the

marks of horses' hoofs. On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to-day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs, and other articles. The signs of the shop-keepers can in places be seen. A barber shop, a soap-factory, a

The dwelling-houses have a tibule opening on the street, times with the word "S "Welcome," or a figure of a d mosaic on the floor with the w "Cave canem," "Beware o dog." Within is an open



THE FORUM, POMPEII.

tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains worn smooth by lengthened use, to which the maidens used to trip so lightly.

surrounded by bedrooms, kit triclinium or dining-room, The walls and columns are b fully painted in bright co chiefly red and yellow, and ad with elegant frescoes of scen the mythic history of the p

nd goddesses, landscapes, etc. blic places may be read elec- lacards and wall scribblings e soldiers and school-boys. site one shop I observed the ng in Latin, "This is no place unging; idler, depart." The forum, the basilica, or court tice, with its cells for prison- he temples of the gods, with shrines and images, their altars d with incense smoke, and the ers of the priests; the thea- ith their stage, corridors, and of marble seats—one will five thousand, another twenty and persons; the public with marble basins for hot old water, etc.; the street of s lined with the monuments e dead; and the ancient city and gates, may all be seen t as they were when the wrath eaven descended upon the city.

out two thousand persons, in re supposed to have perished e ruins. In the house of Di- es, in the wine-vaults, whither ad fled for refuge—the bodies venteen women and children found crowded together. At arden gate was discovered the ton of the proprietor, with the in his hand, and near him a with money and jewels. In ladiators' barracks were found -three skeletons, three of them ison with iron stocks on their

In the museum are observed al casts made by pouring er into the consolidated matrix hes which had formed around living body—long since re- d to dust—of the ill-fated bitants in the attitude of flight, in the very death-struggle. ng these are a young girl with g on her finger, a man lying is side with remarkably well rved features, and others. The texture and embroidery of the , and the smooth, round contour of the young girl's arm, may be distinctly seen.

At the entry to the guard-house was found the skeleton of a Roman sentinel—a man of giant mould, with his firm-laced sandals, his iron greaves, his sword, his shield, and grasping still his bronze-tipped spear—a monument of Roman valour and fidelity—keeping his post even unto death. A priest of Isis was overtaken by the mephitic gases while endeavouring to break through the wall of the temple. Even the remains of the dumb animals have a pathetic interest.—the horses in the stable of Albinus, the mule in the bakery, the dog in his kennel, and the dove upon her nest. The sight of this dead city called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.

The poet Rogers thus vividly describes the impression produced by a visit to the buried city :—

"—But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
HAIL! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace! everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of Mosaic, walls of Arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!
—And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now—along the corridor it comes—
I cannot err, a filling as of baths!
—Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were:
Still wandering in the City of the Dead!"

In the National Museum at Naples are preserved a very large collection of the paintings and mosaics and other objects found at Pompeii. The frescoes are wonderfully fresh looking, and the drawing is full of character and expression, although many of the subjects betray a depravation of morals, shocking every sentiment

of propriety. A curious collection of articles of food and other objects found at Pompeii is also shown. Among these are specimens of oil, wine, meat, fish, eggs, loaves of bread with the baker's name stamped on them, almonds, dates, peas, onions, sandals, a purse with coins, etc. A very large collection of bronzes, objects of art, household utensils and the like, gives a vivid conception of the life and habits of the inhabitants of the buried city.

The following is a list of articles I jotted down as I walked through the rooms: Statuettes and images of the gods, candelabra and lamps of very ornate character; musical instruments, flutes, cymbals, plectra, etc.; surgical instruments in cases, many varieties, also cases of medicines; toilet articles, combs, mirrors, beautiful bracel es, amulets, rings, s ornaments and jewelle buckles, spears, weap sorts; cake cutters, and cakes in the form of pi hearts, etc.; tongs, fire i dles, pots, pans, fun yards, scales large and weights, marked I., II X., etc.; measures, ch tacks, screws, door - hinges, locks and keys spades, mattocks, hay- kles, pruning-knives, a hammers, adzes, planes and baths, vases of eve shape, lead pipes and b taps. Many of these identical in shape with by the Italian peasan present day.

UNTO HEAVENLY PLACES.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

PSALM CXXVI.

There is laughter in the spirit and sweet music on the tongue
Of a ransomed one from servitude returning,—
For the favours of Jehovah can be neither told nor sung
In the measures of the barren moors of Mourning.

We adore the Lord, most Mighty, for His tenderness and
Lift our faces to the morning,
Loose our lips in happy song:
From the vassalage of evil we beheld His loving face,
Unto heavenly places leading us along.

He hath manacled the mighty and unmanacled His own;
He hath called them from servility and dreaming
To a Home of faultless freedom, where He hath His Princely
And they learn the boundless wealth of His redeeming.

They did sow the Land of Sorrow with regrets and bitter tear
He refined their hearts to humbleness by weeping:
Now, they come with harvest gleanings, the fruition of the ye
Sheaves of gladness and rejoicing from the reaping.

Toronto.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre.
—*Hartley Coleridge*—"*To Shakespeare.*"

FREDERICK THE NOBLE.

KAISER FREDERICK.

Public attention has again been led to the character and life of s monarch, who though he gned but a few months, and that a dying man, left his impress on his country and upon history the eighth king of Prussia and ond German Emperor, by the olication of the first volume of dame von Poschinger's "Kaiser edrich." This must not be re-ded as an official biography, nor rcely a biography at all; it is her a storehouse of materials— letters, state documents, and ied memoranda, hitherto inac-sible to the public. And every cument, every utterance, every sentence, only serves to confirm the estimate universally held of the Prince's high character, and of the gentleness and gentlemanliness of his spirit, the purity of his life, and the elevation and grasp of his mind. All who saw him were struck with his grand figure, his clear-cut features, and his dignified bearing; while to know him was to be charmed by his frankness and grace of manner, the spell of his personality, and the vigour of his intellect; a man you never forgot, nor did subsequent or further knowledge cause any abatement of your first estimate of him. If his military exploits differed from those of the

Chevalier Bayard of 1490, he was his counterpart as "the knight without fear and without reproach." In its every relation and aspect his life was pure, dutiful, unselfish; nor could the rancour and spleen of Brusch, Bismarck's biographer and apologist, who besmirched so many reputations, tarnish his good name; mire was thrown at his wife, but not at himself.

It was well enough known that his father's marriage was a *mariage de convenance;* another lady had been chosen and loved, the young, beautiful and accomplished Polish Princess Radziwell; but the blood in her veins was only half-royal, and so Prince William had perforce to discard his prize for the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. It is not often that state-made marriages turn out so happily as this one did; if there was no romance at first, a true love grew up and flourished afterwards, and deepened as the years of their long life rolled on. The Prince Friedrich, their elder child and only son, was born in 1831. The Princess Augusta, coming from Weimar, had been pupil and friend of Gœthe, and the great man celebrated the birth of her son in one of his odes. She was a woman of wide intellectual outlook, of great practical wisdom, and of earnest religious spirit. Her practical wisdom was seen in making the education of her son the great business of her life. What could be better than this:

"I have always acknowledged my son as a gift entrusted to me by God, for which He demands a reckoning. His training, therefore, has claimed my entire strength; I have devoted myself to him exclusively, and it has contributed greatly to my own development, and afforded me, together with its inseparable anxiety, great comfort and joy. He belongs to the present and the future; he must, therefore, take up the new ideas and work *them out for himself*, so that he may attain a living insight into his times and not live remote from them."

This letter, doing infinite credit to the head and the heart of the writer, was sent to General von Roon in 1848, his governor at the time. His first governor was General von Unruh, who had taken charge of him when he left the nursery. It would not be easy to sum up the good the boy derived from the teaching and example of Von Unruh: a soldier of rare distinction, who sacrificed the honours of his profession to the making of the future king. Your ordinary Prussian soldier is a being of drill and buckram, and given to dragoon people, but Von Unruh was the antipodes of this; his method was to allure and guide; the pupil was attracted to intellectual pursuits, and soon to the practice of virtue. One thing was ground into him, not to assume airs as the Prince of the Hohenzollerns; but to recognize the rights and respect the feelings of every man, whatever his condition and estate. This became a law of his life, and as a Prince made him a hundred times more princely. Little wonder, then, that a life-long affection subsisted between governor and pupil. We quote a few words from the old soldier's "parting letter," written from his dying bed: "At this solemn hour let me express my heartfelt thanks to God that during the time you were under my care He kept your heart pure and undefiled, and preserved you from follies which corrupt so many. I do not presume to give you counsel for your future life; I only urge you to seek guidance in prayer. May God's blessing be upon your future life, for time and for eternity, and may He vouchsafe us to meet again hereafter, sinless and redeemed."

If Von Unruh and Von Roon were ideal instructors, no less so was another of the Prince's tutors, Dr. Ernest Curtius, the famous Greek Archæologist. For six years he

der the ennobling influence
learned man. His vast
f learning were tempered by
d taste and illuminated by a
fe. So receptive was the
Professor's illustrious pupil
ɔt only was his progress
ɔut tutor and pupil became
able friends; so that an old
frau, to whose house the
d been taken by the village
or some refreshment, asked:
h is the Prince and which
ɪr?" and when told, she said,
fine young man, but he has
f the airs of a prince." It
ɛr a joy for him to go about
to among the common peo-
fraternise with them, to par-
ɛir fare and join their sports.
ɪtry towns he was wont to go
early morning markets, and
en piloting his way about
stalls and baskets, and even
ly chaffing with the white-
fed peasant women about the
f their produce. Of course,
is height of six foot three
m the inborn dignity of his
, disguise was not easy.
ɪttaining his eighteenth year
ined his commission and be-
recognized personality in the
ɔut he took no active part in
, not merely from his sub-
e position, but from his
autocratic rule, and after-
from his dislike of the "blood
ɔn" measures of Bismarck.
back to the event of his
y, we see that the coping-
f his education had not been
in a University course, so
ighteen to twenty he was a
at Bonn, dwelling in the
ɔld castle overlooking the

These were years of intel-
gain as well as of enjoyment.
from living apart from the
f his fellow-students, he was
and heartily one with them;
d their life, did their work,
ned in their sports. It was
cap and gown period that he
ɔ England on the occasion of
the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, and carried back with him in a golden locket a miniature portrait of our Princess Royal, then a girl of eleven, and dreamt the dream of his first love, which dream came true in their after marriage.

He would not have been a German prince had he not become a soldier; indeed, he was a soldier born and bred. At the tender age of seven, and only standing four feet high, he was a full-fledged private in the Prussian Guards, and knew all his soldier's drill. If his promotion was rapid, he never moved a grade up without having mastered all his duties; he went through all the drudgery of the commonest soldier; theoretical studies did not satisfy him; he must win his promotion. He was not long a captain before he knew every man in his company personally; he had an eye upon every one and every detail of equipment and service. When camped out in the open he slept round the camp fire with the rest; he never allowed himself to be treated differently from his fellows; he would not be a petted feather-bed soldier. His frank address made him a delightful companion, open and accessible to every one.

In Breslau, after a heavy fall of snow, there was only one narrow track; he met a boy coming; he would not allow him to turn back or plunge into the snow, so he took the boy and lifted him over his shoulder. Children adored him and ran to him. He saw a child fall and break the jug she was carrying, and he ran to lift her up, dried her tears, and put a sovereign into her hand. The story of the broken jug was known in Wiesbaden for many a year.

Madame Poschinger gives a good descriptive letter of him in the period of his early manhood with a significant vignette of General von Moltke, written by the Empress Eugenie, when Napoleon III. was

at the height of his fame: "The Prince is a handsome man, a head taller than the Emperor, well-built, straw-coloured mustachios, a German such as Tacitus described; a man of chivalrous politeness, not without something that reminds one of Hamlet. His companion, a Herr von Moltke (or something like that), a silent man, nothing less than a dreamer; always on his guard, and putting other people on theirs. They are an imposing race, the Germans. The Emperor says, the race of the future." That this "silent man" was no "dreamer," Napoleon was destined to know in 1870-1, in a terrible fashion. Of the beautiful romance of his betrothal to our Princess Royal, and the gift of the sprig of white heather at Balmoral, as well as of their happy marriage in January, 1858, and their after blissful life together, we cannot stay to speak.

The Prince's combined dignity and simplicity won the hearts of the British people. It was these same qualities that caused the Germans themselves, both civilians at home and soldiers in camp, to speak of him as "unser Fritz." One of the shrewdest men of his time remarked, "One cannot merely *like* him, one must *love* him." It would be the merest affectation to claim for him, as a soldier, equal rank with Moltke, Von Roon, Steinmetz, or even his cousin, the dashing "Red Prince," but on the renowned fields of Sadowa, in 1886, and again, 1870, at Wissembourg, Worth, as well as at the terrible *debacle* of Sedan, and afterwards before Paris, he showed the highest qualities of generalship, and most honourably won his baton of Field Marshal.

Though his filial relations with his father were never as much as strained, he could not, and did not, approve his policy of government. Contrary to his repeated promise to his son, the old king delivered himself and the whole policy of the country into Bismarck's hands. Both in the struggle between the Crown and the Constitution on the Army Bill, and the subsequent Bismarckian rule, he disagreed with his father and his great minister. No one can help admiring the consummate tact with which he steered his course through these troubled waters. It was bruited about that he was not loyal, that he favoured democrats, but his filial love and personal dignity prevented him from taking any notice of such accusations. His only reply was, "I do not intend to rediscuss views which I am well known to hold." It was a far harder task to keep silence, in public, under the covert opposition to his wife, and the badly veiled contempt of Bismarck.

In the 1887 jubilee of our Queen he was, with his grand bearing and white uniform, the most striking figure in the great functions of that event, although the hand of death was on him at the time. It had become only too apparent that a serious ailment in the throat was at work, which went on until malignant cancer ended the earthly career of one of the noblest and purest lives of our time. On the 8th of March, 1888, his venerated and venerable father died at the age of ninety-one, so that this new Emperor Frederick only reigned three months. On the early morning of June 13th, Frederick the Third, "a man of commanding intellect," died at Potsdam. Though dying all the time he took the liveliest interest in public affairs, and kept the reins in his own hands, and evidence was not wanting to show that had he been spared his rule would have been as beneficent and wise as it was strong. In the height of his suffering he said to his son, the present Kaiser: "Lerne zu leiden ohne Klagen—learn to suffer without complaining." He went down to the grave leaving us the memory and example of a stainless life and a beautiful death.—*H.E.G., in Primitive Methodist Magazine.*

METHODISM: ITS FOUNDER, MISSIONS AND OPPORTUNITY.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. GOODMAN.

lerick W. Robertson has here pointed out the inferi- : the man who fumes, bristles ikes terror, and carries his y force and fury, to the man s calm and patient, who and believes, who takes hold ers invisible save to the eye ı, and instead of attempting ıe impossible thing of escap- adversities, bears them, con- ıy bearing, and so gains the good. It is the victory of

the Baptist had such sub- ssurance. His self-denial, l courage, and childlike hu- were born of the sense of presence, and from such a l there flowed the mighty f the great Church catholic has enriched and fertilized ds of the world. John de- himself as "the voice of one in the wilderness, Make t the way of the Lord." He a great impression on the . As a great thinker has Apart from the wonderful ıf this message on the theo- ıations, we need only to look n the Middle Ages, or into story of Methodism, to be :ed how speedily a great :r of repentance, simply as an agitate the popular mind. ıy here be reminded how the of Luther spread like wild- John the Baptist has been ed to a burning torch; his life to an earthquake; the man a sermon; the genius ıscience of a nation. Those God sends come at the right :arth moves beneath their eir word has power and their ive.

John Chrysostom was such a man. He left the pagan sophist for the Christian priest; and by study of the Bible and meditation on holy things became, through God's grace and extraordinary oratorical gifts, the leader of the Church of God. Chrysostom had much of the spirit of St. John, which flamed out at times, as did his when he desired to call fire from heaven to destroy the Samaritan village. When a silver statue of Eudoxia, the Empress, was raised on a column of porphyry in front of the church of St. Sophia, and consecrated with idolatrous ceremonies and licentious rites, Chrysostom gave a warning. Eudoxia accepted it as a challenge. Chrysostom went farther; he is reported to have said in the pulpit, "Again Herodias is dancing; again she demands the head of John on a charger." The Empress now determined to get rid of the man. He was dragged into exile until Death, the angel of deliverance, beckoned him to his last march. Says a brilliant Frenchman: "It is the property of separation and of death to concentrate the power of memory upon the absent. They are born again in us; and looking into the depths of our souls, we find them there, we see them and hear them."

John Wesley was such a man. When his brother Charles, alarmed at ordination, besought him to stop and consider before he had quite broken down the bridge, and not embitter Charles' last moments on earth, nor leave an indelible blot on their memory, John replied that he would save as many souls as he could while alive, without being careful what might possibly be after

he was dead. Two well-known pictures represent the child Wesley hardly rescued from the burning parsonage at Epworth, and the aged Wesley dying in the house at City Road. They are companion pictures in more senses than one, for they represent a life-long providential guidance and a glowing translation into the home and heaven of God.

He was a great man. Friends and foes alike acknowledge this. The Wesley family has been traced back to Saxon times. In the days of Athelstan, the Saxon, Guy Wesley was created a member of parliament, and the genealogy can be traced in an unbroken line to Samuel Wesley, the father of the Reformer. Charterhouse School, Christ Church and Lincoln Colleges, Oxford, connect the life with learning and piety. But it was not till after a long and fruitless search that he found the pearl of great price. And his spiritual state is the only explanation of his career. This saving faith he obtained at a Moravian meeting in Aldersgate Street, London, while listening to the reading of Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. "I felt," he says, "my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins."

It is a long sweep from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, from the London of the early period to the New York of to-day. But it will show how the human heart is the same in all ages if we place by the side of John Wesley's experience that of a distinguished American. He says: "It pleased God to lift upon me such a view of Christ as one whose nature and office it is to have infinite and exquisite pity upon the weakness and want of sinners as I had never had before. I saw that He had compassion on them because they were sinners, and because He wanted to help them out of their sins. It came to me like the bursting forth of spring. It was as if yesterday there was not a bird to be seen or heard, and as if to-day the woods were full of singing birds. There rose up before me a view of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners—not of saints, but of sinners unconverted before they were any better—because they were so bad and needed so much. I felt that God had a father's heart; that Christ loved me in my sin, and would help me out of sin; and it seemed to me that I had everything I needed."

This transfiguration becomes an inspiration. John Wesley began to preach personal salvation—God's grace free in all and free for all. Thus began the third Reformation, for Wesley, as one has said, "the birthday of a Christian was shifted from his baptism to his conversion; and in that change the partition line of two great systems is crossed." He subordinated all things to Christ—ease, learning, oratory, services, sacraments, ambitions—all things. Macaulay describes him as a man "whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who, whatever his errors may have been, devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species." But Macaulay did not discover the spiritual reasons. A new life had begun. And life begets life. As Wesley preached a present pardon, a possible sanctity, and a future heaven, Church doors were closed against him. But preach he must. If he cannot find a pulpit he must make one. The fields were open to him, as was the hillside to the Master whom he

served. The village green, the market square, were public to him, and thronged at all hours, late and early, to listen to his magic voice. He became a travelling preacher. The emphasis is on travelling. He travelled 4,500 miles a year, and this for fifty years. He preached often thrice a day. He seemed endowed with supernatural strength. He was another Elijah with loins braced, journeying to the Mountain of Duty.

Societies grew. Those who were blessed by him became attracted to him. He ordained preachers; created a lay pastorate; established schools; wrote books for the common people; and founded churches in every part of the land. To quote the words of one whose eloquent lips, humanly speaking, Death sealed too early—Morley Punshon: "John Howard blessed his loving words, and under the inspiration went forth to his prison journeys with greater heart than ever. Bishop Lowth sat at his feet, and hoped he might be found there in another world; and Alexander Knox kindled into raptures as he recalled the fine old man with a child's heart and a seraphic face, realizing his own ideal of angelic goodness." He toiled on, and in his toil rejoiced, until the Death Angel led him out of the wilderness of his wanderings into the Land of Promise on the second day of March, 1791.

The story of all the way the Lord our God hath led us from then till now is a romance of truth; a history of miraculous intervention; a continuation of the book of the Acts of the Apostles. Bishop Newman's rhetoric can be proved by dull figures and cold prose: "The very heavens have been telling that Wesley was right, and that his critics were wrong. The success of Methodism is the marvel of two centuries. The vastness of her population belting the globe, the multitudes annually converted, the saintliness of her membership, the spirituality and scholarship of her ministers, the largeness of her contributions, the power of her press, the number of her temples of piety, schools of learning and houses of mercy, and the vigour wherewith she is pushing forward the conquest of the world by her Home and Foreign Missions, are facts that indicate that the Lord is with His people. Since the birth of Methodism there has been no other distinctive religious movement in the Church of God. There have been modifications of creeds, changes in Church polity, revival of formal Churches, organizations to meet special forms of vice and misery, and special classes in society, but nothing that rises to the dignity and proportions of a great Reformation."

At Wesley's death there were 541 preachers, and 134,579 members.

To-day throughout the world there are nearly 5,000,000 of church members, 100,000 ministers and lay preachers, 4,500,000 Sunday-school children, and adherents somewhere between 23,000,000 and 25,000,000. An oratorical American, not one of themselves, speaking of the Methodists, says: "They sang their way all over England, and the hooting of persecution could not silence them. They sang their way across the Atlantic, and the ocean hurricane could not beat down the song. They sang all the way across this land—for they have got to San Francisco, and the moaning of the wind in the wild woods could not overpower their melody." The Hymn Book, next only to the Bible, has been the magical cause of their fearless courage. John was pre-eminently the preacher; Charles the poet of Methodism. Charles is our David, whose harp soothes us to-day. He desired that his hymns

should be like the songs of the angels, giving glory to God in the highest. Methodism has always been a social religion. It was born in the Church. It was baptized as a Society. It has grown to manhood. It claims rights—the right to think and speak for itself. It is a Church.

And now A GREAT OPPORTUNITY is opening to us. A new century is dawning. The world is beckoning. It needs our Gospel. Our capacity was never so great. We have numbers, and wealth, and organization, and enthusiasm. Says one of our sons: "John Wesley has never 'passed away;' he has simply entered into a perpetual present tense; he was; he is." Hundreds of thousands still neglect the Gospel. The Churches have not wholly neglected them. But greater adaptation is possible; greater success may be assured. We belong to the people; the people belong to us. Not in a merely denominational sense. The Churches are called to Christianize the world. This is the only reason for their existence. "I saw in Natal," says the late James Anthony Froude, "a colossal fig tree. It had a central stem, but I knew not where the centre was, for the branches bent to the ground, and struck root there; and at each joint a fresh trunk shot up erect, and threw out new branches in turn, which again arched and planted themselves, till the single tree had become a forest, and overhead was spread a vast dome of leaves and fruit, which was supported on innumerable columns like the roof of some vast cathedral." Mr. Froude applies this to England and her colonies; let us apply it to the Churches—the Churches in general, our own in particular.

The world is around us. Men are born—they sin—they suffer—they die. They have need to hear of One who came to save sinners—to comfort the troubled—and to guide all pilgrims through the Pass of Death. Impelled by the ever-pressure and everywhere presence of these let us work and watch; pray and praise; devise and give. And then let the dying prayer of Samuel Jackson be our daily prayer: "Lord, show Thy people the best way of carrying on Thy work."—*Methodist Times.*

IN "GOD'S ACRE."

BY AUGUSTA HELEN THOMPSON.

I wander though the silent city,
You cannot see me; cannot know
How with heart full of love and pity
I watch you, and think of one year ago
When you and I sat on the selfsame stone
On which to-day you sit, dear, all alone.

I walk to where you sit. I touch your hand,
But you move not. I am so near,
And yet how can you understand
The mystery which parts us now? You drop a tear,
Thinking of happy days that *were* to be
And longing for the sweet old times and me.

Beside us is a new-made mound,
You look at it, you worship that poor clod,
And tenderly scatter flowers around
And think that all most dear lies 'neath the sod.
O love! If I could only tell
How happy I am now—and well.

You say all joy is gone, and weep,
Thinking of lonely days to come;
No wonder, since you think that sleep
Has claimed me now for e'er. Your home
Has lost its charm. If you could learn
How happy I am now, would it return?

You do not know yet. So beside
That foolish mound you sit and mourn
Thinking that all your hopes have died
And dreading life so lonely and forlorn
While I, whom you think dead, am hovering near,
That with my shadowy presence I may cheer.

Newburgh, Ont.

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES.

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

One of James' greatest pleasures in his new life was to accompany Joshua to the creamery, or to the post-office, behind the handsome, spirited team of black horses, of which Joshua was so proud, and which yielded such wonderful submission to his voice and touch. Jill was the older and more experienced horse of the two, and Joshua explained to his little companion that Jack, being a colt, notwithstanding his superior size, had from the first to be hitched to a quieter mate in order to be "broken in," and it was still unsafe to drive him alone.

There was nothing more delightful than these rides in the early morning through lonely autumn woods and up a winding mountain road, which sometimes appeared so narrow that little James held his breath with excitement when they came face to face with another team, especially if they passed on the outside and could look down the precipitous slope, and feel the front wheel of their tilting waggon crushing the soft moss and underbrush that covered the sides of the ravine up to the very edge of the road.

The prancing, pawing and plunging of the excited Jack at such times were perfectly thrilling to behold, and your Little Brother would laugh fearlessly and look with delight into the strong, dark face of his companion, relaxing just a little to smile at the antics of his colt, as he tightened the rein and recovered control by a quick word of command.

"You don't never have to lick him?" observed little James, after Jack had pranced and snorted more than usual, plunging forward at times as if to break loose altogether from the traces.

"It's no use to lick him when he don't mean to be ugly," replied Joshua serenely; "he's only feelin' good this morning."

"You don't lick nothin', do yer?" said James, with a sudden, shy glance; "not even boys, do yer?"

"I don't know as I ever had any special call to lick boys," answered Joshua reflectively. "I never had but one, and he—well, Emmy and me didn't ever say a cross word to him in our lives, but he's gone, Jamie, and we haven't had any little boys around till you come."

James glanced up again, and Joshua answered the look with his half-melancholy smile, as he put the reins into his hands and bade him drive up the hill.

It was soon found necessary, however, to devise some method of punishment for the extraordinary misdeeds of your Little Brother, whose ingenuity in planning mischief was equalled only by the guileless innocence with which he met reproof.

Joshua's most severe punishment was a refusal to take the boy with him on his trips, and he then remained with Emeline, and divided his attentions between the five kittens in the barn, and the ever-playful Rover, whom he loved dearly and conversed with as if he were a human being. However keen his disappointment, his prevailing sweetness of temper prevented any exhibition of temper or sulkiness. He waited on Emeline with amiable alacrity, carrying in armfuls of wood and pails of water, and performing various other little chores with the gallantry of a chevalier. But he had no sooner won her approbation than he was discovered in some naughty prank that threw her into the greatest discouragement.

"It seems as if he was the slyest young one that ever lived!" exclaimed Emeline one evening, after their small charge had been securely tucked in bed. "Whenever I think I know where he's at, he's just sure to turn up somewhere else."

"I wouldn't mind so much," observed Joshua, knitting his brows, "if he'd only quit lying, but you know, Emeline, he can lie and look you right in the face as innocent as an angel."

Finally Joshua informed little James that lies were henceforth to be punished severely, but the truth frankly told would save him from punishment, however grave the misdeed. To his surprise this announcement worked like a charm. Your Little Brother accepted it literally, and with the most engaging candour

confessed every fault as soon as questioned. This was a relief to Joshua, but his capacity for wrong-doing, or at least for mischief, was something abnormal. Nothing in the house, the barn, or the tool-chest was to be found in its place since the arrival of little James. The rake was left out-of-doors to rust in the rain, the carriage whip was used for a fishing line, and every spool of cotton, thimble and five-cent piece, if left within reach, found its way into the capacious pockets of the little boarder's trousers.

Emeline lived in a state of constant anxiety, and was never at rest unless she knew that the boy was with Joshua, whom he followed devotedly from one end of the farm to the other.

As for sending him to school, the society strongly advised a postponement until he should become accustomed to his new surroundings, but he was already eager to go.

On Sunday, he accompanied them to the North Elk church, where he looked so beautiful in his best clothes, and gazed at the minister with such absorbing interest, that the whole congregation watched him with admiration.

"This is our little boy," Emeline would say proudly, when the service was over, as, with her hand upon his shoulder, she returned the greetings of friends and neighbours.

"We think a great deal of him, and we hope he's beginning to think as much of us."

"I wish we had just such a little boy," many of the neighbours would say longingly. "I would like to have one just like him," and Emeline frequently gave them the address of the society.

Little James accepted this adulation with delight, and held up his head proudly, giving a winning smile to every one who announced a deep interest in "Emeline's boy."

Although filled with a strange, ecstatic sense of happiness, he accepted his new life without questioning the future or reflecting on the past. He realized, however, that he had been transplanted to a higher social atmosphere, and the fact, however vaguely understood, caused him deep satisfaction.

One day Joshua announced that he expected to visit a small town about twenty miles away to purchase some sheep, and, as he proposed to drive them home himself, he would probably be absent several days. Your Little Brother begged to accompany him, but Joshua thought the trip too fatiguing, and made his plans to start alone and on horseback.

Emeline and James went in the buggy as far as Great Elk, where Joshua left them. The eyes of your Little Brother filled with tears as Emeline turned Jill's head homeward, and started up the road that skirted the first ridge they had to cross. Not even the pleasure of driving Jill all the way home could quite compensate him for Joshua's absence, and the crushing disappointment of being left behind.

It had early been discovered that little James' mind must be occupied if it were to be kept out of mischief, and Emeline did her best to overcome his loneliness by inventing countless errands to the barnyard, unheard-of attentions to the cattle, sheep and chickens, all of which were dear to your Little Brother's heart. Most ready was he at all times to serve them—and he was becoming as gentle and courteous in his treatment of them as Joshua himself; but after he had thrown down enough hay to last Jill a week, and had fed her on all the mixtures of grain that the barn afforded, and had curried the colt, and watered both so often that they refused to take another sip, there was really nothing else to be done in the barn until milking time, and that was several hours off yet.

He wandered about disconsolately, idly throwing grains of corn to a regiment of clucking hens that were following close to his heels, and which he scared away by charging on them suddenly with outspread arms; but even this diversion grew flat and unprofitable after the third or fourth repetition. The day dragged on to a close, but ended cheerily enough, with Emeline knitting a pair of mittens for him by the light of the hanging lamp, requiring frequent measurements and much discussion as to their shape and style.

But the next day was just as tiresome. He missed Joshua sadly, and, to make matters worse, Rover had been taken to assist Joshua with the sheep, and this left him no playfellow but the kittens. He helped Emeline churn, and aided her manfully in all her little tasks about the house, but his conversation turned continually on Joshua. He wondered how many sheep he had bought, and if he had

any lambs, and, if so, how hey make such a long journey ir little legs ?

was there," he kept repeating, elp Joshua so that he wouldn't time, and if them little lambs ed, I'd carry 'em part of the Me and Joshua can git a lot k done when we git at it to-"

third day found him restless

ACCOMPANIED THEM TO THE NORTH ELK CHURCH."

ent. Emeline had promised feast of nuts and molasses n the evening, and sent him to a fresh supply of chestnuts, vas evident that his mind was chestnuts.

houghts were now running on ng that carried the active lit- agination back to the city. before starting, had removed old-fashioned silver watch, with chain attached, from his waistcoat pocket, and hung it on a nail in the sitting-room, where it ticked out the minutes just three-quarters of an hour behind time. This watch kept ticking in little James' ear wherever he went, and he longed to take it down and examine it. It ticked on just as loudly when he went out to the barn as it did in the sitting-room.

After awhile he concluded that he might just as well take it down, as Emeline was busily engaged in the milk-house. Mounting a chair, he gently lifted the chain from the nail, and held the shining thing in his hand for a second—and the next found it in his pocket. There was no use staying in the house with the watch in his pocket. To examine it thoroughly he would have to go out-of-doors.

Emeline saw him starting out of the door with his cap pulled down over his curls, and shading his eyes. She asked where he was going.

"Just to git a few more o' them nuts," he answered carelessly, and edged around the side of the house—then across the road, over the fence, and through the fields. He reached the woods, and sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree, where he reflected on the strange fact that the watch was not in pawn.

"Why doesn't Joshua hock it ?" queried little James impatiently.

After awhile he became convinced that Joshua didn't hock it because he didn't know how. Your Little Brother turned it over in his hands meditatively.

"I could buy him something nice if I'd hock it—a pair of driving gloves; he'd like them better than the watch. He doesn't care for the watch."

"Yes ; I must hock it," whispered little James, slipping the watch gently into his pocket.

"Joshua wants his driving gloves. It's not a good watch. Joshua says it doesn't keep good time." This was indeed very true, but it was not expected to do more than suggest remotely the time of day. When Joshua was out in the field, he looked always at the sun instead of his watch, as it was not only more correct, but vastly more convenient. But he always wore the watch with his Sunday clothes.

James started off slowly in the direction of North Elk village, but quickened his pace—now taking the

road and again the field—when he saw that he was likely to meet some one who might recognize him as "Emeline's boy."

There were but three stores in the village—a drug store that served as a post-office; a small millinery establishment, and a larger general store, in which a great variety of merchandise was displayed, with a very limited choice of each kind of ware.

Your Little Brother walked up and down the road that served as a main street of the town, finding a fresh cause for embarrassment at every step. He often accompanied Joshua to the village, but never before came alone, and the number of persons who now hailed him with good-natured recognition, and inquired after the health of Emeline and Joshua, filled him with distress and alarm. With the usual inquisitiveness of country people, they wanted to know why he came alone and on foot, to which your Little Brother replied:

"She ain't feelin' well this mornin', so I come to git somethin' for her," the pronoun, when slightly emphasized, being understood as referring to the mistress of the house.

Finally, after a thoughtful study of the three gaily trimmed hats that adorned the milliner's window, James retraced his steps and entered the general store, where he discovered Mr. Marsh, the proprietor, sitting behind the counter engrossed in a newspaper.

The little boy slid forward sideways, relieved to find himself the only customer in the store. He paused in front of Mr. Marsh, who surveyed him good-naturedly over the rim of his spectacles.

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" he inquired, with a wintry smile, intended to restore the confidence of a youthful customer, in whose pocket a bashful coin was doubtless burning the inevitable hole.

"I got this—what kin yer gimme for it?" gasped your Little Brother in a husky stage whisper, producing the watch, and laying it on the counter. The words came forth glibly enough from long habit, but the painful embarrassment of the moment was new. Never before had he experienced such nervousness! Mr. Marsh was an elderly man, and his hearing was not acute. He failed to catch the meaning of your Little Brother's words, but he looked at the watch and chain with great surprise.

"Why, isn't this Joshua Hillis' watch, and ain't you his Boy?" he asked, looking sharply through his spectacles at his small customer.

"Yes, sir," answered James, seized with sudden trembling, and terrified at the prompt recognition of both the watch and himself. "It ain't a-goin' right—Joshua wants to have it fixed so it'll keep good time."

"He didn't send you down here with it, did he?" questioned the storekeeper, suspiciously. "Joshua knows there ain't no watchmaker nearer than Millersport."

"Emeline wants it mended," answered your Little Brother, his usual inventiveness coming to the rescue. "But I guess she'll have to wait till he gets home—I'll tell her," and he seized the watch and hastily returned it to his pocket. The storekeeper followed the boy to the door.

"You take that watch right back home with you, Boy, do you hear? I'll stand here, and mind you start right off up that hill."

Little James was only too thankful to escape from the store without further questioning, and started up the hill road as fast as his legs could carry him. He turned his head occasionally, and saw the figure of the storekeeper at the door, his hand shading his eyes, which were still following the vanishing form of your guilty Little Brother. This sight caused more dismay and terror to the small fugitive than a whole regiment of policemen. He travelled the homeward road breathlessly, feeling as if the entire village were following him with angry, piercing eyes, demanding the return of the watch to its rightful owner.

"I didn't mean no harm," muttered the child. "They don't know nothin' 'bout hockin' up here. They thinks I meant to steal Joshua's watch. I wouldn't steal nothin' of Joshua's, he's too good to me. I only meant to hock it."

It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the foot of the steep hill on which lay the Hillis farm. He stopped at a little wooden bridge, made of beams and planks, through which the rushing water could be seen below. He stood gazing absently for a few minutes into a whirling eddy, which he imagined might conceal the much-prized and talked-of trout of those mountain streams, when his ear caught the distant bleat of a lamb in distress. The pitiful wail was re-

peated again, and he could not fail to note the direction from which it came.

He sprang over the fence and followed the cry some distance through the stony field. There were no sheep in this field, but the bleating became every moment more distinct to his ear. At last he discerned a thin, forlorn, little lamb, securely fastened between the barbed wires of a low fence, and making frantic efforts to escape.

Your Little Brother's heart beat quickly with indignation and pity, as he hastened to release the frightened animal. He discovered that it was badly cut and bleeding about the neck, and that its front right leg was lacerated and swollen so that it could not walk.

"It's that mean old Slocum," he muttered, angrily, "puttin' up his wire-fence to hurt Joshua's lambs! Joshua wouldn't have no such fence on his farm." He bound up the wounded leg with his handkerchief, lifted the frightened creature in his arms, and started up the hillside toward the pasture in which Joshua's flock of sheep was grazing.

"If Joshua could see it, he'd have it indoors, and me and Emeline feedin' it on bread and milk till it got well," he thought, as he sat down with the lamb in his arms beside the stone fence that outlined the pasture on the hill-top.

The thought of the watch in his pocket stole over him just then with acute dismay. He was both hungry and cold, as he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and the chilly October air of the mountains made him shiver and long for the firelight and comfort of the Hillis kitchen, but it was impossible to return to the house. His only hope of shelter for the night was to steal inside the barn after milking, and after all the chores had been completed by the faithful Emeline, and there he might rest with the lamb in his arms until morning. After that he would go away—he did not know where—but go he must beyond all possibility of discovery by those whom he had robbed.

He hugged the lamb close to his heart, and the tears stole down his cheeks. Never more would he sleep in that little white bed with the picture of the devout Samuel greeting his eyes at daybreak!

CHAPTER V.

Suddenly, a familiar sound broke on his ear. It was the bark of the impetuous and over-zealous Rover, doubtless engaged in driving the cows homeward for milking. Then Joshua must be home! If he could only explain that he had not meant to steal the watch, but to exchange it for driving gloves!

To face Joshua then, however, was a physical and moral impossibility. It was now almost dark, and he could still hear Rover's barking, which seemed to be coming nearer.

The dog suddenly bounded forward, and sprang joyfully upon little James, who shook him off desperately, clinging with all his might to the struggling lamb. Rover turned and barked with fresh zeal, and James beheld a moving light in the distance. It was the gleam of Joshua's lantern, and he was rapidly ascending the hill. Rover continued to bark, and your Little Brother laid himself on the ground, and hugged the lamb to his breast. Joshua came forward and turned the glare of the lantern on the prostrate figure.

"You ain't to stay out here in the cold, Jamie. What's this you've got?"

"It's a lamb that's hurted," murmured your Little Brother, holding up the wounded animal. Joshua took it in his strong arms, and carried it gently down the hill. James took the lantern, and without any further explanation they went together to the house, from which a bright light was now streaming. Emeline opened the door with an exclamation of relief, and the boy entered the kitchen, and sat down on a stool near the stove.

Joshua meanwhile took the wounded lamb to the barn, where the mother was bewailing its loss. It belonged to the number he had just purchased, and had strayed from the road as they approached the foot of the hill.

Emeline disappeared into the cupboard, wiping her eyes, and returned with a well-filled plate and a glass of milk, which she laid on the table.

"There's your supper," she said coldly and sadly. "You've no need to go hungry to bed. I want you to sit down and eat your supper, Jamie." Your Little Brother obeyed and drew a chair toward the table, but the food choked him, and he could not eat.

"There's the molasses candy and the roast chestnuts I promised you this morning. You're welcome to them, because I said you could have them for helping me churn yesterday; I don't make promises to break 'em. Eat your nuts, Jamie."

Emeline's fidelity to her promise of nuts and candy, in the face of his misdemeanour, smote him with a still deeper sense of his own unworthiness; but he merely turned his head away in what seemed to be a stubborn silence.

"I've been looking for you all day, Jamie, and Joshua, he's been doing the same since he got back with the sheep. It was good of you to take up the poor little lamb. I always said you had a good heart; but why didn't you think of us, who was beginning to love you as our own child, and me not able to bear you out of my sight unless you happened to be with Joshua? How could you disgrace us so? To think that we should harbour a little boy who'd act the part of a thief!" Emeline's voice broke, and she stopped for breath.

Little James sat speechless and choking with unfamiliar and inexpressible emotions. Not the prison cell, nor the penal discipline of the reformatory, nor any of the well-meant efforts of Sunday-school teachers and philanthropists had ever caused the strange, passionate anguish which now filled that little breast. His eyes were burning, and his ears ringing.

He rose from the table, and groped for his hat, which was hanging on a peg within reach, and Emeline heard him say, between heavy sobs:

"I ain't like you-uns; I'm going back to the city to find my mother. I tell yer—I ain't like you-uns," and he struggled to free himself from the sudden clasp of her arms. Emeline drew him gently to a large arm-chair, in which she seated herself while she held him close with an encircling arm—he was not hard to hold, for, after all, he was but a little child of nine.

"We'd begun to love you as if you was our own little boy," she whispered. "You didn't mean to rob us, did you? Where did you leave the watch? Tell me before Joshua comes in."

"It's here," returned the child, drawing it out of his pocket and laying it in her lap. "It ain't hurt any. Will Joshua send me away when he comes in? You tell him I was only goin' to hock it," and laying his head in Emeline's lap, he shut his eyes in shame and dread of facing Joshua, and continued to cry silently.

Poor Emeline looked pale and exhausted when Joshua returned from the barn. She restored the watch to its place on the wall, and called Joshua's attention to it, and to James' explanation, which remained forever mysteriously unintelligible to both of them. He made no comment, but sat down before the stove to warm his hands and feet.

"He ain't touched his supper, Emmy," said Joshua, after a silence of a few minutes, during which he had stared at the child and then at the table. "He'd better eat, for it's after his bedtime."

Thus encouraged, James sat down timidly and dutifully, and ate what he could of the bread and milk, which no longer choked him. Every now and then he looked up shyly at Joshua, who surveyed him with an air of great perplexity.

"I presume he's sorry for what he's done, Joshua," said Emeline, gently, "and he wants you to forgive him."

"I don't bear any malice so far as the watch is concerned," began Joshua slowly; "but I'm thinkin' Emeline, that maybe we'd better not talk any more about this matter to-night. The child's tired out, and so are you. We can think it over to-morrow, and if James's a mind to stay with us, he'll agree never to do an action of this kind again. The watch is back in its place, and our boy is back with us, and we're glad it's no worse. I presume he'd better be getting to bed now. I'll see him undressed, Emmy, while you clear away the dishes."

He took a small lamp from the mantel and lighted it, while your Little Brother gazed at him with his soul in his eyes. Never was there a man as strong and as gentle as Joshua!

In a very few minutes he was snugly tucked in his little feather-bed, and Joshua heard him say the prayer that Emeline had taught him. When he had finished, with his hand on Joshua's arm, he said:

"Do you know what makes me so bad, Joshua?" He paused and looked anxiously into the face of his care-taker. "You won't like me no more, Joshua, when I'm done tellin' you this; but I ain't goin' to keep nothin' back from you-uns. I ain't got no father like other boys; I ain't

had nothin' but a mother all along. I can't never be good nor go to heaven like other boys, because—of her"—his voice sank to a whisper, and Joshua had to bend his head still lower—"the boys in the Reform School (where I got put, you know, Joshua, for running away) they said it's in the Bible that boys what has mothers like her can't never be saved nor inherit the kingdom of heaven—all the boys there say so. There's more there like me, and the Bible says they can't never inherit the kingdom of heaven. Did you-uns know I was that kind of a boy?"

The little white-robed figure sat with head bowed and hands clasped, as if cowering beneath the mantle of parental shame; but an angel carved in marble, and shedding marble tears over a fallen world, would not have seemed more radiantly pure than did your Little Brother at that moment to Joshua. To his deep and tender nature, the divine compassion once so freely bestowed on an erring woman could do no less than illumine the brow of her forsaken child with a tragic, holy innocence.

But in this heart-breaking acceptance on the part of your Little Brother of eternal condemnation for sins not his own, Joshua read an explanation of the child's mysteriously complex nature—and surely that blighting consciousness of evil might be removed ere it did further damage!

He laid his large hand gently on the boy's forehead.

"Probably your beginning in life ain't been as regular as we'd like to have it—not the same as if you'd belonged always to Emeline and me, which is what we would have chosen if we'd been consulted—but it is just as true as Gospel, Jamie, that the Lord made you and sent you to us to take the place of him we lost. There ain't any use going back of that, and I don't allow as you have any right to ask for more than one pair of parents, which is all the law requires, and that's Emeline and me. Why, if you had another father and mother to claim you, where'd we come in? We want you for our own boy, and we ain't goin' shares with any one, not if you turned out to be the President's son. The Lord gave you to us, and He told Emeline and me to be father and mother to you, and we're going to have you all to ourselves, and give you our own name, and have you baptized in the church yonder."

"Will it be just the same as if I was your own boy, Joshua? Just exactly the same?" asked your Little Brother, looking up with shining eyes.

"Just the same, exactly," repeated Joshua, firmly; "there ain't any particle of difference."

"Then maybe I kin git to heaven—do you think that, too, Joshua?"

"If you love and fear God, and mind what the Good Book says," answered Joshua, never forgetful of his simple theology; "and there isn't anything in that Book about what you mention. Not a word. Emeline and me read our Bible every night and we know chapters of it by heart, so don't you tell that to anybody again—not even to Emeline—for it ain't true. It's just a story got up to scare little boys, and there ain't any use repeatin' it, for it might scare some folks as is old enough to know better. Some women-folks is narvous-like over stories, and kinder dream they're true. It make them uncomfortable to hear such tales, so don't you be repeatin' it anywhere. There's free grace for all, Jamie, if we love God and serve Him. You've heard the minister say that Sundays. I presume you're goin' to get grace some day, and be like the rest of us folks who's trying to follow the heavenly way? You ain't too young to come out in meetin', Jamie—not a bit—and it would please Emeline wonderful to see you rise up and speak out firm for the Lord some day. Then you'll be our little boy always, who'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear, won't you?"

Little James nodded for answer, and his face became radiant and then thoughtful as he raised his eyes to Joshua's.

"But I kin have a new necktie, Joshua, when I come out before the meetin', just for that Sunday, Joshua? And one o' them white shirts with collars to 'em, all done up stiff?"

Joshua covered him up in bed and tucked the heavy quilts in closely.

"I presume Emeline'll see that your clothes is all right and proper, Jamie, on that occasion. You're awful hard on your clothes, and we've bought you a sight o' neckties already, but I presume we ain't goin' to see you lookin' shabby that Sunday, but you must put your mind on some things above neckties, and mind what the minister says."

"That's what I'll do," replied James,

nodding with gravity. "I know I ain't to think of my clothes when I'm gettin' grace, but I want to look nice, and as if I belonged to you-uns—I won't swear, nor steal, nor tell lies, nor do nothin' wrong, Joshua, after this—I've most forgot all them bad words a'ready that I used to know. She taught them to me, 'cause she said 'em herself. She hadn't ought to act so, had she, when I was her only little boy? She won't go to heaven, will she, Joshua? I presume they won't want her there. I presume she can't git there, 'cause she don't know nothin' about grace, and I hope nobody won't tell her, don't you, Joshua?"

"That ain't a Christian spirit to show to your poor mother," said Joshua, reprovingly. "If you get grace you must pray for all poor souls that has missed the light, and your mother first of all."

"Maybe she's dead now, anyways," answered little James, hopefully. "I ain't heerd tell of her for many a day afore I come here. She can't git grace after she's dead, can she, Joshua? I'll pray for her if you say so, but I don't think prayin' 'll do her any good. She's awful bad, Joshua."

"With God all things is possible, Jamie; you leave her sins to God, and say your prayers for her nights, and tell Him that you forgive her as you hope to be forgiven."

"I'll forgive her, and I'll pray for her nights, Joshua, but I don't want to see her ag'in—never—not even up in heaven."

"When she gets there she'll be changed, I presume," said Joshua softly, "and she'll wear a crown o' glory, and be beautiful and bright, and you won't be ashamed to meet her up there, where all sins is forgiven and all sorrow is wiped away. Good-night, Jamie."

He took the lamp and made his way down the narrow staircase, leaving your Little Brother to dream of neck-ties, grace and forgiveness of sins, all mingled together in a new and beautiful theology, in which the face of Joshua, tender and glorified, shone upon him as the face of his Father in heaven, and brought peace and joy and comfort to his little heart, whenever he awoke in the night to whisper a prayer of forgiveness for the sins of his poor mother.

CHAPTER VI.

James started to school on the following Monday, an escort being secured for him in the person of Miss Cora Slocum, a trim, rosy-cheeked country maiden of fourteen, who attended the same school, and obligingly stopped every morning at the Hillis farm-house for her little comrade. They carried their dinners in little tin pails, and did not return until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon.

Your Little Brother was greatly pleased by the informality of this district school. The best behaved boy of the day before was chosen by the teacher to assist in making the fire in the huge stove that stood in the middle of the room, and this was the first "exercise" of the morning. There were many other little errands later in the day, such as going to the spring at the foot of the hill for water, bringing in wood and sweeping up the room, all of which served to break the monotony of school life to restless children.

He attended regularly, and the lonely country roads gave him no invitation to linger by the way. The objective point to be reached was the school-house, where the rivalry of competing scholars stood out in sharp contrast to the dullness of life outside.

When the first payment in the form of a cheque was received from the society, Emeline studied it with a thoughtful brow.

"If this had come right after the first two weeks," she remarked to Joshua, "I'd said it was the hardest earned money we'd ever received. It seems as if it was poor pay for such a heap of tears and heart-breakings as we've been through."

"No money can pay us for all that," replied Joshua, "but if we hadn't felt obligated to keep on and do our best by the thought that we was taking pay for it, I don't know, Emeline, as either you or me would have had the grit to hold on to that child week after week until he come through."

"That's true," agreed Emeline; "I presume we'd have felt as if all the years to come was pressing upon us to make up our minds to once whether we'd have him or no, but the pay comin' regular was something to wait for and seemed to take part of the burden off us."

"And now he's gettin' to be that

and steady," continued Joshua; on't know how many has asked o send in their names to the so—to get just such a boy as him— s what they all say."

Ve'll have to be keerful who we nmend," observed Emeline anxi-. "There's many as wants ren as hadn't ought to have ."

ihua frequently received printed ns from the society, inquiring the morals and circumstances of neighbours, and they filled them ogether in the evenings, con-tiously and seriously; but the al of a printed form asking in-ation of Mr. Slocum's family, d the Hillis household great em-ssment.

e spoke such a good word for said Emeline; "it seems as if ught to do him a good turn now the chance."

hese questions is so pointed and , Emeline. 'Do they live peace-and happily together?' We they don't. She's a-grumblin' morning till night, and Slocum goes a week without speaking to "Tis no place for a child."

hua sighed deeply, and finally agreed to say that Mr. Slocum a good neighbour, but his wife ot just the best person to bring child. None came, however, to locum mansion.

first snow fell early in De-r, and the rolling hills seemed , remote, and holy in their silence. A second, and then a snowfall left no trace of naked d visible. Even the roads were rated, and the stone fences be-tiny ridges in a vast white plain. bour was cut off from neighbour, all united in a spontaneous to break a road through that l open the way to school, church, and village, and great was the ment and excitement over the rise. School was suspended ree days, the school-house hav-o be dug out of a snowbank, to larity of the assembled scholars.

James, in heavy rubber boots, at, and woollen muffler, assisted e excavation with a tiny shovel s own, and carted away small ks of snow on a home-made sled oshua had given him.

next absorbing topic of that was Brother Barnwell's success ding revival meetings in the old Creek church. Every Sunday brought a fresh convert into the fold until but few of the unregenerate remained in the township; and it was generally agreed that these stiff-necked sinners represented the low-est social strata of the community. It was said they comprised chiefly the Van Sliver and McDooney families, who had intermarried, and were a miserable, degraded set, living in rude shanties on rented land, which they were too lazy to till, and which, accordingly, yielded them nothing but stones and weeds. The men spent half their time in gaol, and their families moved in and out of the county alms-house with the approach of winter and the return of spring. They married always in haste, but failed to repent at leisure, hence they were all spoken of promiscuously as the "Sliver-McDooney tribe," and every one in the county knew the disgrace of bearing either name.

In that remote and distinctly rural neighbourhood — where the stage brought the mail once a day, and the nearest railroad station was fourteen miles off—the country church stood as the great social centre of country life. It took the place of the club, the music-hall and the circulating library of the city. It provided all the lectures, concerts, picnics, and other excitements of the year, and lent the only books that were to be found within a radius of fifty miles or more.

Those who chose, therefore, to remain outside of its influence lost much that was valuable in the higher social and educational life of the community. For there were no mission churches on those hills. The Van Slivers and McDooneys were invited to share the cushioned seat of the prosperous elect. No low-down sinner was set apart to worship God on a harder bench than his wealthy neighbour sat upon, nor were his children urged to attend a "Ragged Sunday-school."

But the logic that was born of the plough and the hay-field—in close observance of nature's fulfilment of promise—looked with a very critical eye on conduct as the supreme test of an honest belief. Little children might "experience" religion as well as grown people, but they were welcomed into the fold to become good children, and not impossible little saints.

Enfolded in the heart of such a community as this, it was not strange that little James listened

with deep interest to the conversation of his elders on the latest revival news, and shared their enthusiasm over each new convert. Eager always to do what he saw others doing, he besought them every Sunday to allow him "to come forward," but Emeline and Joshua conferred with the minister, who urged caution, and said that one backslider could do more harm in a week than fifty of the faithful could undo in a lifetime; and that there was nothing to prevent little James from growing in grace every day, until the Spirit was ready to bring him all fully prepared to the foot of the throne. It was evident that grace was growing in him, and also a great impatience to have the ceremony over, and himself admitted to that select circle of the faithful, from which the Van Slivers and McDooneys were unavoidably excluded, by reason of their short-sighted, perverse and degenerate ways.

From the great moral height of six months' familiarity with decent living, little James looked with disdain on the obliquities of this class, and strove in every way possible to identify himself with that type of country life of which Joshua and Emeline were shining examples.

He adorned his conversation as they did with quaint expressions that were supposed to lend dignity to the speaker, and marked him as apart from those who preferred to be less choice in their polysyllables. He understood it was more becoming to say, "I presume so," than "I guess so," and to say "probably" slowly, distinctly, and with great solemnity, was an artistic achievement.

But with all the proprieties of speech and conduct carefully observed, he felt himself still an alien, unless permitted to experience that mysterious, stimulating consciousness known as conversion.

I will not say that he had even a child's ordinary comprehension of the great spiritual formulas he was so ready to accept. He knew, indeed, that he was expected to be a good boy, and with blissful confidence in Joshua's assumption of parental relationship, he beheld a luminous, new, and tenderly literal meaning in the statement that he was to be "born again." No theological argument was needed to explain away the dogma that had once appeared as a [redacted]bling-block to the earliest convert in history. He was very glad to be born again, and it seemed the simplest and most delightful fact in the whole scheme of salvation that he could be born again, and choose Joshua and Emeline for his parents!

There was, therefore, no prouder moment in your Little Brother's life than when he stood up one evening, in the dimly-lighted little church, by the side of Emeline and Joshua, and in the presence of all the congregation, made his first confession of faith. The great occasion was worthy of the new Sunday suit, the gay silk necktie and stiff, white collar, that elevated and pricked his chin without a suggestion of annoyance—so inspiring and satisfactory was it to be well-dressed, and to do the correct thing in the eyes of the whole congregation! All admired his beauty and the unfaltering tones in which he spoke of the soul's deep experiences, and of his longing to be "born again," and to enter into the kingdom of the elect.

There was no one present to contrast this scene with a former one in his career, when he stood forth in the presence of many, and made his public confession of crime. Perhaps he understood the meaning of one about as well as he did the meaning of the other. Each was the inevitable result of an all-powerful environment, in which a very human and child-like love of approbation had become the only native force that could be counted on to turn the scales of good and evil either way.

The choir sang an appropriate hymn, in which all the congregation joined, but in the hearts of Emeline and Joshua, the song of Isaiah was heard above the music of the choir:

> "For unto us a Child is born;
> Unto us a Son is given:
> And His name shall be called Wonderful."

So the sheath of the criminal withered and fell away, and the face of the Child appeared, turning heavenward like an opening flower. The little Offended One raised his eyes toward those who had wrought this miracle, and answered their looks of love with that smile of happiness that remembers not past sorrow.

And thus the restoration of your Little Brother was complete.

The End.

THE GRAPES OF ESHCOL.

BY JOHN ACKWORTH.

The Rev. Caesar Snape was ashamed of himself. This was not at all an uncommon state of mind for him to be in, for, as a matter of fact, he was oftener in that condition than any other, especially in a morning. He was a Wesleyan probationer, and lived alone in Mrs. Pendlebury's small upstairs front room, overlooking the parish church in the High Street, Muggridge.

He was the junior minister of the circuit, and though he had never heard of Muggridge until the Conference appointed him to it, he had since discovered that it was a very important place indeed; in fact, it would have been impossible for the Stationing Committee to have selected a circuit that would not have assumed this aspect in the Rev. Caesar's eyes the moment he found himself allocated to it. It was generally regarded as a country circuit, but the new minister had soon discovered that it ought to be reckoned as at least a semi-suburban one, being only eleven miles as the crow flies from the head of the district.

"Fifty-nine trains pass through Muggridge every day," he used to say impressively to his friends; and he was surprised and a little hurt when somebody suggested that he might as well make it sixty, and some one else asked how many of the trains stopped.

What confiding, even credulous people the Wesleyans were! Taking everybody to be as high-minded and devoted as themselves, they had always insisted upon regarding him as a godly, self-sacrificing, and able young fellow, and had insisted on his entering the ministry!

And now this "Million Scheme" had come, and it was just such a big, grand enterprise as his soul delighted in; and he had been to the preliminary district committee in place of his super, who was ill, and had come back the night before full of enthusiasm, and eager for the next day to arrive, that he might set to work and rouse the sympathies of his people.

But now it was morning, and in the dim December daylight his dreams of the night before looked Utopian and ridiculous, and he felt a miserable, cowardly feeling rising within him, which tempted him to wish that the great effort had never been heard of.

The Muggridge Circuit was not like any other; his people were very good—wonderful people, in fact, when he came to think of it—but not exactly in that way. Ah! he understood now why some of his ministerial brethren had looked surprised when he had spoken so enthusiastically of his flock; they knew them better than he did. Two guineas per member at least! The thing was preposterous!

The super was an invalid, and the initiation of this great scheme in the circuit would rest almost entirely with himself. He could not give much himself, and he had never in his life done any begging of this kind before; the whole thing would be a fiasco, and the Muggridge Circuit, his first circuit, would be disgraced in the eyes of the whole Connexion.

And then he pulled himself up. Yes, it was just like him! A minister's work was to make light of difficulties and show his people how they might overcome them, and here was he shrinking like a timid schoolgirl at the very first serious task he had ever been called upon to face. "Caesar Snape, you're a duffer! a miserable coward, sir!" and he made the little sugar-tongs in the glass basin dance again as he smote the table with his fist.

"Scoose me, sir, who might you be a-speakin' of?"

It was Mrs. Pendlebury, tall, gaunt, and worn-looking, with deep lines on her sallow face, and her head cocked at an inquisitive and bellicose angle. She was a class-leader and a great person at the mothers' meeting, and took quite a motherly interest in her young men, of whom Snape was the fifth.

She had come upstairs to clear away the breakfast things, and had overheard the minister's last words. Caesar started when thus addressed, and blushed.

"Oh, it's nothing, Mrs. Pendlebury. I was only talking to myself as usual; I'm all right now."

The landlady gave her head a dignified toss, and then asked, tartly: "You was a-speakin' of my minister, I believe?"

"Well, well! it's all right, Mrs. Pendlebury."

But the landlady stood her ground and raised her head a little. "I don't allow nobody to say nothin'

agin my minister, sir—it's them Hexams, I suppose ?"

"No, no! the Exams were last week; it's nothing, I tell you, I'm all right."

"Then it'ull be that Piggin ?"

"No, no, Mrs. Pendlebury, nothing of the kind; a—a—it's this Million Scheme, if you must know."

A smile as of conscious victory played for a moment round the deep-lined mouth of the landlady. "Oh, that!" she exclaimed, taking a step nearer the table. "Yes, we was a-considerin' of it last night."

Snape lifted his head with a glance of curiosity and surprise. "Considering it ? Where ? Who ?"

"Me and my members."

The minister could have laughed. The idea ! The members of this class, some thirty or so, were the very poorest in the Muggridge society, and both they and their leader would have to be paid for, if they had any place in the scheme. He smiled indulgently, leaned back in his chair, and clasping his hands over his knees, asked: "Well, and how did you get on ?"

"Well, you see, sir"—and, to Snape's dismay, she sank into a seat and prepared herself for the long talk which it was evident she had come to have—"Well, you see, sir, it was a bit awkered at first."

Snape thought that very likely indeed, but, as there was now no escape from the good woman's eloquence, he tried to interest himself in it, or at least to appear to do so.

"It was that there roll as bothered us most, sir; they all wanted to be on, an' hev all their relations on as well. Old Sally Pride hez hed three husbands, and she wanted all them to be on; an' Deb West wants her sweetheart on, an' him a ratcatcher. Oh, an' there's five members as is gone to heaven, an' two in the 'House,' an' three as is so old they never comes, an' all them as hez bad husbands wants 'em on, an'—an' what shall we do, sir ?"

Snape was conscious of a curious struggle within between amusement and outraged seemliness, but presently he said: "Well, there's a very easy way of disposing of all those questions, Mrs. Pendlebury."

"'Ndeed, sir; what might it be ?"

"Ask them to find the guineas; that will stop them. The Society will pay for all the bona-fide members of your class, but we cannot undertake all their relations, you know."

"Well, sir ?"

"Well ? that will stop them it ?"

"Mr. Snape, my members is bers, an' not bony-fidees; the can pay for the bony-fidees, w they are, if it likes, but we sh for ourselves; we don't none Lord with other people's substi my class, sir."

Left alone, the minister fel ashamed of himself than ever. landlady's brave words had e him to measure the depths of h miserable cowardice.

This was by no means the fir that Mrs. Pendlebury's word stimulated him, but now, su under the veiled and, perhap conscious rebuke, he roused h to his task. If such poor pe his landlady were bestirring selves, it was high time that he do something. He dressed h and called upon the super. him he went to see the senior steward, Brother Timms. The passed on to the house of the steward, and then to the reside the only great magnate in the Mr. Burton, of the Grange. he had finished his round he h ranged for a preliminary consu meeting, to be held after the on the following Wednesday ev

As he walked home it occur him to call upon Piggin, the lea the opposition in the circuit, a terror of all ministers and o but he had not been encourage by those he had already consulte who were supposed to be loya somehow he hadn't the heart t the redoubtable Piggin just th

After service he attempted to est Farmer Whittle in the s but though he stuck valiantly text during supper, and returne again and again in spite of th mer's tendency to divert the c sation to the price of stock, he away feeling that he had faile more, and was plainly out o sphere.

For the next few days the Caesar was the prey of all ki haunting' fears. Nobody bu eccentric landlady seemed to ha least interest in the great s Timms only laughed at him, and off into a long string of stories, the minister had heard again again. One or two of the preachers spoke to him abou effort, but they were for the mos even more impecunious than h himself.

But the minister's most anxious thoughts were expended upon the Burtons. Mr. Burton was rich, and was expected to become a county magistrate any day now. Everybody would look to the Grange to start the movement, and unless the people residing in that new and very grand-looking house could be got to take a hearty interest in the matter the thing was hopeless. And yet what could he do?

And then there was Miss Olive. She was a Newnham girl, with a broad, masculine forehead, and great, frank, grey eyes that looked you through. He was afraid of that girl, and was always haunted during his visits to the Grange with the feeling that she was secretly quizzing him and reckoning him up. She unnerved him when he was preaching, especially when he caught one of those satirical smiles of hers.

She was a painfully natural young lady of most uncompromising plainness of speech, but so refined and intellectual that if he had not been a minister, and had been anything like her equal, he might have been in danger of falling in love with her. She was a most engaging creature, and her culture gave a piquancy to her that was most fascinating, but whenever he left the Grange after a bright hour in her company he asked himself what she would think of him if she ever knew that he was only a factory operative's son.

He hated pretence and false show, but both she and her father always insisted upon treating him as a cultivated person and a gentleman.

And so the days wore on, and the eventful Wednesday came. There was a good congregation at the service, and when it was over a goodly number stayed behind to the after-meeting. The superintendent, though still ill, came in and took the chair. Most of the important people of the Society were present, and one or two representatives from the country dropped in. Altogether the prospect looked promising.

The super explained that the meeting was unofficial, and was called for the purpose of forming some sort of idea as to how much the circuit would contribute to the great fund. He invited free expression of opinion, and finished with a pathetic little reminder of the obligations they were all under to the church of their choice. When he sat down there was a long and awkward pause, and the Rev. Caesar, sitting next to his colleague, felt his spirit running rapidly down.

The super hinted that perhaps Mr. Burton would say a few words, but that great man had a grievance against the fund in the fact that he had been omitted from the district committee, and therefore he excused himself.

The minister named Brother Timms rather hesitatingly. The society steward had a reputation for making funny speeches, and certainly maintained it that night; but, after all, he contributed nothing to the subject in hand, and the junior minister had his own regretful and despondent feelings deepened by observing that Miss Olive, sitting near her father, looked scornful and a little impatient and weary.

Then the circuit steward was called upon, and he ventured, with considerable hesitation, to say that he thought the circuit might manage to raise, say, £200. The Rev. Caesar gasped; that was only about 10s. per member! What would the Connexion think of them?

Again the super appealed to the chairman of the District Council, but he only shook his head, and as Caesar sank back with a heavy sigh in his seat he heard an ominous scraping of the throat and a shuffling of feet, and glancing up, observed the obstreperous Piggin on his feet. Piggin was short and square, with a frame full of awkward and unexpected angles; he had Dundreary whiskers, a long, sharp nose, and a prominent, aggressive chin.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, drawing a long sniff and turning the whites of his eyes towards the ceiling, "some folks seem to think that this circuit is rich. I suppose if that's so, that long-standing Quarterly Board deficit has gone. I'm glad to hear it, sir. An' I always understood az we were only waitin' for the Swaddleby new chapel because we couldn't raise the money. That must be wrong, too. And we don't need money, it appears, for the Pemberton Mission or the Long Lane Sunday-school. I'm delighted, Mr. Super. It appears that we have money to spend on building cedar houses in London. Very good, sir, but I claim to know something about Muggridge Methodism, and it appears to me, sir, that charity begins at home."

During this weak but biting speech the junior minister had been going hot and cold and cold and hot [redacted]

But another voice broke on his ears, and a familiar one, too. Mrs. Pendlebury had risen to her feet, and was standing with her eyes closed as if in class.

"'Scoose me, Mister Super, might a widder woman arsk a question?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Pendlebury, go on."

"I should like to arsk where our Calebs and Joshuas are to-night," and as Caesar looked up in perplexity he caught sight of his landlady opening her eyes half-way to look at him.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you, Mrs. Pendlebury," said the super, looking hard at the woman, who was white with excitement.

She paused a moment, long enough, in fact, to attract every eye in the place to her, and then she went on, speaking slowly through white lips: "We've heard about the sons of Anak and the walled cities, will somebody tell us about the grapes of Eshcol?"

Caesar, being more accustomed than the rest to Mrs. Pendlebury's curious methods of argument, was the first to catch the point of this rather obscure reference, and a great flush of emotion passed over him.

Miss Olive opened her eyes with quickened interest, Mr. Burton brushed back the scanty locks of hair he had been so restlessly rubbing, and leaned forward to listen, and a flush of triumph passed over Mrs. Pendlebury's face.

"Friends," cried Caesar. "I'll tell you of the grapes of Eshcol. I was born in a cottage and worked in a mill, but Methodism has made me a minister of the glorious gospel. I owe my godly mother to Methodism: the conversion of my father after twenty years of wifely prayers to Methodism; my education, my knowledge of God, and my conversion to Methodism: my call to preach, and my training at dear old Didsbury, to Methodism. All I have that is worth anything I owe to Methodism, and to-day as she rises before the world to do this great deed I want to be with her, and to be worthy of her, and, God helping me, I will!"

For several minutes more he spoke, rapidly, almost incoherently, with moist eyes and quivering lips, and when at last he dropped back into his seat the super had hid his face in his handkerchief, and Mrs. Pendlebury was rocking herself and gazing up at the ceiling with shining, tearful eyes.

There was an awkward silence, and then some whispering; and presently Mr. Burton rose and, in very low tones, suggested that the meeting should be adjourned for a few days. When the super had pronounced the benediction he turned to his still excited colleague and gripped him with a grip that was an embrace in intensity, and then dragged him off home with him to supper.

Caesar spent the next day a prey to his old torments, and even Mrs. Pendlebury, who was radiantly sure now that Muggridge would do its duty, could not comfort him. He had made an exhibition of himself; Miss Olive knew now that he was lowly born, and he pictured to himself again and again her quiet, cold contempt for a man who had so little fineness of feeling as to make a show of his emotions in public.

In the afternoon, to his terror, he received an invitation to high tea at the Grange, and would have given anything to have a decent excuse for declining. He had cried like a baby, he told himself, and had not even the consolation of having accomplished anything. The Burtons were unusually kind to him that night, but he was sure they were graver and more reserved than common, and Mr. Burton did not even mention the previous night's meeting.

"And so you are an ex-factory operative, and your mother was a weaver?" said Miss Olive, as she helped him on with his overcoat in the lobby as he was leaving.

And, with a desperate effort, Caesar answered: "Yes, Miss Burton, and I am not ashamed of it."

The lady stood on the doormat, evidently reflecting, and then she lifted her clear eyes to his and asked:

"And why did you not tell us all this before?"

"Because I'm a coward, Miss Burton; a mean, unworthy coward."

She looked long and steadily into his face as he spoke, and then, as he put out his hand to say good-night, she took it absently, and answered, in soft, low tones: "I wish there were many more such cowards in the world, Mr. Snape."

Next day it was known in Muggridge that the Burtons were giving £500 to the Million Scheme, and a week later the Rev. Caesar was received at the Grange in another and closer capacity than that of minister.

—*Methodist Recorder.*

AN IDEAL LOVE STORY.

BY MRS. C. F. FRASER.

Their story came to me in such a curious way. I found it—or part of it—between the faded covers of an old diary whose first entry bore a date early in the century. I was searching for some family papers in an old chest when I chanced on the little crimson book. As I lifted it curiously by the ribbon that in some bygone time had served as a book-mark, it opened at the first page. On it was written in a firm, manly hand,—

"For Ma Chère Amie Annette, from him who loves her."

There was no name in the little book, but I easily guessed that Annette had been my great-aunt, and that the one who had loved her had, at a later date, become her husband.

The book had been written, so I gathered as I read, by my great-uncle, in the year preceding his marriage. As I pored over the closely written pages I saw that it had been intended for his sweetheart's eye alone; yet so truly and faithfully was it written that each line seemed to have a living message to convey to lovers all the world over.

I knew enough family history to piece out the tale which the diary told. There had been a rift in the old love story. Annette's parents had thought her too young to choose a husband, and when the love of her heart had gone out to a youth of excellent character but of slender means, they had demurred kindly but firmly. In obedience to their wish the young couple had agreed to hold no communication with each other for an entire year. If at the end of the stipulated term their wishes remained the same, no objection was to be made to their betrothal. About the same time—and in this I could not but fancy there had been some parental influence used—the lover was given a position in a seaboard city hundreds of miles away, and was thus quietly and effectually removed from the scene.

It was all very plain and prosaic so far, and I wondered where the romance had been in so carefully arranged an affair.

But presently I came to a paragraph that excited my interest. Annette, it seemed, had asked of her parents the boon of a "twilight hour."

"Whenever it does not affect the performance of my duty to others,"—so ran the words which her lover had copied in his diary—"my parents are willing that I should have the twilight hour to myself. At that time my thoughts and prayers will be all for you."

She agreed, also, so he wrote, to keep account of her doings in her own diary, and when the year of probation was over the books were to be exchanged. It was a lover's expedient for re-living together the year of their separation.

There was much individuality in the young man's book. He was full of pluck and energy, and he was bent on winning his "Chère Amie" for his bride. To that end he was diligent in business and faithful to his employers, whose interests he cherished as his own. He recorded faithfully his small successes, his private ventures in the mercantile world, and his scant recreations in the city of strangers in which he found himself.

"But always, Annette," he wrote, "as twilight closes in, comes the keen pleasure of knowing that you are thinking of me. At such a time I can laugh at loneliness."

Then, manlike, he would abruptly change the subject, and refer to matters that seemed of little moment to me. Yet, doubtless, Annette had been deeply interested in knowing how many quintals of fish or puncheons of molasses had been disposed of by him. Was it not by means of such homely transactions that he was winning the right to make her his bride? It was the practical side of the romance.

In another place his carefully chosen words did my heart good. It was where he reassured Annette in an imaginary conversation of a misgiving which he feared she might have. "It is partly because you are so good and loving a daughter that I love you," he wrote. "In my first resentment of what seemed the unnecessary harshness of your parents, I may have spoken otherwise. My calmer reason can but praise them for so guarding their precious daughter."

Surely, I thought, this great-uncle of mine must have been gifted with an unusual amount of common-sense.

The diary broke off abruptly in the middle of the year. Annette was ill—her life was despaired of—and her f[redacted] had written him to come at onc[redacted]

wished to see her alive. In her delirium his name was ever on her lips.

The lover made the last entry ere he set forth on the journey to her home. "If God should take away my love"—so ran the trembling handwriting — "I must remember what she said to me when we parted six months ago. I write it down now lest, in the stress of grief which seems likely to overpower me, I should forget her words: 'Beloved,' she said, 'God is love, and in Him we live and move and have our being. Living so, even death cannot separate us.'"

I was confident that Annette's journal could not be far away, and I turned over the old papers till I found a book which in outward appearance was the mate of the one I had so eagerly read. The two words on the opening page, "For John," had a wealth of meaning, and brought Annette in her shy maidenly pride plainly before me.

There was much of interest in the little entries of the quiet days when she cared for the younger children of the family or performed household tasks. She took part in much social life also, and duly recorded the parties she attended, but always there was the gentle undertone of her steady affection for John — always the desire that he would enter more fully into the spiritual life in which her highest happiness was found, always, as in the diary of her lover, was the keynote love—human love or heavenly love.

Towards the middle of the year the entries grew fewer. A week or more elapsed without a word. Then a few lines recorded the fact that the headache which had been so troublesome during the last few days was now almost incessant and that the slightest noise seemed to give her pain.

"More than ever," she wrote, "I look forward to the twilight hour when my thoughts can turn in the quiet to you, dear John."

Not another line was written, but so eager was I to finish the story which had been twice interrupted by Annette's illness, that I gave the book an impatient shake.

From its leaves fell a slip of paper on which was written in the girl's delicate hand: "John has taken my diary away with him, but I must write of my happiness. To-morrow my dear father and mother will give me into his keeping, and their blessing rests upon my marriage day. Another and a greater joy has come to me also—the answer to the constant prayer of my heart. John has told me that it was when he realized how near I was to death that he found out the meaning of the heavenly love of which we had so often talked. My illness was part of God's plan for his life. Henceforward we shall serve Him together so long as we both shall live, and when death shall claim us we can have no fear, because we rest secure in the perfect Love."

Underneath was a date some twelve months later than that at the opening of the diary, so I surmised that after Annette's recovery from her illness the engagement had been permitted, and that the year which was to have been one of probation had ended with a happy wedding day.

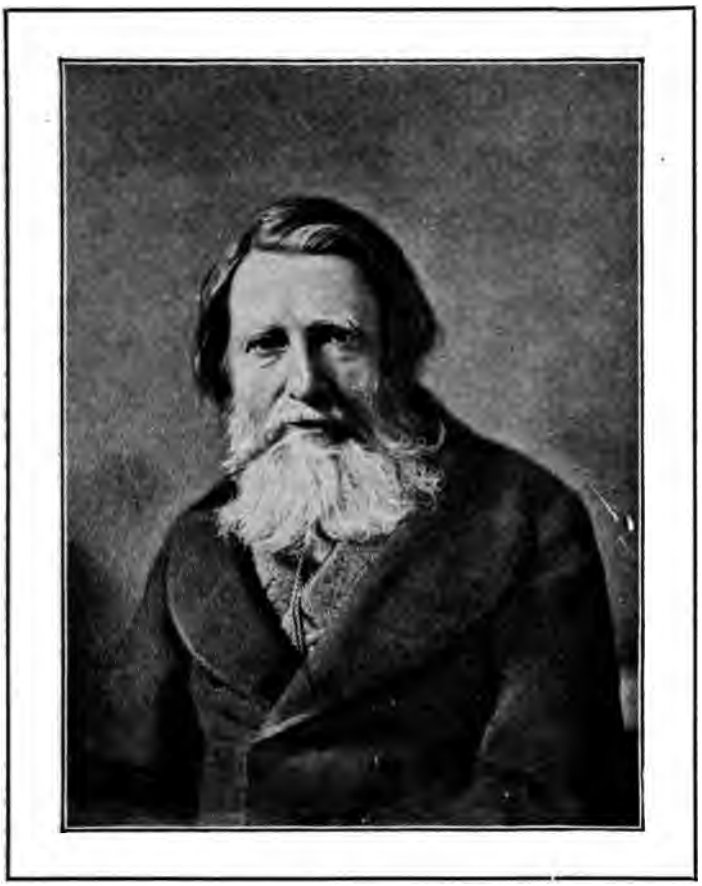
I remembered, too, how often I had heard the older members of the family speak of Uncle John and Aunt Annette —of his constant devotion to the gentle, sweet-faced wife, and of their happiness in the band of sons and daughters that grew up about them.

And it came to me then that I had been permitted to be present at the uplifting of the curtain from an ideal love story. In the faded diaries were the records of hopes and fears common to many young people; yet theirs was a love affair devoid of all selfishness and pettiness. John had been content to labour faithfully for his bride, and he had not allowed what must have been a keen disappointment to embitter his thoughts. For Annette I could find no words to express my admiration. She was an ideal character indeed, for had she not, in the year of their separation, made her love for John his stepping-stone to the heavenly love that lasts for evermore?—*Zion's Herald.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

—*Shakespeare.*

"THE LAST OF THE PROPHETS."



THE LATE JOHN RUSKIN, DIED JANUARY 20TH, 1900.

The prophets cease from out the land,
The counsellors are gone,
The lips to kindle and command
Are silent one by one.

Our Master taken from our head,
In sorrow, here we pray—
Lord, teach us in his steps to tread;
Be Thou our guide and stay.

Till all the righteousness he loved,
The sympathy he sought,
The truth by deed and word he proved,
Be made our daily thought.

He gave us eyes, for we were blind;
He bade us know and hear;
By him the wonder of the mind
Of God, on earth was clear.

We knew the travail of his soul,
We thank Thee for his rest;
Lord, lead us upward to his goal—
The pure, the true, the best! *

God has given to this nineteenth century a group of men who had a special message to the times in which they lived. Wordsworth was a high-priest of nature, who led many to the study of the beautiful, the true, the good, as revealed in earth's fairest scenes, and led multitudes to look from nature up to

* "Hymn in Loving memory of John Ruskin," by Canon Rawnsley. Sung at his funeral.

nature's God. Tennyson has given us the record of the struggles of a soul from doubt to faith—to a consciousness of God that few have ever attained: "Closer He is than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." Carlyle had his message, like a stern Hebrew prophet, of denunciation of the shams and falsities of life, and the assertion of the eternal verities of truth and righteousness. Browning, our modern Shakespeare, was the interpreter of life in its manifold relations, the poet of a glorious optimism as he sings, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

The last of this goodly fellowship to linger with the century's latest year was God's Prophet of the Beautiful, John Ruskin, who on January 20th closed his noble life, a life of eighty-one years—in its moral heroisms, in its seeking after God, in its imitation of the blameless life of Him who "came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister," grander than any of his own prose poems. He taught the world that the soul of beauty was truth. He led multitudes to read in those manuscripts of God, the mountains and clouds, the cataracts and the forests, the message of the Divine.

The reading of Ruskin's books, like the reading of Wordsworth's poetry, is to many a revelation of an unknown world. These two great interpreters and high priests of nature unveil the mystery of the universe. With Wordsworth we learn to say:

"For I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

The noblest attribute of his character was the sympathy of this man of wealth and culture with the lot of the poor and lowly. In one of his earliest letters he writes thus: "I cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore, I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery."

Not content with theory, Mr. Ruskin undertook to put into practice his plans for the social and economic betterment of the workingman. Not less than a million dollars of inherited wealth and hard-earned income from his books was thus expended in the endeavour to develop the character and brighten the lives of the sons of toil.

Ruskin's life was not unshadowed by sorrow. A man of noblest and purest character, his nature was most deeply wounded through his domestic affections. But he endured his life-tragedy with the patience of a martyr and forgiveness of a saint. He found solace in work for God and work for man, and in age and feebleness extreme he awaited the coming of the mystic barge on which he should sail forth,

"To meet his Pilot face to face."

AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

In the September number of this magazine we treated somewhat fully John Ruskin and his work. We, therefore, confine ourselves to a reproduction in part of an admirable study from the Chicago *Christian Advocate*, by Professor Pearson, of the Northwestern University:

Ruskin had been trained by pious parents. His mother, especially, was earnestly religious. Mr. Ruskin, in an autobiographical sketch says: "As soon as I was able to read with fluency, my mother began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford." He gives a long list of the chapters, which, every syllable learned accurately, established his soul in life. It was the earnest desire of his father and mother that he should be a clergyman, and, for many years, he expected to fulfil their wishes. He was never formally ordained as a priest or preacher, never entered the pulpit of the Church, but he has always been true to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, has been an expounder of the truth and a prophet of righteousness. Instead of being the parson of a parish, he has been one of the apostles of the English-speaking nations, and thus, eventually, of the whole world. Ruskin has written at great length upon painting, architecture, literature and life, and always with prophetic insight and prophetic power. As early as 1846 he writes: "I have given ten years of my life to the

urpose of enabling myself to
ghtly of art, and spent them in
s earnest and continuous as men
undertake to gain position or
ıte fortune."

n condemns the older landscape
for untruthfulness and conse-
ɔrthlessness. He says: "I assert
:row that all hitherto done in
e by those commonly conceived
ɔrs has never prompted one holy
in the minds of nations. Filling
d with the honour of Claude and
, it has never once tended to the
ɔf God."

n tells us that truth is the founda-
all great art. Idealism is with
y the revelation of truth. He
bring to light the "faultless,
, inconceivable, inexhaustible
s which God has stamped upon
s."

tist of the Renaissance, he says,
nk of the mother of our Lord in
maternal agony with academical
ıation, sketch in first her skele-
ıst her in serene science with the
of misery and the fibres of
ınd then cast the grace of antique
over the nakedness of her deso-
ıd fulfil, with studious lustre of
l delicately painted pallor, the
ype of the "Mater Dolorosa."

ırden of his sermon on Renais-
; is, Beware of the deadly sin of
nd he concludes it by a charac-
realth of biblical allusions as he
s those who "wear their pieties
ɔration as women wear their
s and flaunt the dry fleeces of
ylacteries between their dust and
of heaven."

uskin's criticisms of the fine arts
written with the insight, the
ion and the passion of a poet,
Gladstone, it is well known,
mpressed with his poetic power
the death of Tennyson, he
Ruskin his most fitting successor
aureate.

araphrase of Isaiah, modified by
ɔns drawn from Greek mythology,
ırite with me:

ill depressed and dim with dew,
t yet a little while
.diant with the deathless rose the
lderness shall smile,
ery tender, living thing shall feed
streams of rest;
nb shall from the fold be lost, nor
rsling from the nest.
, the time of wrath is past, and
hteousness shall be,
The wolf is dead in Arcady and the
dragon in the sea!"

I have no doubt whatever that if Ruskin had devoted his great powers to poetry he would have rivalled Tennyson in that field; but how much better it is for the world to have one Ruskin and one Tennyson than it would have been to have had two Tennysons and no Ruskin.

Ruskin's gospel of art, his teaching that all beauty must be based on truth and righteousness, though it met at first with much opposition, has attracted crowds of disciples, and is, I think, winning its way to universal recognition.

Ruskin's political economy is very simple. Like all his other ideas it is based on the Gospel. It is a mere amplification of the words of Jesus: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Ruskin teaches that the true aim of political economy is to make intelligent, virtuous and happy people and not to make money; that the way to secure this end is not competition, but co-operation; not individualism and anarchy, but united effort and just obedience. "Government and co-operation," he says, "are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death."

Ruskin preaches no new doctrine. It is the old gospel of love and service and John Ruskin is one of the great apostles of Jesus Christ.

BRITISH TRIBUTES.

Since the above was written the files of English papers have been received containing eloquent tributes to this great writer:

John Ruskin, says "Historicus" in the *Methodist Times*, to my way of thinking, was the greatest writer of English prose that the English language has yet produced. Listen to the rolling majesty of these words:

"This is the thing which I *know*, and which, if you labour faithfully, you may know also—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die."

What a rhythmic majesty and dignity there is, alike of language and of ethics, in those words of the consummate master—a great teacher, a great prophet! "There is, indeed, a land of Havilah open to men, of which the wonderful

sentence is literally true—'The gold of *that* land is good.' But they must first understand that education, in its deepest sense, is not the equalizer, but the discerner, of men; and that, so far from being instruments for the collection of riches, the first lesson of wisdom is to disdain them, and of gentleness to diffuse."

Ruskin has won an unfading crown; his fame is secure forever. He was above all a man after the pattern of the old Hebrew prophets. In an epoch of selfish materialism, deadening luxury and heartless philosophy, he hurled flaming words of contempt and derision upon the base ideals of his fellows. His unwavering conviction of the imperative necessity of constant communion with God, and his trumpet-call to the use of conscience in the discharge of the commonest duties of life, have given an inspiration to the present age which far transcends the value of his merely æsthetic teaching.

THE WORLD IMPOVERISHED.

The Rev. G. Beesley Austin writes thus in the *Methodist Recorder:* It is not merely that a writer of imperishable prose has gone, that the last of the prophets has fallen. The land is impoverished by the loss of one of the noblest and purest spirits that ever lived. In an age that preaches Art for Art's sake, when men can write great things and live little ones, he has set a noble example of high consistency between teaching and life. And he who preached practised. Wordsworth said of Milton:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart,
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

And these words instinctively leap to our lips when we think of the noble man, the great teacher, the God-inspired prophet, who lies so still beside the quiet lake to-day. Both in the singular splendour of his unique life, and in the simplicity and loveliness of his ministries among men, he deserves the very highest eulogies.

His father was a man of faultless integrity, and his mother one of the fairest spirits with which the childhood of a great soul could have been enriched. In the beautiful churchyard at Shirley there is a tomb often visited by those who wish to refresh and refine their hea memory of a great filial affect bears these inscriptions: "I from day's well-sustained bu James Ruskin. . . . He v tirely honest merchant, and h is, to all who keep it, dear a His son, whom he loved to the and taught to speak truth, s him." "Here beside my fathe have laid my mother's. Nor earth ever returned to earth, life revived in heaven." Sur son never wrote a simpler nor a panegyric than this which Jo has inscribed above the qui place of his devoted parents.

In 1843 Mr. Ruskin leaped in one bound by the publicat first instalment of his grea "Modern Painters." When published "In Memoriam" h when Browning published " and the Book" he was 56, Charles Darwin published the Species" he was 50. But wh published that which original tended as a defence of Turner, proved to be a complete exposi philosophy of art, he was only

A brilliant writer, himself greatest of our living critics, h told us that in some of the his great prose, Mr. Ruskin is without a rival in the whol English letters.

"I have with deeper gr chronicle," writes Ruskin, "w to my mother for the resolutely lessons which so exercised Scriptures as to make every wo familiar to my ear in habitu yet in that familiarity reve transcending all thought, and all conduct." He who compa great spirits may go a long wa what Matthew Arnold calls style, and learn to speak the l the gods.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE

The very essence of his ethical. Morality was the ro flower of everything. It lay nature to be a prophet. It wo be an exaggeration to say th been to this century the Hig the Ideal. Perhaps one of h services to men is that he ha to the blind. After reading Painters," Charlotte Bronte sa now as if I had been walking this book seems to give me

d that is the witness of us all. With
ı as guide, new beauties flash forth
ir charm in many places, and to walk
:h him is to walk in a new world of
auty, wonder and delight.

The pathetic and even tragic life has
ne to its long-delayed close. Eyes
t saw the unseen beauty, ears that
ght the unheard notes, are dim and
f. A voice that always spoke for
auty and truth and goodness is forever
nt. A spirit that was chastened by
:h love and sorrow into exquisite and
icate beauty has departed. A fearless,
hteous, and dauntless heart is cold; and
gland has been stricken with a great
. The Lake Country has always had its
rm. To tired minds and to weary feet
as given the gift of rest. It has been
nted with imperishable presences,
le tender and pathetic by the memory
he men who have trodden its soil, and
live with the genius of the splendid
l, and to-day it may have an added
rm and a holier thrall because it is the
ing-place of one who loved his fellow-
ı with real sincerity, and, mindless
e of their praise or blame, strove to
ak to them the truth.

THE PROPHETIC ELEMENT.

The title of our article, "The Last of
Prophets," we find is that used by
r. E. E. Young in an eloquent appre-
ion in the *Methodist Recorder:*
; is the prophetic element in Ruskin
ch will, after all, do most to establish
influence, and make him a living force
:he ages to come. Carlyle himself
concerning him, "No other man in
land has in him the same divine rage
nst falsity." George Eliot, too, was
y struck by the prophetic force of the
. "Do you look out," she wrote to
end, "for Ruskin's books whenever
appear? I venerate him as one of
great teachers of the age. . . . He
hes with the inspiration of a Hebrew
›het." And the *Daily Telegraph*, in
ine obituary notice, says: "He was
ll things of the race of Isaiah, and we
e lost the last of the prophets."

It is strange," he says, "that of all
pieces of the Bible which my mother
ı taught me, that which cost me most
earn, and which was, to my child's
d, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm
as now become of all the most precious
me, in its overflowing and glorious
ıion of love for the Law of God: 'Oh,
love I thy law! It is my meditation
the day;' as opposed to the ever-
›ing words of the modern money-loving fool: 'Oh, how hate I Thy law! It is my abomination all the day.'"

Idleness was unthinkable to him. Merely selfish pursuits, even of a lofty kind, he would not allow. Having great possessions, he felt he must make the great renunciation. He was raised up for a purpose, called to a divinely appointed mission. His task was not self-imposed; his message not self-derived. It was with him, as with every true prophet, the burden of the Lord.

Carlyle's influence was undoubtedly the determining factor in directing Ruskin's efforts primarily towards social reform. The prophetic utterances of the Sage of Chelsea were startling people of every class, and very deeply impressed Ruskin. Henceforth art with him was to be secondary to ethics. Carlyle was the Elijah of the time, who, with extraordinary courage, vigour and ability, was attacking Baal-worship—the false notions, the godless manners that prevailed. Ruskin, like another Elisha, caught his mantle, received a double portion of his spirit, even before the "master" was carried from his sight. Only less rugged and vehement than his master, the disciple joined heartily in the holy crusade.

Of war Ruskin had the utmost abhorrence, but was careful to allow that "it is the duty of every nation to interfere, at the bayonet point, if they have the strength to do so, to save any oppressed multitude, or even individual, from manifest violence, though it is wholly unlawful to interfere in such matter, except with sacredly pledged limitation of the objects to be accomplished in the oppressed person's favour, and with absolute refusal of all selfish advantage and increase of territory or of political power which might otherwise accrue from the victory."

HIS SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

That he has unspeakably enriched literature, created a new interest in the beauty of nature, established a higher motive for art, ennobled the idea of charity, and brought about many practical reforms, is beyond doubt. He has done more. He has done his utmost, fearlessly, conscientiously, and at enormous sacrifice, to advance the kingdom of God on earth. His prophetic utterances, sustained by the perfect integrity of his character, and put forward with such vast ability, have exalted labour into new esteem, brought about greater honesty in commerce, and made life altogether more sweet and true. Now that this voice is hushed, the noble

words with which he closed the last volume of "Fors" in 1884 come to us with deeper meaning still.

He tells us he has learnt "in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire. But surely the time is come when all these faithful armies should lift up the standard of their Lord—not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit, bringing forth judgment into victory. That they should be no more hidden, nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with the enemy cometh in like a f much more may the rivers to Are there not fountains of the that open to bless, not destr the beginning of blessing, if think of it, is in that promis shall be the peace of thy child the world is but one orphanag as its children know not G Father; and all wisdom and k is only more bewildered dar long as you have not taught fear of the Lord."

"Quenched is the lamp, ev'n in its flickering dear;
We miss the light: we would not have him here;
No carping littlenesses lift their head
Where he is, 'mid the great unjealous dead.

"He thirsted—as a thirsty land for rain—
For Beauty, and for God as men for gain;
Now may he drink of the immortal tide,
Ever athirst, and ever satisfied."

. . . . . .

"Last of the Seers, thy doctrine and thy presage
Were too austere to fascinate the throng;
Our wiser sons shall read and say: 'His message
Was beautifully right and nobly wrong.'
On rushing wings the Future comes to meet thee,
Till—who can say?—in larger, calmer years,
A lovelier England may make haste to greet thee,
First of her Seers."

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

BY LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters' flow—
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To Mystic Isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DELUSION.*

ust two defects in the name
ligion which is deluding a
ll-meaning persons. In the
is not Christian, and in the
it is not science. One of
rous exposures of its frauds
ess is that of Professor
He shows the irreparable
many sick persons by the
quackery, misnamed faith
led scientists. "Who will
our author, "that the pre-
e cult are humbug and sham
nest, wickedest sort?" It
be a selfish, money-making
If Mrs. Eddy's New Bible
on to humanity, one would
stead of being jealously
nd guarded, it would be
ervice of suffering humanity
ossible. But the very con-
is the case. Mrs. Eddy
when "people were healed
ding it, the copyright was
entered a suit at law and
was protected."†
ces infringement of copy-
t, punishable as a crime,
statement of the copyright

established a college for
ing," for which a charter
under an act concerning
for religious, charitable,
nd other purposes. The
nsisted of only twelve les-
fee for which was $300—
those of Yale, Harvard, or
Irs. Eddy says:
d impelled me to set a price
ction in Christian Science
, I could think of no finan-
t for an impartation of a
that divine power which
was led to name three
ars as the price for each
course of lessons at my
artling sum for tuition last-
hree weeks. This amount

greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led, by a strange Providence, to accept this fee.

"God has since shown me, in multitudinous ways, the wisdom of this decision; and I beg disinterested people to ask my loyal students if they consider three hundred dollars any real equivalent for my instruction during twelve half-days or even in half as many lessons."*

Says Professor Purrington: "Having thus fully equipped her pupils, Mrs. Eddy encouraged them to settle down in great cities, not alone for the glory of God, but for this practical reason:

"'The population of our principal cities is ample to supply many practitioners, teachers and preachers with work.'†

"And in order that they might 'enter this field of labour beneficially to themselves,' the shrewd Mother thus taught:

"'Christian Science demonstrates that the patient who pays whatever he is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health.'‡

"Yet these people deny in court, when arraigned for unlawful practice of medicine and manslaughter, that they demand fees for their services!

"When was so sordid a doctrine ever preached by medical men? What standing would a physician have who should teach that the cure depends upon the fee? Is this preachment inspired by God or mammon, by unselfishness or greed?" Mrs. Eddy adds:

"In the early history of Christian Science, among my thousands of students few were wealthy. Now Christian Scientists are not indigent; and their comfortable fortunes are acquired by healing mankind, morally, physically, spiritually."§

"Owing to the shameless manufacture and sale of diplomas," says Professor Purrington, "the so-called anti-diploma law was enacted. Thus are prohibited such frauds as Mrs. Eddy's."

Speaking of the death of Harold Frederick, under the treatment of a

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Science. An Exposition of Wonderful Discovery, includ-Aspects. A Plea for Children pless Sick." By William A. ecturer in the University and pital Medical College, New York: E. B. Treat & Co. lliam Briggs. 1900. Price,

blications," "Retrospection tion," p. 47.

* "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 64.

† "Admonition," "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 102.

‡ "Miscellaneous Writings," pp. 300, 301.

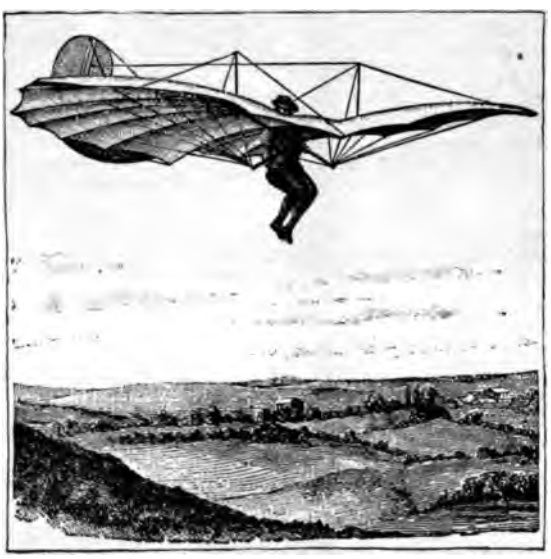
§ Preface to "Miscellaneous W[redacted] p. vii.

Christian Scientist who was indicted by an English jury, the New York *Times* writes editorially of "Faith Cure Murders," and the *Sun* of "Manslaughter by Christian Science."

Professor Purrington gives a ghastly photograph of the gangrened foot of a child treated by a Christian Science healer, and makes a strong plea on behalf of helpless children and sick persons who become their victims. His book is a tremendous indictment of this so-called science. Professor Purrington challenged, again and again, Mr. Carol Norton to give proofs of alleged Science cures, but after many Norton utterly failed to do so questions in your letter I will b to *shelve* for the present," he rep shelve them he did.

We commend to our readers study of Dr. Chown's article modern delusion in the Februar of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND and to an article by Professor bos, of Columbia University, numbers of *Onward* for March March 17th.

Science Notes.



LILIENTHAL'S AIR-SHIP.

THE SECRET OF THE AIR-SHIP.

Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher contributes an excellent article to the *Fortnightly* on "The Art of Flying," in which, without being too technical, he summarizes the successes and failures of aëronauts in the past and gives a lucid statement of the problems which await them in the future.

Mr. Fisher thinks that flying on a scientific basis, as apart from ballooning, had made no real progress before the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. The older attempts were mainly based upon charlatanry. The problem of flight, properly so called, is port a heavy bod own motion. Ball a very different thi air, thin and yield is, may be made to largest birds or th work of a flying mac fact, "the air is s you hit it hard The difficulty just hitting hard enou the proper way is t air itself do the hitti condor has known ages; we have only gun to see it.

THE LANGLEY AND MACHINES.

"The 'aërodro Prof. S. P. Lan flown for as much mile at a time, d a steam engine, descended without when the motive was exhausted. Langley has not only made mode have actually flown, but has out the conditions under which or set of planes can be supporte air, through a long series of elabo convincing experiments. By n these he has demonstrated possess, in existing steam and ot engines, 'more than the requisi to urge a system of rigid planes the air at a great velocity, maki not only self-sustaining, but ca carrying other than their own w

"Mr. Maxim claims from exp with his machine that one hor

pounds. In either case, as has shown the possibility of gines up to 300 horse-power ıly eight pounds per horse-e is clearly ample power to ed aëroplane. The real diffi-ıs been said, is to be sought The obstacles in the way of more in such apparently ifficulties as those of guiding o that it may move in the sired, and ascend or descend an in what may appear to be difficulties due to the nature elf.'"

NTHAL'S EXPERIENCES.

famous of all flying-machine ıs Otto Lilienthal, who paid of success with his life some ago. Lilienthal's main con-that the construction of a ine was not dependent on l that with a strong wind a ed with proper sustaining soar. He proved the truth y by a series of sliding flights ımmit of a hillock, in every ressure of the atmosphere from the ground, and he soon eat skill in adjusting his t the currents of wind.

few trials," wrote Lilienthal, ı to have a feeling of mastery ıation. . . . Finally, we fectly at ease, even when ı in the air, while the indes-utiful and gentle gliding over ny slope rekindles our ardour ery trial. It does not take efore it is quite a matter of whether we are gliding along ıty yards above the ground. safely the air is carrying us, we see diminutive men look-in astonishment. Soon we vines as high as houses, and eral hundred yards through ut any danger, parrying the wind at every movement."

ıt all plain sailing, however. describes how again and as seized by sudden gusts, re he had time to make the ljustments, carried him high ir so swiftly as to take away yet he always managed to balance and soar on. At the wind got on the upper his wings and dashed him o the ground, smashing the ıd bruising him badly. But ong and skilful gymnast, and practice made him well-nigh perfect in the art of sailing down hill in calm or slightly breezy weather."

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FLYING.

Of Mr. Maxim's experiments Mr. Fisher says:

"Mr. Maxim's machine has undoubtedly power to fly if let loose. That it has not yet done so is due to difficulties of another kind, which make it very uncertain whether the machine would survive a single trial; and as the engine alone is understood to have cost its weight in silver, no one can wonder that the crucial experiment is delayed until there is every prospect of a safe result."

Of the future of flying Mr. Fisher says:

"It is safe to prophesy that the flying machine of the twentieth century will be analogous to a sailing vessel with an auxiliary screw rather than to a mastless steamer. This is the prospect, indeed, that makes flying worth while to search after. It is the effortless soaring of the condor, not the fussy flapping of the sparrow, that must be taken as a model."

How Little We Know.

The lesson how little we know was preached to the members of the Physical Society by its president, Professor Henry A. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, at its late meeting in New York. Among the students of the physical sciences in this country, Professor Rowland is one of the most distinguished, and his fame is international.

On such an occasion we usually hear of what we know; it is interesting to be told of what we do not know, and the list of our ignorances is a much larger one than many would think.

Laplace said that gravitation acts instantaneously through space; we have no sufficient proof, says Professor Rowland, that this is true. If two bodies are moving rapidly through space toward, or away from, each other, who can say that their gravitation is unaltered?

Who knows what an atom is? Newton supposed it a round, hard thing which only God could break. We now imagine Newton's atoms as molecules, composed of many atoms, and each of the smaller atoms so elastic that after vibrating a hundred thousand times its amplitude of vibration is hardly diminished, and these atoms of the molecule will vibrate with as many notes. We suppose this atom to

be covered here and there with patches of electricity, and we make of it a system compared with which the universe of planets and stars is simplicity. To understand it is far beyond our power. And what do we know as to the nature of what we call electricity, that subtle force, or movement, or substance, which attaches itself to molecules and atoms and gives them their peculiar power?

And what is the ether which binds all things together and is the medium which carries all forces? We can find for it no atoms, and yet it fills all space without limit, like the ubiquity of God, and through it, and it only, any two portions of matter separated near or far from each other are brought into mutual action, whether through the forces of gravitation, electricity, magnetism, light or heat. It alone carries the vibratory motion of each atom or molecule, to be continued into infinite space. No matter whether the force be as feeble as rubbed amber, or as mighty as the rush of energy from the sun, whether we put into a cubic inch of this ether the thousands of horse-power of heat issuing from the sun's surface, or millions of electric volts, it carries them easily with no signs of breaking down. What is this simple, incomprehensibly simple, ether, and what are its waves, and how do atoms catch hold of ether and start its vibrations? Maxwell and Hertz tell us that the movement of matter alone will not start ethereal waves: its molecules must first be electrified; but what is this electro-magnetism, and how again does it grasp the ether?

Science—and the word means knowledge—only lengthens a little, by each discovery, the radius of what we know, and enlarges the visible circumference of our ignorance. We know something of properties, of relations, but very little of things. We know a little of movements, of qualities, but nothing of matter. We know of love and hate, and joy and fear, and right and wrong, but what do we know of souls? Yet we know enough of inexorable Nature, and of danger and duty, to govern fairly our lives; and what we do not know must be the object of constant search. This search is the highest purpose of science, of whatever sort; yet where in the world, asks Professor Rowland, is the institute of research which has an income of a hundred millions a year, an amount readily granted as the price per year of an army or a navy designed to kill other people?—*The Independent.*

The White Plague.

Dr. E. J. Barrick, of Toronto, important and timely pamphl best means of dealing with sumptive poor. He urges str establishment and maintenance sanatoria and the co-operation minion and Local Legislatures a cipalities for providing the mea for. He shows that between th fifteen and sixty, an age when t are of most value to the nation a home, no less than thirty-seve every hundred die of a disea preventable and curable. He strates that from a financial poin it would be extremely economic from all philanthropic or relig siderations, to maintain such s and thus lessen the distress an which costs such large expendit year. He shows that Canada ently adapted for such sanatoria are far behind other countries adoption, that an increased in being shown in this subject, a large committee of the medical presenting many parts of the D has been appointed for the pro this important movement.

The hottest furnaces in the the electrical furnaces at Niag where clay is transformed into al where lime and carbon are con form calcium carbide, the chief producing acetylene gas; where dum—gem crystals as hard as a and as beautiful as a ruby—i where graphite hitherto mined earth, is produced as easily as s where, it is predicted, pure diam yet be "produced in quanti shipped in peck boxes." In the a heat of more than 6,500 degr been produced—all through the the mighty cataract.

We find that the credit give *Science Illustrée* in the Decembe of this magazine for the curio and illustration on "Fly's Eyes They See," should have been gi *Literary Digest*. We have no in saying that with its broad o the world of science and inve letters and art, of the great mov the world, the *Digest* gives the densed review that we know. often indebted to its columns an to acknowledge our indebtedne

AN IMPORTANT CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.*

In the Canadian Encyclopædia, issued by the Linscott Publishing Co., one of the most important works ever undertaken in Canada, the editor obtained the co-operation of very many of the leading writers of the Dominion in presenting almost every phase of Canadian affairs, literary, religious, scientific, economic and historical. This great work has made Canada and its resources much better known in Great Britain than ever before, and is a not unimportant link in the tie that is knitting, more closely than ever, the mother and daughter lands.

Encouraged by the success of this enterprise, the Linscott Publishing Company have undertaken a new and still more comprehensive enterprise, of which the Rev. T. S. Linscott is the editor-in-chief. This is no less than a history of the progress of the nineteenth century, in twenty-five octavo volumes. It devotes a volume each to such subjects as religion, temperance, sociology, science, art, literature, education, commerce, inventions, wars, discoveries, explorations, economics, politics, medicine, surgery, hygiene, biography, and, in short, the most varied and important of the interests pertaining to human thought and progress. There is also a volume devoted to India, Japan and China, one to South Africa, and two to the European and American rulers, so that the principal elements of the world's progress appear to be covered.

Among the contributors are many writers of high reputation and of special qualifications for their work. For instance, the progress of India and China during the century is written by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, the distinguished scholar, diplomat and statesman. That of South Africa is by George McCall Theal, D.Lit., LL.D., historiographer to the Cape Government. He is a native of New Brunswick, who has spent the greatest portion of his life in South Africa. The naval history of the century is by Rear-Admiral Higginson and Commander Kelley. Its military history is by Professor Oscar Browning. The progress of education is by James L. Hughes, of Toronto, and Dr. Louis R. Klemm, of the Bureau of Education, Washington. Temperance and social progress is by the Hon. John G. Woolley, M.A. Progress of science is by Professor J. A. Thomson, of the University of Aberdeen. A book of very special importance is that on the fine art of the century, by William Sharp, one of the ablest art critics living. The inventions of the century are treated by an expert commissioner of the Patent Office, Washington, Economics and industrial progress is by Dr. Henry de B. Gibbins, a distinguished Oxford graduate. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins treats with his well-known ability the progress of Canada during the century. James Stanley Little, well-known all over the English-speaking world and beyond as a brilliant man of letters, describes the progress of the British Empire in the century. T. H. Escott, M.A., who succeeded Mr. John Morley as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, writes on the British Sovereigns of the century. Percy M. Thornton, LL.D., M.P. for Clapham and Battersea in the House of Commons, who has written much on the foreign policy of Great Britain, writes on the continental rulers of the century. Prof. W. P. Trent, LL.D., writes on the progress of the United States. Prof. A. B. de Mille, of King's College, Windsor, writes on the literature of the century. No aspect of the world's progress is more striking than that of medicine, surgery and hygiene. This is ably treated by Dr. E. A. Stafford, first Assistant Physician of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane. The important subject of the religious progress of the century has been assigned to the Editor of this magazine, who has endeavoured to treat as adequately as possible this subject.

This unique series, which will constitute a library in itself, covering almost every conceivable aspect of the world's progress, is sold only on subscription at from $2.00 to $3.00 a volume, according to the binding. The Linscott Publishing Company, Toronto, will furnish detailed prospectus on application.

*"The Nineteenth Century Series." Twenty-five volumes. The Linscott Publishing Co., London, England, and Toronto, Canada.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Shakespeare.*

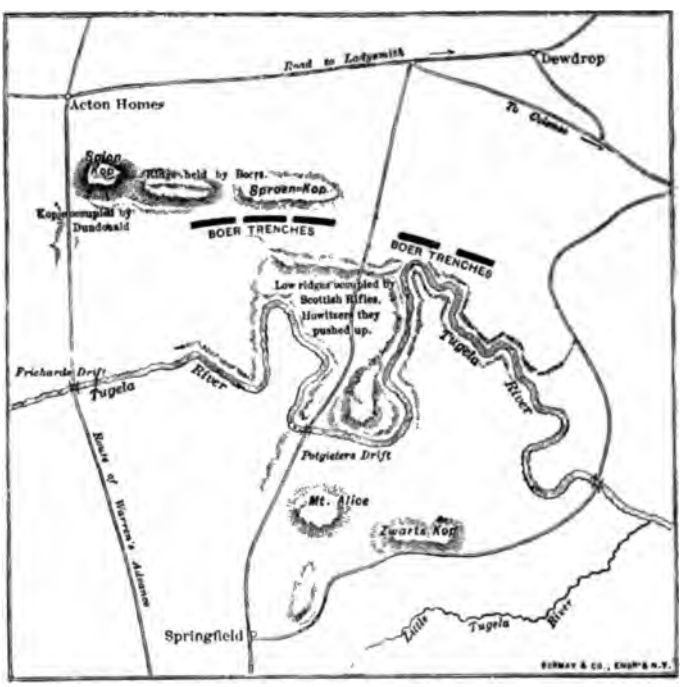
The World's Progress.

BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
  By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
  Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
  Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
  And linking land with land.

O, ye wandering tempest sown
  'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
  That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
  On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
  Perchance may one day call.



SCENE OF GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCES ACROSS THE TUGELA.

We may assume that the darkest hour before the dawn has passed, that the prospects of British supremacy in South Africa will brighten to the perfect day. The very fact that Great Britain was found so unprepared is demonstration that she was reluctantly forced into this unhappy war. The very fact that the Boers were so elaborately prepared, so reinforced with foreign help, the defiant ultimatum of Kruger and the invasion by the burghers of British territory, the [redacted]eging of British towns, and the Boer menace to wage such a war as would "stagger humanity" by its slaughter, all prove the deep conspiracy to drive the British into the sea and erect a Dutch dominion from the Zambesi to the Cape.

Nor does this seem a mad dream. Our diagram illustrating the proportions between the Dutch and British in South Africa shows what great numerical superiority the Dutch have throughout the whole country. Even in the Transvaal the slight preponderance of the British, who had created Johannesburg

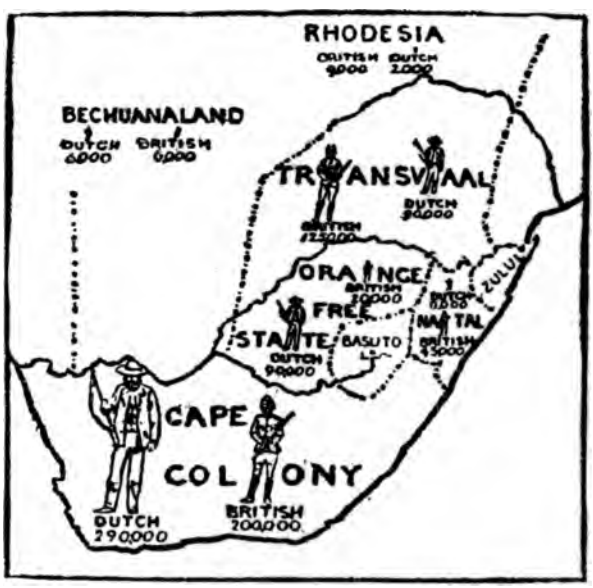
alth, is offset by the fact that
completely disarmed, while
were armed to the teeth. The
ponderance and the freedom of
ise accorded by the British in
ıy, placed the local government
in their hands, the majority
Government, and Premier
himself, being thoroughly pro-
enabling arms and ammuni-
imported into the Orange Free
ıgh British territory up to the
eak of hostilities.

ritain would be unworthy of
if she forsook the loyal little
Natal, invaded by overwhelm-
of Boers, its country ravaged,
besieged, its
ged, if she did
to its rescue.
ıave been the
everses, the
:hat they have
greater, when
ıd of supplies,
ammunition,
d, and every
cept the loyal
rican forces,
brought six
miles by sea,
of it a thou-
s by land,
ıe Boers had
ırces of men,
ıunition, food
es on the spot,
the money
m the Vit-
ere smuggling
ortuguese ter-
rcenary re-
ı every nation

No wonder
Bishop of Kaf-
ıo has been
th the natives
ears, declares that this was a
The chief difficulty of the cam-
een the treachery of the Dutch
n British territory, who be-
y movement to the Boers, and
ssible aid and comfort to the
Britain.

With these no argument can be had. The very administration of law, order and justice in the world implies the ultimate rule of force—the power to imprison, to punish, even with death, the violator of the eternal principles of righteousness and justice.

The history of Great Britain has shown, we believe, that she is the policeman of the nations, that her wars for a hundred years have been for the maintenance of righteousness and justice and ultimate peace, that the conquered people were immensely better for their conquest, that almost without exception these wars have been forced upon her by invasion of territory or revolt of subject tribes. We can recall no such instance of aggression or foreign invasion as the American conquest of Mexico, the invasion of Cuba and conquest in the Philippines.



THE SIZE OF THE FIGURES SHOWS THE PROPORTION OF DUTCH AND BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The present war, into which Britain has been forced, is one, we judge, entirely for the defence of her loyal colonists and of territory which she has held for a hundred years. If this war is unjust, then would Britain have no right to assist Canada to repel a horde of Fenian invaders, or to suppress a mutiny in India, or to resist a foreign attack upon her Australian empire. Terrible as the ordeal is, we believe that Briton and Boer shall alike rejoice in a higher civilization in South Africa, that the black

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HIS A RIGHTEOUS WAR?

ls of many good people have
y exercised by the question as
ıl rectitude of the present war.
:hose who are utterly opposed
ı any grounds, against any
ppression, or in defence of any
liberties, however sacred.

race, freed from the oppressions of the Boers, shall enjoy the blessings of the Gospel as they never enjoyed them before.

The Pious Boers.

We have small patience with those who contrast the piety of the Boers with that of the God-fearing British soldiers. There are those on both sides, we doubt not, who neither fear God nor regard man, but it is like a gleam of light in a dark cloud to know that in the beleaguered town of Ladysmith every day a meeting

COMMANDEERING THE BOERS.

is held for prayer, where General White is almost invariably in attendance. General Warren, we are told, is another Havelock, a man of prayer. The Wesleyan and other chaplains have their communion service on the sands.

There may be a form of religion where there is little of its power, and we think a good deal of the Boer piety is of that sort. We have heard Kruger described, we know not with what truth, as "a sanctimonious bandit, whose mouth is [illegible]th Scripture and his pockets filled [illegible]bes." Only the Just Judge of all can decide, but we see neither ju patriotism in traducing the virt kinsmen and countrymen, and ing the merits of the enemie Queen and country.

It is one thing with self-i unctuousness to say with the Boe people of the Lord, the peopl Lord are we," and to invoke th cations of the Psalms upon the It is another and better thir justice and love mercy and v rightly before God. The record Britain in dealing with subject India, in Ceylon, in China, in C the Soudan, and i Africa, in administe tice, in showing m stowing a higher civ in giving the Gospel, cord of which we proud. The history Boers is one long, c logue of oppression, and wrong toward th native races, of fla justice and treache Outlanders and the within their gates.

Lessons of the

One of the lesson war is the enormou tage that modern we precision have given acting on the defensi was first shown at where a few thousan half starved, half amid the rigours of winter, held the passes for months ag whole power of Russ then the improveme magazine rifle, the ing and machine gun almost impossible to fire zone of from tw miles without alm solute destruction.

The defence of the little of Mafeking, Kimberley and L against tremendous odds for four months, are among the m in history. On the hundredth Mafeking siege, the loyal mes to the Queen demonstrated th querable resolve of this little g hold out to the end. This less possibilities of defence will pondered by Russia before she to force the passes of the H India, with all the vast interest

hundred million people, is invincible against the attack of the northern Colossus across the snowy mountains of Afghanistan.

The wonderful mobility of the Boers is one of the most striking features of the campaign. They live most of their time on horseback, are used to hunting giraffes and antelopes, and are splendid shots at distant and even moving objects, as many a British soldier has found to his cost. One of our cuts shows the commandeering of the Boers for the army. Every inhabitant of the country, burgher or British, is ordered out to service. Many of the British have been thus commandeered, and exempted only on payment of enormous fines, and sometimes have been forced to the front despite their protest and resistance. Another cut shows the parade of these Centaur-like troops, probably the best horse-soldiers in the world.

BOER COMMANDO.

Uniting the Empire.

A man may be a brilliant historian of the past, yet may be greatly mistaken as a prophet of the future. Professor Goldwin Smith, writing from Sicily, affirms that the Transvaal war has driven the last nail into the coffin of Imperial Federation; that the British colonies, alarmed at the peril, will not be entangled with the difficulties of a menaced empire. Professor Smith greatly misinterprets the temper of the colonists. Dr. Conan Doyle, on the contrary, asserts that Kruger deserves a monument as huge as St. Paul's, for consolidating the British Empire. The reverses of Great Britain have kindled the loyal enthusiasm and sympathy of her far-spread colonies as a score of victories would not have done. They have welded the empire at a white heat into an indissoluble whole. They have shown the jealous nations of Europe that in any attack on Great Britain they must deal, not with the tight little island alone, but with her forty colonies around the world. It is an eloquent tribute to the justice of British rule, that the Indian princes, whose country was, forty years ago, in desperate revolt, are to-day eagerly offering men and money to maintain Imperial power.

We have received from Mr. Stead copies of his intolerant *War against War*, the standing heading of which represents a truculent-looking John Bull grasping with both hands the Soudan and South Africa. In this traitorous sheet Mr. Stead vents his venom upon the country that gives him its protection, and as a special advocate and defender of the Boers almost out-Leyds Leyds himself. He thus does infinite harm by creating in the Transvaal and in Europe the impression that his noisy vituperation re-

presents any considerable section of the British people. The loyal rally of the British press, the British people, and their representatives in the British Parliament, for the maintenance of British rights and British liberties, demonstrates the loyalty of the nation to British institutions which are menaced by the despotic oligarchy of the Boers. Mr. Stead quotes with seeming approval the parody on Kipling's Recessional by Mr. Secretary Reitz, of the Orange Free State, as follows:

"Gods of the Jingo—Brass and Gold,
Lords of the world by 'Right Divine,'
Under whose baneful sway they hold
Dominion over 'Mine and Thine.'
Such Lords as these have made them rotten,
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

"Drunken with lust of Power and Pelf,
They hold nor man nor God in awe,
But care for naught but only Self,
And cent. per cent.'s their only Law.
These are their Lords, for they are rotten.
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

"For boastful brag and foolish fake
Th' Imperialist shall 'take the cake.'"

Mr. Stead might leave this anti-British cant to the anti-British journals of Belgium and Russia, many of them bought with Boer gold, and to the gutter journalists of Paris. If Mr. Stead were to publish in Pretoria such disloyal sentiments, he would probably be shot. If he published them in Russia, or Prussia, or France, he would soon find his paper suppressed and himself in prison.

Mr. Stead's intense egotism makes him think he has a commission to run the universe. As he hastened from Chicago to London at the time of the last general election in England, *Punch* represents him as trying to hold down the tight little island to keep it from drifting out to sea. His restless activity makes him the self-appointed ambassador to the sovereigns of Europe, to Pope and potentate and Czar, as though he, and not the responsible ministers of the crown, represented the wisdom of the empire.

The visionary character of Mr. Stead's mind is shown by his assertion that he has a spiritualist medium, Julia, who guides his pen; and by his prognostication that the Church of the future will run a theatre and a bar-room. With all his admirable and chivalrous qualities, Mr. Stead cannot be accepted as a safe guide of the nation.

"To add to our comfort," says the *Monetary Times*, "Mr. Stead reminds us, in a flaring headline, that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, with the prospect of trouble by Fenians and United Irishmen."

Mr. Stead goes on to say that sending so many troops abroad has left part of the empire exposed to an imminent peril that London is defenceless, that it needs only a bold effort on the part of France to smite at the nation's very life.

Political Tactics.

It is the bane of American politics that a few noisy demagogues can put the country in a false light, and smirch its reputation before the world. During the Fenian Raid in 1866 the postmaster of Buffalo publicly harangued the fanatical Irish invaders of a friendly neighbouring country. The other day the Mayor of Detroit, at a public meeting, avowed his sympathy with his "fellow-republicans of the Transvaal," and denounced the "tyranny of Great Britain" in making war upon them—that is, in defending her own colonies from invasion.

Those who know the traditional tail-twisting propensities of the political demagogue will understand that the purpose is to catch Irish, Polish, Bohemian votes and inflame foreign prejudice to the benefit of their own political party, and will know how to discount these sentiments. In this connection the *Outlook* remarks:

"The few who are urging hostile action because the English are in trouble do not count; they are either Irishmen who have brought their race antipathies with them and who have not yet become Americans, or a very few Americans who are afflicted with that form of Anglomania which is intense in inverse ratio to the judgment, wisdom, and restraint of the victim."

The *Independent*, after summing up the argument pro-Boer and pro-Briton, says:

"It is beyond question that the British Government in South Africa represents a higher and more progressive civilization and a juster rule over the black races than does that of the Boers. The independence of the Transvaal means the annexation, already partly proclaimed, of all South Africa. It means Dutch for English, and Dutch of two centuries ago. It puts an end to the advance of British civilization northward. For this reason, for the honour of the British Government, for the welfare of the continent, for the progress of civilization, Great Britain must maintain its right of control."

Intervention.

eged mutiny of some Soudanese
is fomented and magnified by
ch as a reason for the inter-
the Powers in Egypt. But the
e not going to make themselves
aw of the unstable French
which has had a new ministry
year of its history. The wise
ship and good offices of the
Emperor will pretty effectually
Dr. Leyds' feverish attempt
ring intervention in Africa,
in view of the mobilizing of
fleet of seven hundred war-
l the reorganizing of her home

Open Door at the Isthmus.

cancellation of the Clayton-
reaty, and securing the Nicar-
al, like the Suez Canal, as an
to all nations in time of peace
reat Britain has shown at once
will towards the United States
enlightened commercial policy
he whole world. A few of the
nators seemed determined that
ld be an exclusively American
, fortified and controlled by
forts and troops, though in a
ountry. But on sober second
they seem to recognize the
of accepting Great Britain's
abrogation of the treaty by
was entitled to joint control.
ement of this Canal question
il to greatly strengthen the
between the two countries.

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is he armed who hath his quarrel
Mr. Balfour's recent utterance
ieve, one of undefeasible truth.
e false or stupid calumny was
nted than the accusation that
itain was animated by a petty
add wealthy regions to an
gantic empire. No mere acqui-
territory could compensate for a
ng so much blood and treasure."

On the Right Tack.

on in a London paper rightly
the English position. Lord
as a veteran pilot is steering
f State upon a stormy sea. On
el are inscribed the words,
ights for all." Beneath is the
"On the Right Tack." We
that under God's blessing the
will triumphantly weather this
storm as she has weathered many another.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

"We are now finding," said the Colonial Secretary, "the infinite potentialities and resources of the empire. We are advancing to the realization of that great federation of our race which must inevitably make for peace, liberty and justice."

FOR HONOUR.

Britannia, armed, goes forth to war
To fling aside a half-closed door.
She bears the blazoned British shield,
And none but her that spear can wield.
Come! Who will follow, who will ride,
For England's honour at her side?

Sons of Britannia! You shall fight
Not solely for your country's right:
Wise-ruling Peace's life is made
The guerdon of your rescuing blade,
Not for your heritage alone—
For Progress, fainting on her throne.

The corn-seed dies to yield the ear;
By Death comes Life in higher sphere,
Fear not to die! The best we give
Shall rear the best—die we, or live—
As fell the heroes of our race
That we might live to fill their place.

God is not mocked! His Law shall run;
His chariot wheels are rolling on.
Who dares to stay them? Let us stand
To clear the path—a steadfast band.
As we have dealt, in ages past,
Oh, Lord! deal Thou with us, at last!

—*London Chronicle.*

As we go to press a British War Office despatch says that Kimberley is relieved. Flags are flying on a large number of buildings. Thank God.

Religious Intelligence.

The Methodist Social Union.

The banquet of the Toronto Social Union in Trinity Church was one of ideal excellence. It was a very happy thought of Mr. Chester D. Massey, who was the prime mover in organizing this Union, to bring together in social and practical relations the most active spirits of Toronto Methodism. They have thus learned to know each other better and to love each other more. They have been enabled to raise many thousands of dollars for the relief of embarrassed churches in the suburbs of the city, they have promoted the unity and solidarity and spiritual prosperity of Toronto Methodism in a remarkable degree.

At one thing we specially rejoice—they are thoroughly democratic. Some of the social unions of the United States have been criticised by the Methodist press because they are not social. They are rather high-toned, high-priced functions for dress-suit people, whereas, the critic observes, not two per cent. of Methodists have a dress-suit. Ours in Canada are intended to bring the working forces of Methodism into vital contact. At the Metropolitan Church last year, every class-leader and official in our city churches was invited, and most of them were present, when Mr. Fudger and other laymen gave wise counsels.

None who heard it will ever forget the impressive address of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, its spiritual elevation, its intense religious earnestness, and its wide suggestiveness to those who are specially called to minister to the people in holy things.

The eminently practical suggestions of Mr. Alfred Briggs, as to how to reach the young men of our congregations, touched a subject of vital importance. We trust that it will be followed up by the committee to which it was referred, with important results. Mr. Briggs, we have reason to know, practices what he preaches in his earnest efforts to reach and teach the young men to whom he has access.

The comprehensive address of the Rev. T. E. E. Shore, on the needs and suggested methods of a forward movement of Toronto Methodism was an inspiration.

The Rev. Alfred Brown, President of the Conference, spoke strongly on the deepening of the spiritual life of the Church as the need of the hour. This was ably emphasized by Dr. Sutherland, the chairman, and supported by Mr. Chester D. Massey, who spoke of the beneficent results which have already followed the Twentieth Century Fund campaign, and urged that special prayer and effort should be put forth in Toronto for an awaking of the spiritual life of the Church, which should stir the whole country from sea to sea.

Rescue Work.

In connection with Methodist Home Mission work in Toronto, the visit of Mrs. Whittemore, of the Open Door Mission in New York, made a profound impression. Her addresses, both in Toronto and Montreal, deeply stirred the hearts of the many thousands who heard her. Out of her remarkable experiences she reported miracles of grace in saving the most utterly fallen, and challenged the Church to fulfil its duty in, like the blessed Saviour, seeking and saving that which was lost.

No labours can be more Christly and sacred than that of such rescue work, but there is another that is still more important. In this case more than in any others is it true that an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. The young people in our schools and homes should be instructed and fortified to meet the temptations which they must encounter, to keep themselves unspotted from the world, like King Arthur's blameless knight, "speak no evil; no, nor listen to it," to emulate the saintly Galahad who gained the vision of the Holy Grail, "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." For all time no higher standard of perfect conduct and character can be set up than that of St. Paul, to "intreat the elder women as mothers; the younger as sisters, with all purity."

Student Volunteers.

The visit to our Canadian colleges of Mr. John S. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Volunteer Society, was an occasion of very great interest.

tt represents a great body of tudents in eleven different na- whom 1,686 have volunteered for ry service, and 565 have already r mission fields. Among these romen, 118 of whom are already ission field. In seeking specially student life in Christian service, ciation is securing the very best recruits for the moral conquest rld. These men and women are he intellectual *élite* of the age, natural endowment, but in the ity they enjoy. These are they l largely mould the life and and character of the coming who will be the teachers and s, editors and statesmen, lawyers sicians, engineers and scientists ture, those under whose hand is he Archimedian lever that shall world.

beginning of this century, and ich more recently, the colleges meycombed with infidelity. To college was the sole privilege ons of wealth, who were assailed cial temptations to extravagance . To-day there is no class in the ity which holds so lofty ideals, of many members are pronounced is, as college students. The are no longer the privilege of the the poor man's son, if he have rit and gumption, can work his he very foremost rank.

E Problem of the Cities.

roblem of the cities is one that nore and more urgently upon the the Church. It is in vain that handsome buildings and conduct services if we do not reach the hed masses. If they will not the Gospel we must take the o them. Toronto Methodism is a sense of its duty in this repect. red Victor Mission is being ened and enlarged, the Agnes Mission in the heart of St. John's as been formed. A forward nt is undertaken which will in- least a cost of $5,000. The city are rallying around the enter- At the last board meeting sixteen were represented. It is hoped will lend a hearty aid. It will do rches who help this mission as od as it will do the objects of ristian zeal.

ev. T. E. E. Shore, Superintendent red Victor Mission, is full of zeal and energy in this great work. He is thoroughly arousing the Toronto churches, and the city mission number of the *Guardian* will, we trust, stimulate the other towns and cities of Canada to undertake aggressive work of this sort. At these missions the evangelistic department, with gospel services nearly every day in the week, comes first; then follows educational work, with clubs and classes, savings bank, library, etc. Special attention is given to the industrial work, with instruction in domestic science, kitchen garden, manual training, kindergarten, etc. An Employment Bureau helps the men to find work and helps employers to find men.

The sermon of Mr. Hadley, leader of the Jerry McAuley Mission, New York, himself a reformed drunkard and thief, now an apostle of God, was one of thrilling power.

Methodist Reunion.

In England our friends are pressing to a successful conclusion their great Million Guinea Fund. One of the grandest features of this movement in the Mother Church of Methodism, as in our own, is its thoroughly democratic character. It welcomes, of course, the large givings of the rich, but they have no pre-eminence of honour. The collier lad, the servant-maid, appears on the Honour Roll side by side with the coal baron, the great mill-owner, and the lord of many acres.

The Wesleyans are devising a great forward movement for the new century. In London, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, missions of the masses will be vigorously pressed. A feeling of broader brotherhood is being developed. The *Methodist Times* presents a plan for closer Methodist union and reunion. Among the wise suggestions are: a common Methodist Hymn-book for the United Kingdom—and why not for the world? Co-operation in carrying on enterprises of common interest, as theological institutions and missionary work, pulpit interchange, and more intimate acquaintance and intercourse between congregations of the different Methodist Churches, union services and the consolidation of Methodism in rural regions where the various bodies maintain a struggle for existence. A still wider co-operation is urged by the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. It proposes a simultaneous and united mission throughout the whole of England and Wales with the dawn of the new century. It is

expected that fifteen days' united mission will be held in the heart of the empire. "All the Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist and Presbyterian Churches be invited, in the name of Christ, and for the salvation of men, to put on one side every denominational engagement of every kind, and for once, for the first time in the history of Christendom, to unite together for a Mission to London." In continuation thereof a similar mission will be held throughout the kingdom.

Marriage Lessens Crime.

The *American Journal of Sociology* notes the important influence of marriage in the lessening of crime. Among the restraints which marriage places upon the criminality of the married man is the fear of bringing disgrace upon the family and lasting shame to the children. With the need of defending and supporting a family, there comes, too, increased respect for religion, law, and property—the defending and supporting institutions of society, and last, but not least, to be mentioned among these deterrent effects of marriage upon the married male, is the influence of the constant and intimate association of the man with a member of the sex, the criminality of which is very low when compared with that of his own.

The Doukhobors.

An important element in the population of our great North-West will be its foreign immigration. While opinions differ as to the Galicians and some others, yet the testimony as to the high character of the Finns, Icelanders, and Doukhobors is very strong. Of the latter, the Rev. W. G. Bradford, Methodist missionary at Swan Lake, Manitoba, writes in warm commendation. He believes that they are "by far the very best foreigners ever brought into our country." They have attended several of the Methodist services, drawn by the singing and their own intense love for music. The contractor for the Canadian Northern Railway says: "I have found them to be without exception the best men I have ever had on railway work." Mr. P. McKay, of Swan Lake, says: "They are very sharp business men. They will neither cheat nor be cheated." They will doubtless be an element of much importance in the peopling of our Great Lone Land.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Morning Post* calls attention to the remarkable indications of religious awakening in Italy, which is giving much anxiety to the Papal authorities. He writes: "If there is a movement in some Protestant nations to return toward Catholicism, it is interesting to note that in Italy, which remained almost untouched by the Reformation, *a serious Protestant movement is taking place.* The Valdese Church, which formerly had a very tormented existence in the Alps and in its colony near Messina, has been growing in different parts of Italy since 1870."

Rev. John Dunn Dinnick.

Brother Dinnick passed away from labour to reward on January 14th. He was an honoured minister of the Primitive Methodist Church in England. During his ten years' residence in Canada he rendered valuable service to the Church of God, as health permitted. His record was one of unusual usefulness. Through his ministrations hundreds of souls were led to the Saviour. He was also a writer of great ability. His book on "The Shekinah of the Soul" reveals deep spiritual insight. His last illness was a long and painful one, borne with Christian patience. His end was peace. As devout men bore him to his burial, it was felt that a brother, honoured and beloved, had passed from toil to triumph.

Rev. Oliver McCann.

We have had a few, but not many, ministers of our Church, who were brought up in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. There is something in the religious experience of Methodism that appeals strongly to the feelings of our warm-hearted Irish Roman Catholic friends. This Gideon Ouseley, the great apostle of Irish Methodism, amply demonstrated, as he won hundreds of converts by his sweet singing of the Methodist hymns and his recognition of the seeds of truth in the Roman Catholic faith. He would begin a service by unstinted praise of the Virgin Mary, "the blessed among women," and quote her words concerning her Divine Son, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

The Methodist converts from the Roman Catholic faith bring no railing accusation against the Church of their fathers, but by exalting the living Christ, instead of the dead crucifix, draw the hearts of men to the Saviour. Our late brother McCann was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, and his brother,

Rev. J. McCann, is a priest of that
n and Vicar-General of the Diocese of
onto.
he Rev. Alfred McCann entered the
hodist ministry forty years ago, and
nearly four full decades served with
the Church of his choice. His labours
e chiefly in what are now the Bay of
ıte and Montreal Conferences. In
he was compelled by ill-health to
e from the active work of the minis-
but was able to take part in the
ce of the sanctuary till within a few
s of his death. He was a good man
true, a successful labourer in the
ard of the Lord. He died at West-
at, Montreal, and Rev. Dr. Shaw and
G. G. Huxtable, at his funeral,
generous tribute to his character.

REV. J. S. YOUMANS, D.D.

nder the heading "Another Great
Called," the *Western Christian Advo-*
of Cincinnati, pays the following
ıte to a distinguished Canadian
hodist minister:

The Rev. Jay S. Youmans, D.D.,
born in Picton, Canada, July 4th,
. He was converted when only eight
s of age, through the gracious influ-
of Christian parents. His step-
her was the first president of the
nan's Christian Temperance Union of
ıda. By marriage he was related to
mas Carlyle.

He was educated in Picton, and
red the ministry of the Wesleyan
rch at twenty-one. In 1856 he was
ried to Miss Lucy O. Cummings, the
tly woman who survives him, and
se life moved in even pace with his.
served five important churches in
ıda, having the confidence and love
l the people. Hoping that a change
limate might be advantageous to his
lid wife, the family removed to the
ed States in 1871. He served four
he principal churches of Cleveland
was six years presiding elder of the
ngstown District.

A HETERODOX SAINT.

ıder this heading the *Central Chris-*
Advocate, St. Louis, pays a noble
ıte to the Rev. Dr. James Martineau,
died in London, January 12th, in
inety-fifth year. It is characteristic
ıe breadth of Christian sentiment in
ıodism that it recognizes as a soldier
od any ally in the conflict against
ticism and infidelity. This is but
carrying out the spirit of John Wesley, who paid a generous tribute to the life and labours of Dr. Priestley, the distinguished Unitarian.

The *Methodist Times* and *Methodist Recorder* both have articles on his life-work. The Rev. W. Scott King, in the *Times*, writes: "Mr. Gladstone once said, 'Dr. Martineau is the greatest of living thinkers.' It is a matter of almost tragic regret that, though he repudiated the name of 'Unitarian,' he should have had to spend his saintly and strenuous life practically an alien from the fold of Nonconformist Christendom. There were two Wesleyan ministers at his grave, and I felt glad that we were there, seeing that, though in our estimate of our common Master we rightly esteemed his lower than ours, yet his writings have been to not a few of the lineage of John Wesley, an inspiration, an awakening, a stimulus, and a benediction beyond the power of words to express."

The Rev. James Dunk, in the *Recorder*, writes: "No evangelist has surpassed him, not many have equalled him, in his showing of Christian ethics. But men asked for more than ethics; they asked for an atonement, for supernatural helps in life's daily round. With some, the very resplendence of the Christ he preached widened the chasm between Him and their thirsting souls. The crudest theologian, stammering elementary evangelism, or shouting the story of his conversion in vulgar tones and impossible English, has often wrought a work beyond the reach of Dr. Martineau. It is for this we sigh. If Dr. Martineau could but have believed in Jesus the Redeemer, what might he not have been! He might have been a greater Drummond—or, if the chronological leap may be pardoned—a nineteenth-century Origen."

The following stanzas from some of his hymns breathe the very spirit of the Gospel. The second and third are from a hymn for Good Friday:

"Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with Thee;
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea."

"O King of earth! the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

"Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of Thy love!"

Book Notices.

The Map of Life, Conduct and Character. By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

For over forty years Lecky has been one of the most considerable intellectual forces of the English-speaking world. As the author of the "Intellectual Development of Europe" and of many volumes of history, and as a member of the British House of Commons, he has largely moulded public opinion. In this volume he gives us the conclusions of a ripened experience on the conduct of life. He finds the chief elements of happiness in a life full of work, in duty bravely done, in the creation of unselfish interests and in resisting the temptations of luxurious idleness which would bring the wretchedness of *ennui*. He notes some of the false ideals in life, its luxury and ostentation, its false moral judgments, its depravities as illustrated in war, in the malevolent press, in the mendacities of finance. He utters wise words on the use of money, on marriage, and on the right use of time.

This book is high-class literature. Of this the demand for a second edition within a month after the first is evidence. It contains much of worth and wisdom. The philosophy is that rather of Zeno than of St. Paul. His conclusion is: "The great guiding landmarks of a wise life are indeed few and simple; to do our duty—to avoid useless sorrow—to acquiesce patiently in the inevitable."

With a loftier wisdom than that of the great scholar, the wayfaring man may lay hold upon the strength of One who is mighty to save and who can impart to our human weaknesses divine strength which "always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Mr. Lecky in a striking passage points out the perversion of morals which permitted such a distinguished man as Cardinal Gibbons to condone the treachery and violation of their oaths by the Fenian conspirators.

How England Saved Europe—The Story of the Great War. By W. H. FITCHETT. In four volumes. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

The author of this book is a Wesleyan Methodist minister in Australi of a successful college, and als the Australian edition of the *Reviews*. He won fame by narratives of "Deeds that Empire" and "Fights for the this work, on broader canvas, the noble theme of the great w the arch-despot, Napoleon. A of stress and strain, when m nations of Europe are vent spleen against the grand old of liberty, it is well to notice they were of her aid when th conqueror was overthrowing dynasties on the Continent a his kinsmen on their empty th

It is an heroic story. Not but for her allies were the fought. Secure herself, by the of "those ancient and unsubsidi the winds and waves that g coast," she crossed the sea t Spaniards, the Germans, the R throw off the yoke of Napoleon accomplished her task. Then her strong right arm was her na St. Vincent, at Camperdown, at and at Trafalgar, dealt such blows.

Dr. Fitchett records this epic with striking vigour and viva way that makes the blood tingl veins. The hero of this volun land's greatest sailor, Nelson hero of succeeding volumes w greatest soldier, Wellington. mance of fiction is even more by the romance of history. Th brought out in the Scribner's with sixteen portraits and other and eight plans of Britain's sea-

The Great Sinners of the B LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D York: Eaton & Mains. Ci Curts & Jennings. Toronto Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Banks is one of the preachers with tongue and pe continent. He has made his d church in Cleveland a power for r ness. Too often Sunday evenin have been secularized by music tions and sensational sermons ir draw the crowd. But there is r tion equal to that of the old-f

preaching of the Gospel, especially that pungent preaching which says to the sinner, as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." "On Sunday night," says Dr. Banks, "I preach to sinners as directly and simply and earnestly as I know how, and hundreds of them come to hear me preach every Sunday night. I do not try to preach an easy Gospel. I do not call the sermon a lecture or an address, or try in any way to hide the fact that it is a straightforward, honest effort to win a man from his sins and bring him to the mercy-seat. I go just as directly to his conscience as I can. I plead with him, with all the earnestness there is in me, to pause in his downward career and come *now* to Christ.

"I find there is wonderful interest in the old Bible stories; that no story of modern fiction has such gripping power on an audience as the old stories of the Bible translated into modern language and told in the tongue of to-day. There are in every community men and women who are living sinful lives, whose consciences constantly rebuke them for their course, who are haunted with a longing for something better, and whose hearts turn toward the man who speaks the true message from God, as a flower toward the sun. They feel that he speaks to them, and they cannot stay away. Though the word pierces like an arrow, they will come back again and again, until they are won from their sins and are saved."

"My own method," he adds, "is to seek for direct results from such sermons whenever and wherever they are delivered. At the close of a sermon especially addressed to unconverted people I always give some opportunity for confession of Christ and the expression of a determination to lead a Christian life. Set your pulpit on fire, brother, with an earnest giving of yourself to save men, and multitudes of sinners will flock to see the flame, their hard hearts will be melted, and they will be saved."

This book re-tells the wonderful Bible stories of sin and salvation in a way that grips the conscience and leads sinners to the Saviour.

The Old Faith and The New Philosophy, Lectures delivered before the Canadian Summer School for the Clergy, in Port Hope, Ont., July, 1899. By G. J. Low, D.D., Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, and Rector of Trinity Church, Billings' Bridge. With an Introduction by PRINCIPAL GRANT, of Queen's University. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

We count it a happy augury of Christian unity that this volume by an eminent Canon of the Church of England, introduced by an eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church, is issued from the press of the Methodist Church in Canada. Canon Low asks the question, "Is the Old Faith compatible with the New Philosophy?" and answers it in this wise: "We propose to accept in full the New Philosophy. We shall not argue that this or that is only an hypothesis at present, and therefore, to be ignored, or that this or that link is missing. We will, for the sake of argument, assume or concede the whole system, and then strive to show that the great doctrines of the Christian faith are consonant with the evolution which pervades the works of God—that the Natural Law has been projected into the Spiritual World, to adopt Drummond's happy phrase; or, in the language of that grand master of metaphysical theology, Bishop Butler, we shall endeavour to establish the analogy of revealed religion to the constitution and course of nature, as interpreted by the New Philosophy."

Thus it is a learned and scholarly work, and cannot fail to confirm the faith of any who may have been fearful that the New Philosophy of these latter days, in any of its aspects, is undermining the authority of revealed religion.

A Dictionary of the Bible: Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, Natural History and Literature. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Revised and edited by REV. F. N. and M. A. PELOUBET. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 818. Price, $2.00.

Every Sunday-school teacher ought to have a good Bible dictionary. There are many occasions in which information beyond what is given in the lesson notes is necessary. This is often not given in the commentaries nor elsewhere, except in a work like this. Dr. William Smith's famous Bible dictionary, the fruit of the ripest biblical scholarship in England, has long had a distinguished reputation. It is here condensed into one handy volume, brought up to recent date, and presented in clear, concise form. One of the most favourable features about the book is its copious illustration. A single picture will often give a more vivid and correct idea than pages of description.

Of these illustrations there are no less than 440, with eight coloured maps. We know of no better apparatus for the average teacher than this handsome volume. For a book of its size and character it is marvellously cheap at two dollars.

The Scotch-Irish in History, As Master Builders of Empires, States, Churches, Schools and Civilization. By Rev. James Shaw, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 438. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Shaw has a good subject for this goodly volume. The exploits of the Scotch-Irish would fill an even larger volume than this. His countrymen have been indeed builders of empire and pioneers of civilization in many lands; especially in the field of morals and religion. As great preachers and teachers, as social and moral reformers, as leaders of philanthropy, as well as patriots and pillars of the commonweal, the Scotch-Irish have been abundantly in evidence. Dr. Shaw says: "The Scotch-Irish throughout the Dominion form one-third of the population, and own two-thirds of the wealth." Throughout Canada and the United States the great proportion of the foremost names, the founders and builders of our commonweal, are of this nationality. To all such Dr. Shaw's handsome volume will prove both interesting and instructive.

Bible Questions. By James M. Campbell, Author of "Clerical Types." 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.00. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

These studies are the fruit of pastoral experience. "They have," says the author, "stood the test of practical experiment. Apart from their value to the general reader as opening up a profitable line of Bible study, it is believed that they will prove of special value to the busy pastor as furnishing the seed-corn for a course of sermons especially adapted to the young. They are also recommended for use as Prayer-Meeting Topics for the Church Prayer-Meeting or for Young People's Societies." The leading events of the Christian year, such as Christmas, Palm Sunday, and Easter, are taken up in order. A direct and personal appeal is made, not to the intellect alone, but also to the conscience and to the heart. The bearing of doctrine upon duty is clearly pointed out, and effort is made to apply the unchanging condi life. Hence, not only are temperance topics introd sociological topics. The religion is emphasized no than the heaven-side.

Literary Not

Richard D. Blackmore, "Lorna Doone" and man died at Teddington, Janu 75. He was the son of a was educated at Oxford. law for a while, and in "Lorna Doone," which w

THE AUTHOR OF "LOR

eighteen publishers. It w lished, but received small the Princess Louise, dau Queen, was married to t Lorne in 1871, and the p that "Lorna Doone" had i to do with Lorne and his m the entire edition. Then that it was an interesting b editions were printed.

The Critical Review of T Philosophical Literature, sc T. & T. Clark, of Edinbu transferred to the press Norgate, London. It will edited by Principal Salmo published bi-monthly inste at 8s. 6d., post free. It scholars of the day among it and is one of the very theological reviews.

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PROFESSOR ROBERTS.

BLISS CARMAN. W. W. CAMPBELL.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1900.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF CANADA AT OTTAWA.

IV.

Every one who is at all conversant with Canadian political history for the past sixty years will recognize the fact that Canada owes much to men like Sir Louis Lafontaine, who successfully inaugurated responsible government after the union of 1841, and did a great deal to allay sectional jealousies and antagonisms. It was Sir George Cartier, a French Canadian statesman, who carried the province of Quebec with little or no friction into the federal union. In Mr. Pope's biography of Sir John Macdonald, which appeared some time ago, justice is done to the broad statesmanship and imperial conceptions of that great Canadian Premier whose name must be always associated with the political development of Canada since 1844; but, while we may commend the natural effort of a devoted private secretary to eulogise and emphasise the services of his chief, it is apparent that he has been too forgetful of the claims of Sir George Cartier, and of his followers from French Canada, to recognition. Canadians, at all events, know full well that, without the aid of his faithful friend

and colleague, Sir John Macdonald would have been helpless time and again, and could never have carried out his national schemes.

With the names of Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier, who did so much by their broad statesmanship to settle sectional difficulties, and lay the foundations of Confederation, must be also intimately associated that of Mr. George Brown, for many years a prominent journalist in Upper Canada, and the leader of the Radical section of the Liberal party. The pertinacity with which he pressed the claims of the upper province to larger representation in the Canadian legislature, and the violence with which his newspaper, *The Globe*, attacked the institutions of French Canada, more than once excited sectional passion to a high pitch, and rendered government almost impossible. But by his readiness at last to co-operate with Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier in the bringing about of Confederation, Mr. Brown showed he had statesmanlike conceptions of his duty at a national crisis, and placed his name in the front rank of the eminent public men who have done so much for Canada in the Victorian Era.

Happily for the present Dominion, there were also at the head of affairs in the maritime provinces men of large national ideas and signal ability; and while mistakes were undoubtedly made in the case of Nova Scotia, where a majority of the people for a time resented the haste with which their province was forced into the Union of 1867, yet one may now hesitate to dwell on the errors of judgment of those exciting times, thirty-two years ago, and may well urge that it might have been a far greater mistake had the Unionists of Nova Scotia delayed in seizing the opportunity of consolidating the provinces and preventing the perils to which they were exposed by remaining isolated from each other, at a time when they were subject to Fenian raids and the unfriendliness of the dominant party in the United States.

QUEBEC GOVERNMENT BUILDING, 1900.

Of the distinguished men who

brought about Confederation at so critical a period in Canadian affairs, nearly all have joined the ranks of the great majority. Sir Charles Tupper, who has filled many important positions in the councils of his country, and was premier of Nova Scotia from 1864 to 1867, and Sir Oliver Mowat, so long the discreet Premier of Ontario, still remain in active political life. Sir Hector Langevin, Senators Dickey and A. A. Macdonald, Hon. Peter

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT BUILDING, TORONTO, 1900.

Mitchell, and Hon. William McDougall complete the list of the survivors of the Quebec Convention of 1864. The encouraging success, which has so far attended the operation of Confederation, entitles the actors of 1864-67 to a memorable place in the annals of the reign.

In this review it has been my object to refer only to those salient features of the development of Canada, and to point out how much reasons Canadians have for congratulating themselves on the events of the last sixty years—a period contemporaneous with the reign of the present Queen—in which they have laid the foundations of their happiness and prosperity as one of the great communities which make up the empire. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the shadows that may obscure the panorama as it unfolds itself before us. It would be strange if, in the government of a country like Canada, many mistakes had not been made, or if there were not many difficulties in store for the youthful confederation. Dr. Goldwin Smith, from time to time, has been disposed to perform the part of the Greek Chorus to the gloomy predictions of the enemies and lukewarm friends of the confederation, but Canadians will hardly allow themselves to be influenced by purely pessimistic utterances in the face of the difficulties that they have hitherto so successfully en-

countered, and of the courage and hopes that animate them for the future.

For a century and a half the French Canadians fought and bled for their country; they had to face famine and savages, war with the British, and, what was worse, the neglect and indifference of the parent state at the most critical period of their history; but since the conquest they have built up a large community by the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and even the superior energy and enterprise of the English Canadians by bursts of sunlight, as the axe opened up new centres of settlement and echoed the progress of the advanced guards of civilization. Years of hardship and struggle ensued, and political difficulties followed to add to individual trials. But the people were courageous and industrious and soon surmounted the obstacles of early times. The material development went hand in hand with the political progress of the country. The magnificent heritage which the people of Canada now own is the result of unremitting toil and never-failing patience

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, 1900.

have not prevented them from making a province which is essentially French Canadian, and affords many evidences of prosperity due to the hardihood of the race that inhabits it.

A century and more has passed since the English-speaking people sought their fortunes in the West or on the shores of the Atlantic. For years many of these hardy pioneers led toilsome lives—lives of solitude, among the great forests that overshadowed the whole country; but year by year the darkness of the woods was brightened and, summing up the achievements of the past, they may well look forward with hopefulness to the future, for of them it may be truly said:

> "Men the workers ever reaping something new;
> That which they have done but earnest of the things that they will do."

What is to be the next great step in the political career of Canada is a question which frequently occurs to imperial as well as colonial statesmen. One thing is quite certain, that the movement is towards

ıg of the relations between
ıt state and its great de-
on a basis which will
n the empire and at the
ıe give Canada even a
ɔsition in the councils of
ˈial state.
deration of the empire in
ɜense of the term may be
d by some practical poli-
a mere political phantasm,
ely to come out in a tan-
m from the clouds where
ıg concealed; and yet who

asia and South Africa discussed with Canadian representatives questions affecting the empire at large, not a word was said on the subject of Imperial Federation. Imperial defence was not even considered; but, despite this studied neglect of a scheme which, more than once, had been eloquently urged by several representatives—especially by Mr. Foster, then Finance Minister of Canada—it is probable that this convention would never have met were it not for the efforts of enthu-

LONDON, UPPER CANADA, 1848.
—From Alexander's "L'Acadie."

ɔt that out of the grand
ɔn, which first originated in
n of Franklin and Otis,
ı may yet evolve some
hat will render the empire
rom the dangers which
m continual isolation, and
: growth of peculiar and
nterests, that naturally re-
the geographical situation
unities so widely separated
ch other throughout the

e Ottawa Conference of
en delegates from Austral-

siastic supporters of the movement for some years back to create a deeper interest in colonial affairs and Imperial connection. At the Conference commercial questions absorbed the attention of the delegates, and perhaps some historical students may recall the fact that considerations of trade and finance led to the famous convention that created "a more perfect union" in 1787 for the American States previously bound together by a loose confederation.

Some strong reasons may be

urged by not a few persons, from an Imperial point of view, for giving Imperial assistance to such practical propositions as a fast Atlantic and Pacific steam service between Canada, Australasia, and Great Britain—soon to be realized between Canada and the parent State—and the laying of a cable "free from all foreign control" between the Dominion and Australasia. One can see in the resolutions of the Conference advocating assumed since the days of Cobden and Peel, and adopting a policy which would give a preference to colonial products in the markets of Great Britain and create an Imperial Zollverein; but while no practical step has been taken in this direction by the Imperial Ministry or Parliament since the passing of the resolution, yet one sees in the speeches of prominent British public men, as well as in the strong desire evinced by Mr. Laurier and

VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LONDON, 1900.

larger and freer commercial relations between the colonial dependencies, as well as the removal of any restraints that may be imposed by Imperial treaties on the right of Canada and other colonies to regulate their tariffs as they deem most expedient, some important evidence of the growing desire among colonial statesmen to give greater unity to the colonial empire. The Conference also urged on English statesmen the necessity of reconsidering the position they have his ministerial colleagues, to draw closer to the Imperial state, the most encouraging sign for the unity and integrity of the empire at large.

Indeed it is obvious that while Canadians may differ as to methods of action, neither Government nor Opposition have any doubts as to the advisability of strengthening the connection between the Dominion and the Mother Country. This is the paramount question of the day among the classes—among people and statesmen—and practi-

WINNIPEG IN 1870.
—*From A. J. Russel's "Hudson's Bay and N. W. T."*

cal results of great significance must be evolved ere long.

Only a few words in conclusion. Looking at the history of the Canadian dependency for sixty years, one can see in all the phases of its political development there has ever run "an increasing purpose." The statesmen of England and her colonies have, perhaps, builded better than they knew. The destiny that shapes our ends, "rough-hew them how we will," has been carrying the empire in a direction beyond the ken and conception of probably the most sanguine and practical minds. When we consider that the union

VIEW OF MAIN STREET IN WINNIPEG, 1900.

of the two Canadas was followed in about a quarter of a century by the federation of all the provinces, and that this great measure has been also supplemented, after a lapse of thirty years, by a conference of delegates from the most distant colonial possessions, we may well believe that the thoughts of men are indeed widened throughout England and her dependencies "by the process of the suns," and that powerful current of human thought and progress which is everywhere making itself felt is carrying forward the empire, not into an unknown sea of doubt and peril, where it may split into many fragments, but into a haven where it may rest in the tranquil waters of peace and security.

As long as the respective members of the Federation observe faithfully the principles on which it necessarily rests—perfect equality among all the sections, a due consideration for local rights, a deep Imperial as well as Canadian sentiment whenever the interests of the whole Federation are at stake—the people of this Dominion need not fear failure in their efforts to accomplish the great work in which they have been so long engaged. Full of that confidence that the history of the past should give them, and of that energy and courage which are their natural heritage, and which have already achieved the most satisfactory results in the face of difficulties which, sixty years ago, would have seemed insurmountable; stimulated by their close neighbourhood to a nation with whom they have always shown a desire to cultivate such relations as are compatible with their dignity, their security, and their self-interest as a separate and distinct community; adhering closely to those principles of government which are best calculated to give moral as well as political strength; determined to put down corruption in whatever form it may show itself, and to cultivate a sound public opinion, Canadians may tranquilly, patiently, and determinedly face the problem of the future.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, REGINA, N.W.T.

When Canadians review the trials and struggles of the past in the interesting story of their country, they may well gain from them lessons of confidence for the future,

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA, 1900.

ınot forget to pay a tribute
ıen who laid the foundations
e communities, still on the
ld of their development, and
ım the great burden fell; to
ɛnch Canadians who, amid
ɪ privation, amid war and
built up a province which
ıd made their own by their
ɛ and industry, and who
differ as we may from them,
ɔur respect for their fidelity
institutions of their origin,
r their appreciation of the
ıges of English self-govern-
ınd for their co-operation in
ɪt measures essential to the
of the Federation; to the
ts of last century who left
omes for the sake of "king
ıntry" and laid the founda-
f prosperous and loyal Eng-
nmunities by the sea and by
at lakes, and whose descend-
ave ever stood true to the
les of the institutions which
ade England free and great;
unknown body of pioneers,
f whose names, perhaps, still
on a headland or river, or
on a neglected gravestone, who brought the sunlight year by year to the dense forests, and built up by their industry the large and thriving provinces of the Dominion; to the statesmen who laid deep and firm, beneath the political structure of this Federation, those principles of self-government which give harmony to the constitutional system and bring out the best qualities of an intelligent people.

And above all, let Canadians of all classes and nationalities unite with heart and soul, loyally to pay a just tribute to the great Queen, during whose beneficent reign Canadians have received such large political privileges, and whose virtues as a woman and sovereign have placed her in the estimation of her subjects in every part of the empire, on an eminence of love and respect which none of her royal predecessors, not even "Good Queen Bess," have ever been able to reach in the brightest eras of English history.

The End.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.*

BY THE REV. J. E. LANCELEY.

THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,
City Temple, London, Eng.

My first impressions of Dr. Parker were not what would be called favourable. I had no acquaintance with him as a preacher or writer. His name was "in the air;" and some of my acquaintances had formed their opinions and were free to speak of him as a good specimen of the bumptious type. I had no fondness for that species, and therefore I did not interest myself in what he might be saying or doing.

I visited England in the summer of 1884. While in London, seeing the wonders, I, with others, took in the Thursday noonday ser-

* A pathetic interest is given to this article from the fact that it was the last literary work of its writer. He did not even see the proof-sheets. As it passed through the press the fingers that wrote it were cold in death. It comes to us almost like a voice from the other world. On another page we have paid our personal tribute to the worth and work of the Rev. John Lanceley.—ED.

ity Temple Church. I
iout much anticipation,
perhaps, a little pre-
Though it was a week
ılthough it was the noon
though—like Peter on
:op at Joppa—I was an
I soon felt myself in the
God, and realized my
)f being blessed therein.
'self up to the surround-
ıgenial.
saw Dr. Parker on his
:o the pulpit that day.
mpression was: "I shall
hink something of that
:annot be counted out."
)vement impressed me
:. I liked the dignity
:nce with which the ser-
conducted, especially
'as not "performed" as
of ritualism. With a
ihness, there was a ma-
)ut everything which
:lf to me in the formula-
reat is the Lord, and
be praised in the city of
in the mountain of his
The prayer was alive.
ded my heart and carried
as in a cloud swept by
of heaven, then brought
ıin and set it praying for
:rless needs of men as
: rehearsed before the
at. The prayer was a
'actor in the service. It
s though a power had
:d on from the unseen
e energies were moving
to its life-giving touch.
ıe prayer I was thor-
)artaker in the exercises
). The singing was all
sh for. I early marked
singer in the choir who
be forgotten. I knew
vho she was. The ser-
a straightforward, clear-
tion and application of
e Old Testament minor
and his place in the
ın. A pencil record in
my diary for that day says: "Went to hear Dr. Jos. Parker at noon. Great! Enjoyed service very much indeed. Fine, noble thought, majestic presence, magnanimous spirit, dramatic power. A helpful service to all."

It is a custom with Dr. Parker to invite strangers to meet him in his vestry at the close of the service. This was accepted by a goodly number on that occasion. But not by me. In all my travels, I have never yet been able to go and introduce myself to any person of prominence. On two or three occasions after this, during my stay in London, I went to hear Dr. Parker, but could never make up my mind to go and present myself and my thanks to him. I felt so small in his presence that I could not muster enough of myself together to make a show worth offering to his acquaintance. I did most surely desire to know more of him, but expected henceforth to learn it through his written words. It was not a formal call I wanted; so I little cared for a two minutes' exercise of "bow in and bow out." It would mean nothing to me. He could not know me thus, nor could I know him so.

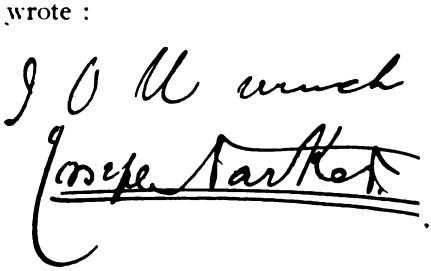
I left London, therefore, with an attachment formed, and a purpose to maintain it. I already knew much of him. Of me he knew nothing. I little cared; for there was little to know.

After some three weeks' sojourn in the north of England, the day arrived for my home-bound trip. On Thursday afternoon, August 7th, as our Mersey packet neared the side of the White Star Liner Germanic, I looked up to the deck and saw Dr. Parker, among others, leaning over the vessel's side watching us take ship.

I was greatly joyed to think that a fair opportunity for acquaintance seemed to promise itself. I was shy, and kept aloof that

but I learned that we had a very delightful list of cabin passengers, including Sir Lyon Playfair, Salvini, the dramatist, Clara Louise Kellogg, the eminent contralto, Prof. Savery, of Harrogate College, Miss Agnes Sibley, of Taunton Wesleyan College staff, and Dr. Joseph Parker, with his most interesting wife.

It was on this ocean voyage that I came to know Dr. and Mrs. Parker. I am sure I did not intrude, yet we found ourselves much together. My diary has two records in brief; one: "Spent good deal of to-day with Dr. Parker; we seem to get along splendidly together;" and the other: "Spent this evening with Mrs. Parker in delightful conversation." On the last evening of the voyage, as we sat writing letters in the cabin, I pushed a sheet of paper over to the Doctor and asked him to "scratch off" that "terrible autograph" of his for my wife's album. He pushed the paper on to Mrs. Parker, saying: "You do that for me, Emma." She wrote her own, then passed it back to him. He took up the pen, hesitated a moment or two, and wrote:



I was silenced by such a kindly act. I could not see any egotism or bumptiousness within forty miles of such an expression toward me. I was inextricably in his debt for the inspiration of many an hour's profitable converse during the voyage, now nearly at an end.

In the morning we parted. Dr. and Mrs. Parker had crossed the [illegible] to spend a quiet fortnight in the Catskills with Henry Beecher at his summer ho proposed returning to Engl mediately after the visi made no public appearanc during his brief stay.

In the fall of 1887—thr after—during which inter Beecher had been called eternal reward, Dr. Parker vited to come to Brooklyn liver an eulogy on his f friend. He accepted the tion. In connection with t lic visit, he was persuaded b Pond to undertake a lectu He was quite strongly opp this at first. He had nev as a lecturer. He was a p head and heart. Howeve great persuasion, he made gagement. It was more could enjoy. He never dee American lecture tour an ing reminiscence as a whole ever, it was a very great to his many admirers in th try to have seen his face ar his voice.

Mrs. Parker accompani through all of his weste This made it endurable, an ened the pressure of fatigu

When the date of their engagement was arrang Parker wrote me to Thorol I was then stationed, and a to come to Toronto and guest at the Rossin House three days they would be came over, but did not nee cept their hospitality, as l sister resident in the city.

It was while spending t with them here, he arran course so as to spend a S and Sunday with me at T I know that this was don cost of an engagement would have been of cons financial benefit; and I was honoured that they should to share our hospitality a my people such a gracious

as they received on that Sabbath, when he preached in that Canadian county town a sermon the hearers will never forget.

Whatever impression Dr. Parker may make on others, to me he was like a big boy chum. He seemed to delight in telling me anything I could ask, and he humored me in laughing at my simple jokes as if they were great. Mrs. Parker was —lovely. She was equal to any environment. She was adjustable to the child or the philosopher, and could with perfect ease play the counterpart of either. We will speak of her again. She has gone from our gaze, and we have a few words in memoriam to utter. A few weeks ago I was pleased to receive from Dr. Parker a copy of his recently written autobiography. To me it reads with an uncommon interest, and it will be to many thousands more. It is a pleasing study to seek out the causes which give us such an effect in character.

It is easy to see how a man comes to carry a self-assertive manner, when he has, from his youth up, been forced to carve his way forward against fearful odds. It required independence to carry the flag of Nonconformity, and not let it trail for want of breezes from the high lands. It required a strong personality, and a consciousness of that strength, to hold o[redacted]r-

THE LATE MRS. EMMA PARKER.

ings and carry one's form erect amid the parade of ecclesiasticism and the arrogance of a state-fed clergy, with which in his rising years he had to contend. A man was driven by surrounding professionalism to assume an air which spoke only the truth when it announced—I am quite as good as you are, and willing to be tested at your leisure.

From the record, we learn that Dr. Parker was born in April, 1830, and is therefore just in his seventieth year. He preached his first sermon in 1848, when only eighteen years of age. He entered upon his charge in City Temple when thirty-nine years of age. In labours abundant he has wrought a great work for Christianity in the Metropolis, and has spoken an evangelistic gospel to the ends of the earth.

The chapters in his recent book which treat of his early memories, and his schoolmasters, and the reformers and lecturers whom he heard as a young man, show us that he was no namby-pamby youth, who frittered away his leisure hours in social fads, sowing only unto the wind. He was made as men are made who men must be.

It is significant of the high culture of the spiritual faculty, that to him all things have their culmination in the spiritual. Their value is written for him on the register of the spiritual scales in which he regularly weighs all things.

In this "Autobiography," the most intense chapter is that on his "inner life." And, surely enough, what is a Christian's autobiography if not shown from the inner side? How could we read the life of David without the Psalms? We are deeply grateful to our honoured brother that he has been pleased to open to us the door of his living room, and bid us enter awhile and commune about the things of the [illegible]ul.

He prays with us first, before he unfolds his secrets to us. He says:

> "Eternal Spirit! help me now to tell how it was that I decided to give my whole life to the side of things best expressed by the name of Christ and by the trumphant sorrow of His Cross."

He then proceeds to tell us that he cannot remember the time when he did not in some degree know the love of Jesus. He knew the Scriptures, because it was the book most read in their house. He always believed in, and practised, and enjoyed prayer. It was always real to him. He remembers a Sunday night when, walking with his father and his Sunday-school teacher, he declared to them his love for Christ, and at the same time gave his child heart into God's gracious keeping. "It was a summer evening, according to the reckoning of the calendar; but according to a higher calendar, it was in very deed a Sunday morning through whose white light and emblematic dew and stir of awakening life, I saw the gates of the kingdom and the face of the King."

This chapter is a very valuable testimony to the power of a strong conviction on points of doctrine. It would seem that his creed had all been tested by experience; that he had faithfully attempted to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." After fifty years' preaching, untrammelled even by what are called denominational obligations, he asserts with great clearness his evangelical "credo." It is of the heart; and he would that we should give it the broadest and loftiest spiritual interpretation. He says that he "never had one momentary doubt as to the deity of Jesus of Nazareth," and that "that holy certainty kept all the articles of faith in their proper place."

After a beautiful testimony to the power of the doctrines of saving

-extending over many pages
oses the chapter thus:

ould account myself unfaithful if
write my biography, and leave
very pith and blood of the story.
no apology for the insertion of
piritual experiences; they have
y whole life; they have been the
ny soul and the inspiration of my
'. I have companied with the
Nazareth and Calvary in all holiest
derest love—love surpassing the
a woman—ardent like an altar
I have never allowed my Lord to
thin the lines of mere criticism.
nan put up his wife for a bid in
ket-place of impertinent opinion?
nan allow cold criticism to vivisect
her who bore him? . . . I will
en to changeable, pedantic, self-
opinion about my Redeemer, nor
low capricious opinion to put on
e off His royal crown just as fickle
nay come and go. . . . Christ
picture to be admired; He is a
to be trusted and served. Christ
a problem to be intellectually
He is a priest—a daysman—who
His hand upon God and the sin-
parated by an infinite diameter,
ke them one by His reconciling

blessed One! Ever adorable,
in strength and grace! Thou
de me in Thine own way a minis-
hine, and set upon me the warm
which covers my whole heart!
t me kiss the five wounds borne
in death's agony; daily let me
n the sanctuary cut for me in Thy
g side by man's cruel spear.
at old age is creeping on, and the
the sickle is being felt on the
ges of the standing corn, I would
he Lord with loftier ecstasy, and
nyself to His service with fonder
Be this the brightest of my remin-
: that the Anointed of God, the
whose Atonement belongs to the
s, so revealed Himself to my sin
need in life's dark and troubled
at I cried out with heartfelt thank-
'My Lord and my God,' and
w the morning that cannot be
d, and received the peace that
be perturbed."

chapters on his pastorates,
pecially that of City Temple,
l of very delightful incident,
this respect interesting to
all readers. As matters of historic detail, they will have a wider interest to Englishmen than to Americans, forasmuch as the history of Nonconformity is a large factor in the history of England in general.

We are glad to have a good likeness of Mrs. Parker to set before our readers, as we make special reference to her name. It is but a little over a year ago that the tidings of her death brought sorrow to very many hearts, and almost broke the vessel which had held her as its precious treasure for thirty-four years.

Mrs. Parker was certainly a very remarkable woman. She was one of the most constructive characters I ever met, and seemed to have a place for everything in her conception of the Divine purpose. She seemed to live in constant obedience to the Golden Rule.

Then she had such unending resources. She sang beautifully. It was her presence I had marked leading the chorals on the day I first worshipped in City Temple. She did so for years. She rehearsed poetry and prose delightfully, and her memory was full of the choicest. She conversed on every live subject with interest. She could engage in a good brisk argument with a fascinating patience. She could read the Greek, or German, or French Bible, as easily as her own, and delighted in the Italian language as one of the colours in her kaleidoscope of vision. She wrote also with a dignity of both thought and expression far beyond the common pen. Just an illustration:

In April, 1897, The Temple Magazine made up a little symposium for its readers on "Woman's Favourite Attribute in Man." Such able women as Hulda Friederichs, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mrs. Rentone Esler, Mary Angela Dickens contributed, as also did Mrs. Joseph Parker. Able articles

enough came from each of the four mentioned; yet they seemed to be at home in the littleness of the subject. A few words from Mrs. Parker show in an instant the breadth of her view :

"I should venture to reply that what women desiderate in a man is not an attribute, nor even many attributes, but a sum total of reliable and lovable humanity. A predominant attribute would be very apt to be a bore. . . For my part I think that all undue analysis and vivisection of our fellow creatures—men or women—is to be avoided. By dismembering them you destroy them. A flower may be a very interesting 'botanical specimen' when you have divided it into its component parts, but it has ceased to be a flower. So, a man cut up into sections of 'generosity,' 'courage,' 'truthfulness,' and the like has ceased to be a man; he is only an anthropological specimen. . . I think we should get more comfort, both from our fellows and from our Lord, if we took them in their entirety and not as so many disjointed attributes. It is atmosphere that gives charm; and it is the subtle, indescribable atmosphere in which the virtues dwell together in unity that creates the lovable whole."

No loftier tribute was ever sung by one mortal of another than that within the covers of this book under the heading of "An irreparable loss." It must be perused, without haste, in all its marvel of human wealth of worth, to be appreciated. After many pages of affectionate biography, her stricken husband adds :

"Who can estimate the influence of such a woman upon my public life? Think of the continual inspiration, the ennobling graciousness, the summer-like brightness and joy. Never a complaint, never a murmur, never an unworthy criticism. Surely God sent this holy and tender heart to reordain me day by day to the apostolate of Calvary. For this richest of heaven's blessings I would without ceasing thank God with an overflowing love. Emma was my pastor at home. She had the gift of healing in a marvellous degree, combined with an equal gift of insight, the whole life adorned and sanctified by a modesty steadfast and incorruptible."

When the great separation came, it tells of a grief which only love can know and only truth incarnate can feel. Great souls hate shams. They must have truths to feed upon. Hence, when the testing time comes, the trial is very severe, the fire is heated "seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated," that there be no invalidity to the trial and no flaw in the victory. The world of sorrowing hearts is richer to-day because of the conflict of this lover with the robber of our homes and hearts. Down in the valley of the shadow he wrestled with the Scythe-man to rescue the one for whom he would have gladly exchanged every other possession. Determined by love to take even heaven's will by violence, the one who had prayed peace into many and many a soul could not pray peace into his own. He helped others, himself he could not help. He never was so near to Jesus before. It was a costly vision; it was an expensive uplift. "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?" He did. Behold the battle; it was no holiday fight.

"My heart breaks as I think of it. 'Keep me, hold me' were her last words; then the panting, succeeded by the long breathing, then the lessening respiration —then less—then heaven."

"In that dark hour I became almost an atheist. How could I be otherwise,—my chief joy taken from me—my only joy—the joy that gave gladness to everything else—the joy that made holy work a sacrament? O the Gethsemane bitterness! the Calvary solitude! I had secretly prayed God to pity me by sparing her; yet He set His foot upon my prayers and treated my petitions with contempt. If I had seen a dog in such agony as mine I would have pitied and helped the dumb beast. Yet God spat upon me and cast me out as an offence—out into the waste wilderness and the night black and starless. 'My feet had well-nigh slipped.'

"Then a cruel voice said: 'Renounce Him! Defy Him! He forsook His own Son on the Cross. Hate Him and join us whom He derides and torments as devils! My soul was exceeding sorrowful,

even unto death. In that anguish I heard another voice say: 'My dear, all is well; the mystery will be explained. Even at sixty-eight your work has hardly begun.' I knew her tone. It sounded clearly in my soul's soul, by which sign I knew that this daughter of God had seen the beauty of the King. From that hour I was enabled to take up my ministry and do the Divine bidding with a warmer zeal. God help me, and God help all stricken souls."

There are a great many things to be said from a fellowship such as I have had with these two great hearts. It accelerates one's heart action to come into touch with the pulsations of their friendly beating. It stirs all our souls to have witnessed the struggle of the heart in its jealousy of love to redeem its object from the grasp of death. But we learn the greater lesson of the greater triumph. We will pity the sorrowing heart for the little while, and then joy with the risen soul in its emancipation. I will close this tribute by giving you the words of victory with which the Autobiography makes its last refrain:

"I am nearing Yonderland. Soon, mayhap to-morrow, to-night, I may see the King. So near is Yonderland. Even if this is reverie, it should be followed by great practical issues, for it should soften the heart, enlarge all social charity and ennoble the gentlest affections; it should make the distressful present endurable. When I think of Yonderland, forgiveness becomes easy and hope for the worst of souls becomes brighter. What a land of reminiscence it must be! How man will say to man, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Then will it be seen that even the kingdom of *earth* is like a grain of mustard seed. I hope to tell the inhabitants of Yonderland that the earth is advancing towards a plentiful harvest of holiness and love and brotherhood. I hope to be welcomed by many a comrade who did not quite understand me down here in the cold grey clouds of time.

"'We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.'

"We shall have no remembrance of jealousies and angers and selfish rivalries. The language of Yonderland has no words for base emotions,—it is a pure tongue, and a speech undefiled. I want everybody to be there. Oh, promise me not to fail of the gate."

TITIAN'S "ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST."

(At Tzintzunzan, State of Morelia, Mexico.)

BY FRANCIS S. BORTON.

An old gray church all full of other years,
With knee-worn pavement stained by bitter tears;
Sunlight without, but graveyard gloom within
The house where God forgives His creatures' sin.

A charnel odour loads the still, cold air,
As if the spirits of dead men were there;
Until, awe-sticken by the half-lit gloom,
We shudder as though shut within a tomb!

But suddenly a window opens wide
And afternoon pours in its golden tide,
Showing us there upon the old stone wall,
Of Titian's genius, masterpiece of all.

A pallid Christ, all mutely tombward borne
By faithful hearts, all dumb and sorrow-torn;
A few disciples there, by fear late driven—
A Magdalene and mother—anguish-riven.

O pallid Christ, so lately all forlorn,
O faithful hearts, all bleeding now and torn,
Christ does but sleep, he soon shall wake again,
To set His kingdom in the hearts of men!

Puebla, Mexico.

BARBE-JULIE DE KRUDENER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MILTON HAMMELL, PH.D.

II.

Theosophy teaches the existence of Mahatmas—the perfected—who, by strenuous endeavour, inflexible will, philanthropic self-renunciation, have accomplished in themselves a vital process of moral evolution, and now, from the plane of their superior life, minister to the advancement of humanity.

Their spiritual perfectness is not for themselves alone, but for that race of which they still constitute a part. Imparting instruction to those who have become sufficiently matured to receive it, they are constantly seeking to lead fellow-souls to light.

Madame de Krudener was an earthly Mahatma; she had accomplished in the hour of her conversion to Jesus Christ the spiritual results that self-centred ascetics have failed to attain by a decade of mortification and penance. Having thus entered upon a life in which the finer ethical impulses are spontaneous, and not merely cultivated, she consecrated herself to Christian evangelism. Her religious attainments and lofty moods were not avariciously enjoyed in the guarded seclusion of a cloister, but exploited for benefit of non-moral and immoral men and women who formed the "society" of the age. Perhaps she had no philosophy of her career and its functions, and no philosophy of that Gospel which she expounded with such ecstatic faith, but I am convinced that she could never have inspired the conscience of Alexander had she discoursed in technical phrase of "sevenfold constitution" and "septenary division of the cosmos."

Biographers and reviewers of a rationalistic type say that she only fostered in the Emperor a pre-existing tendency to pietism, and "solar biologists" allege that both Czar and mystic acted under the fateful influence of their birthdays. But the *facts* are these: A woman who once had been beautiful, but voluptuous, and was still fascinating, though fanatical, had entered into soul relations with a Supremely Holy Person, and, proclaiming the necessity of these relations to a symmetrical and triumphant life, was able to make out against the Emperor of the Russias a case which he could not dismiss from the court of his conscience; he pronounced himself guilty!

The effect might have been different had the Czar been a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or an American of the Ingersoll type, but he was a tolerant Greek Catholic who had never questioned the verity of that *evangelium* whose inner secret had been disclosed by extra-ceremonial agency to this strange, itinerant female evangelist, who carried no credentials. When, therefore, retaining faith in Christianity, as a religion, though he had repudiated its ethical statutes and standards, he saw before him a woman who, by some semi-occult process had personally verified the doctrines of the New Testament, he had at once admitted her right to dictate his conduct. The *priest* had failed to mould his character; the prophet pierced his conscience. There is some reason for believing that he desired her mediation in his behalf: a priestess and prophetess in his camp might be another Joan of Arc, or an ark of the Covenant. However mixed or mysterious his real motives, it is sure that his entire life

me—*and at this period*—was
ed by the principles that he
d in the cottage on the Nec-
ıd that the august volition
ıutocrat echoed the instruc-
a Moravian.

Church historian, Hase, says,
Under the influence of Em-
ılexander, then . . . seeking
ıs instruction in the society
ame de Krudener, the princes
'ope, with the exception of
ıg of England, the Pope, and
ltan, organized a Holy Alli-
ıat the members of it might
a great Christian family, in
the law of love might be
he supreme law of nations.
ıtesmen of Europe smiled at
ange language; the Holy
e in its actual operations
ırned out to be very much
her holy leagues of former
ınd it finally dwindled imper-
r away. . . . *And yet this*
ıus involuntarily recognized,
he commotions of an extra-
'y period, rapidly vanishing,
verlasting truth and a phil-
of a future reaiity."

suggested the presentation
" ideal " to Europe in 1815 ?
rs differ, but Madame de
ıer never abandoned her
:o be the real originator of
ıeme. " It was the imme-
vork of God," she affirmed.
He who elected me to be His
ıent; it is through Him that
carried through so great an
ise. The mission of the
Alliance is addressed to all
ıd; it is to teach them that
alone can save them from
:ion and preserve them from
ıgeance of God."

first draft of the famous
ıation contains emendations
chirography, and the term
Alliance " is specifically
Perhaps the organization
s league is not a great
ıment; perhaps the honour
ınning it is not worth
the claim; and it may be that Madame de Krudener, in spite of her claim, was only one of many who projected the plan; but it seems positive that she was the most powerful factor in creating or focussing a desire in the mind of Alexander to establish international relations upon the basis of Christian theology and Christian ethics.

" I wish," he announced, " to invite the nations to enrol themselves under the banner of obedience to the Gospel. I wish the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia to unite with me so that we may be seen openly acknowledging the supreme authority of our divine Saviour."

To secular republicans or democrats, to whom the phrase, " *Of* the *People, for* the *People, by* the *People,* is the ultimate and irrevocable definition of Government, this confession of faith in the sovereignty of Jesus Christ is a negation of " practical politics "—a shifting of political sovereignty to foundations of clouds; but to the believer in the absolute sovereignty of the God-in-Christ, it is the core of the ideal Commonwealth—the soul of the true State; for, among heresies, there is none greater than that which assigns to Jehovah the headship of Church, and to ——— the headship of the State.

Jeanne d' Arc mysteriously acquired great military talents, and swept the foes of France before her banner ; Julie de Krudener as mysteriously acquired great political ideals—after 1804—and, for fifteen years, swept the foes of Christianity before the white standard of the great truth that the state is a moral unit whose responsibility to Almighty God is not less real than that of the individual soul. Secularists may sneer, but this conception of authority avoids all difficulties inherent in the subject of political sovereignty by recognizing the autocracy of a Supremely Holy

Being; it simplifies politics, and, by simplifying, purifies.

And this surely was an act of great value. The Cabinets of Europe heard the Name of names—"there is no other sovereign than He to whom alone all supreme power belongs—our divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word." Well had it been if King of England, Pope of Rome, Sultan of Turkey, had joined this league, and sincerely maintained the doctrines of the *Holy Alliance !*

Alexander left Paris September 28th, 1815, and Madame de Krudener's religio-political career came to a sudden end. Was Napoleon correct in his diagnosis when he pronounced Alexander "active and clever," but "extremely false"? Perhaps—at any rate, from the day of his return to Russia he ignored his mystic adviser and is even accused of exiling her to the Crimea. But Madame de Krudener's vocation was so versatile that no sooner had her sun set in Paris than she began an evangelistic tour in Switzerland, where her unique methods, at once so naive and agitating, effected sudden reforms in ideas, dress and manners. The revival, true to the kind, bore a dual fruitage—conversions which demonstrated its truth, and implacable persecutions, which also demonstrated its truth.

Expelled from Bale, the preacher of the new Crusade retreated to Grenzach-Horn; but she was pursued by enemies who succeeded in poisoning the public mind—*and the mind of Alexander,* against a Christian, who had once been a coquette, but had become a reformer, an idealist, a mystic, a friend of the poor. Her immoralities could be condoned, they were piquant; but her schemes of reform—never ! [redacted] were disturbing ! Political [redacted]mists denounced her because she did not discriminate between the worthy and unworthy poor; governments, autocracies, bureaucracies, republics, respected her because she propagated the doctrines of human brotherhood; churches and priesthoods distrusted her because she pronounced prayer and silence the integral elements of religion.

But she heroically pursued her course. Her cottage on the Rhine became the rallying point of the destitute and afflicted of the entire district, and she, who sometimes had less than a dollar in her purse, occupied her days in tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and preaching a gospel of peace and purity. Her diamonds, pearls and laces became bread and soup, by the thaumaturgy of her self-sacrifice, and she who had lived at ease in palaces in Copenhagen, Riga, Venice, and Paris, dwelt in a cabin and affiliated with paupers.

For these offences she was repeatedly ostracised, and her later years were an exile and a crucifixion. Yet, branded and bridled, her activity was so incessant and intense that ring-ruled cities and bureau-governed kingdoms dreaded her advent as if she had been a Nihilist. Like her ancestral Russians she was a nomad; but her ideas made her a pilgrim.

The same spirit that rendered her homeless in the State made her a proscript in the Church. She refused to be catalogued either as a Greek Catholic, a Roman Catholic, or Lutheran. In her creed, the name of Jesus Christ was solar. She belonged to the Primitive Catholic Church—not the Roman Catholic—but the Evangelical Church. For the Protestantism of Europe she had only an insuperable aversion; as she knew it, it had become inane and inert—a frigid Socinianism, and she protested against it as apostate.

After many torturing journeys,

shadowed by police, she was permitted to return to her childhood home in Russia, and, at the end of four years, reappeared in the salons of St. Petersburg, and assumed leadership in the religious movement that was then popular. Remembering that she had once controlled political events by her declaration of Christian truth, she promptly denounced the government's indifference to the welfare of the revolting Christians in Greece. But the Alexander of 1821 was not the Alexander of 1815. She was requested to return to her home at Kosse. Obeying the imperial mandate she isolated herself, resumed her deeds of sympathetic charity, and began a life of ascetic devotion. So rigid became her regimen that she superinduced a complication of ailments, and, becoming depressed and melancholic, was advised to leave the harsh region of Kosse for the "Italy" of Russia—the shores of the Black Sea. The change revived her; and in Karasu Bazar, with its thick atmosphere of secular thrift and ecclesiastical antagonisms she preached in French and German. Beyond its streets she began the formation of an ideal Christian community—the old schemes, vital and dominant still!

On the morning of Christmas, 1824, after many days of agony, her problematic and restless career ended. Eleven months afterward, Alexander knelt alone before her tomb in the Armenian church.

The traveller Ralston says, "Between Alupka and Orianda is the estate of Koureis, whither were sent from St. Petersburg, in the time of Alexander I., three ladies who at one period exercised some influence at the Russian Court. One of them, Madame de Krudener, died soon after her arrival; but the other two, the Princess Galitzin and a mysterious Countess Guacher, lived on there long."

If this be true, the Czar was neither the first nor the last monarch to hush the voice of a disturbing prophet.

The grave of Madame de Krudener is at Koureis to-day; occasionally there are pilgrimages to its site.

In the world's libraries, Madame Barbe-Julie de Krudener is only known as one of the genial circle of "French Women of Letters," but she was far more than a "Woman of Letters"—she was a "Woman of Life." Her "Valerie" is not now widely read and little known outside of classes in French literature; and her life-story is almost as obscure as that of Olympia Morata, but, after all, it is her life that has perennial interest. Julia Kavanaugh thinks it "one of the most curious psychologic studies within the whole range of biography." One of the Westminster Review writers of forty years ago pronounces it a "piquant moral problem"—a life in which vanity is supreme, destitute of candour, simplicity and truthfulness, *and yet saturated with the spirit of an undoubted sincerity.* Protesting against the tedium of an obscure life, this restless, vain Russian woman, resolved, by any means, to distinguish herself! Is *this* the sole solution of this piquant problem?

The fever of restless ambition seizes upon all youth; but the catalogue of Famous Men and Women is not very long. The chill of cynicism too often succeeds the white passion of aspiration, and the youth who so vividly dreamed of fame dies unknown in a country town—or finishes life in the alcoves of a city's library—content to read undisturbed. History pitilessly deals with men, thrusting unexpectedly to head or foot of the class, or assigning to mediocre place, but, always according to law and the laws. The *last* man—who may not

always be the *lost* man— challenges the discrimination, but can neither rise nor bring his superior down.

I will not assign to Madame de Krudener a first place among saints —perhaps she was not at all a saint, as we think of saints—and she was not consummately great, either as a preacher, a reformer, or a writer, but she compelled attention to the detested doctrine of the Cross, and forced men and women in half the capitals of Europe to decide for or against Jesus Christ as the Dictator of conduct. She was a voice crying in the world and against the world, and her words rang loud in the midst of accumulated social hypocrisies and political crimes, Her sentences put men in fear: they were echoes of the sentence of God.

From her grave there seems to proceed ever her noble confession of sin and of faith: "What good I have done will remain; what I have done of evil (for how often have I not taken for the voice of God what was only the fruit of my imagination and my pride) will be effaced by the mercy of God. My numerous iniquities are all I have to offer God and man, but the blood of Jesus Christ will purify me from all sin." It was this that gave peace to Bishop Butler: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." A mystic may understand it—a charlatan, never.

IF CHRIST WERE DEAD.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

O sad-faced mourners, who each day are wending
Through churchyard paths of cypress and of yew,
Leave for to-day the low graves you are tending,
And lift your eyes to God's eternal blue!

It is no time for bitterness or sadness;
Twine Easter lilies, not pale asphodels;
Let your souls thrill to the caress of gladness,
And answer the sweet chime of Easter bells.

If Christ were still within the grave's low prison,
A captive of the enemy we dread;
If from that mouldering cell he had not risen,
Who then could chide the gloomy tears you shed?

Poor hearts! The butterfly with pinions golden
Spurns the grey cell that erst its freedom barred;
And the freed soul with wings no longer holden
Smiles back on life as on a broken shard.

If Christ were dead, there would be need to sorrow;
But He has risen and vanquished death for aye!
Hush then your sighs, if only till the morrow,
At Easter give your grief a holiday.

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
[redacted]en those He loves are laid to rest,
[redacted]atch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only more glorious far, will rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air.

SOUTH AFRICAN CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITISH RULE.

BY THE REV. A. THEODORE WIRGMAN,

Canon of Grahamstown Cathedral, South Africa.

t think that it can fairly the charge of the Eng- / in South Africa that intermeddled in political r position in the dioceses a and Bloemfontein dur- ıst five or six years has fficult and delicate one. h Reformed ministers in y, as well as in the Re- ave been, for the most ent anti-English poli- I desire to make every for their sympathies and ejudices. But when a formed minister of some iving under the British ıe Cape Colony (where d English enjoy equal ights, publicly exhorts n in the Transvaal to re- itish demands, " because s of England are as the a man with an unloaded limits of reasonable sym- overpassed. We Eng- y have expressed our our flag and country ıave been constrained by so. But we stand clear ırge of inciting race feel-

situation, as it daily de- so much more real to us Africa than it is to you ıd. For instance, this the 18th of November, ɔn, a young clergyman, at my house with only s he stood up in, having ve his church and rectory rg at the mercy of the l ride thirty-seven miles poort Junction at some le peril.

About four hundred Africanders of the Colesberg district, incited apparently by a member of the Cape Parliament, Mr. Van der Walt, have forgotten their allegiance as born British subjects and joined the Boer forces.

When the Boers " annexed " Colesberg, and proclaimed it " Republican territory," the English had to go or else join the Boer army. The sexton of the English church, a harmless coloured man, was mercilessly beaten by the Boers. A coloured man, who owned two good horses, ventured to demur when the Boers " commandeered " them. They tied him up and beat him most savagely.

These Boer " annexations" comprise now hundreds of square miles of what was British territory before war was declared. The whole of northern Natal is " annexed," and the conquered territory parcelled out by the Boers, who have settled on the farms and taken active possession of it. The whole of British Bechuanaland has been formally " annexed " by the Transvaal, and is now administered by Transvaal officials. Mafeking is the solitary spot in Bechuanaland where the British flag still flies. Aliwal North and a vast slice of Cape territory has been also annexed by the Boers. They are administering the British territories they have annexed, and the sad plight of loyal British subjects in the districts which have passed into Boer hands can better be imagined than described. They are " commandeered " if they stay to guard their houses and property,

and their only resource is to fly and leave their possessions at the mercy of the Boers. In 1881, the Boers who invaded Natal were generally orderly and well behaved. The case is far different in 1899. The Boer forces have given way to drunkenness, wanton destruction, and plunder. I am sorry to have to write these things, for I have always appreciated the many sterling qualities of the Boers. I have lived in South Africa for nearly twenty-six years, and have defended the Boer character from unjust aspersions with my voice and my pen.

I have honestly tried to work for unity between Boer and Briton as far as in me lay. I shall now attempt to give a fair and dispassionate account of the causes and real "inwardness" of the present South African situation.

If any one had prophesied that the ill-omened gift of responsible government, which was forced upon the Cape Colony in 1872, would have produced such dire consequences as it has done, he would have been laughed at. In 1874, when I landed in South Africa, the country was peaceful enough. The development of the Kimberley diamond fields had brought wealth and prosperity to Boer and Briton alike. The Transvaal was a pastoral republic which attracted little attention. The Free State was governed wisely and prudently by President Brand, the greatest statesman that Dutch South Africa has produced. Race hatred between Dutch and English colonists was a dormant factor in our political and social life. But in 1875 the Imperial Government gave a sort of commission to the famous historian, Mr. J. A. Froude, to make a political tour in South Africa, with a view to the formation of a South African dominion [redacted] confederate states. The historian was neither a diplomatist nor a statesman. Sir G. Grey could have formed a confederation of the two republics and the British colonies of the Cape and Natal some years before Mr. Froude's mission; but Downing Street forbade the scheme.

Mr. Froude thought he could accomplish his object by flattering the susceptibilities of Dutch South Africans. He produced very little impression at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, but he stirred up the Dutch of the Cape Colony. Hitherto they had taken no prominent part in politics. The Cape Parliament was practically an English assembly, and the dividing line in politics was the antagonism between the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Colony. But now the Dutch made up their minds very quietly to capture the Cape Parliament. Their effort was favoured by the logic of events. The annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 was the premature plucking of fruit which in a few months would have fallen into the lap of Great Britain from very overripeness. As it was, the Dutch of the Cape Colony skilfully used the annexation for party purposes.

The Transvaal rebellion of 1881, and the surrender to successful rebels after Majuba, fanned Dutch feeling within the Colony to fever heat. General Joubert said he was fighting for a universal Dutch Republic from the Cape to the Zambesi. The Africander Bond was formed in the Cape Colony to give vitality to the idea of a United South Africa under a republican flag. The Bond leaders in the Cape Colony veiled their purposes under a cloak of loyalty to the Queen's Government. But their secret aim was evident to all thoughtful colonists. They worked for an Africander supremacy in South Africa under the specious catchword of "Africa for the Africanders." President Brand

y discouraged the Africander in the Free State. He of Dutch South Africans ed that England did not sur- r the Transvaal because she lefeated in the Boer war of But he died, and was suc- l by President Reitz, the it Transvaal State Secretary. was no prominent South in Dutchman left to oppose olitical propaganda of the

1882 it showed its power by g an Act passed to legalize se of the Dutch language in ape Parliament, although the of the Transvaal and Free would never have dreamt of ng the use of English in their es. In 1883 the Bond cap- the Cape Parliament, and by il and skilful organization l the responsible Ministry of ay to do its bidding as the condition of retaining office. olitics of the Cape Colony henceforward demoralized. Ins" and the "Outs" alike ed to the dominant factor, he English of the Cape Col- eased to exercise any real in- e upon its political life, or in aping of its policy.

this crisis of affairs Mr. es became a factor in South in politics. His natural sm and undoubted preference ie farmer who lived on his o the mercantile class, made "persona grata" to the rank ile of the Cape Africander He became Premier of the in 1890, and tried to lead the party into the paths of a ul imperial development.

efforts were partially suc- l. He made certain con- ns to Africander ideas, and nd the Bond party responsive leadership, because just at time the Transvaal had ed a good many of the al Dutch. The Hollanders had captured all the plums of the Transvaal Civil Service, which formerly fell to the lot of educated Cape Africanders. The Transvaal fiscal policy shut out Cape Africander products. And thus there was a rift in the lute.

We heard next to nothing of the old Bond cry, "Africa for the Africanders," in its original sense of a United South Africa under a republican flag. The scheme to banish the British flag was, for the time, dormant. But it was not forgotten. I was talking, one day, to a prominent cabinet minister, who, in those days, followed Mr. Rhodes and posed as an Imperialist. He said, "We don't mean to be in a hurry about the South African Republic. My children will see it, if I do not."

The Republican idea was still a dominant factor under the surface.

President Kruger and Dr. Leyds were intensely bitter against Mr. Rhodes for the success he had won in dealing with colonial Africanders. I saw President Kruger in 1895, nearly a year before the Raid, and he spoke to me of Mr. Rhodes as his enemy, equally with the British Government, who had just blocked his favourite scheme of having a seaport and a Transvaal navy by annexing the strip of country which shut off his access to Kosi Bay.

The idea of making the Transvaal a sea power, with a port of its own, was one of the President's most cherished ideas.

And then came the Jameson Raid. People are apt to forget that it was not without certain results which proved beneficial in the end. It stopped the formation of a cosmopolitan Uitlander Republic of the Transvaal, which would have effectually hindered the union of South Africa under the British flag. It hindered the maturing of intrigues between the Transvaal and a foreign power, which would

have undermined British supremacy in South Africa. Enough hard things have been said of Dr. Jameson and his action. He has suffered his punishment, and it is nearly time that his fellow-countrymen should begin to remember the good work that he did as administrator of Rhodesia. I purposely refrain from discussing the position of Mr. Rhodes in this matter. He has borne the brunt of accusations and charges in connection with the Raid with a dignified reticence that is one secret of his power. As Canon Knox Little says of him, "He is a loyal friend." When history is written dispassionately in the years to come, Mr. Chamberlain's words, declaring that Mr. Rhodes passed through the great crisis of his life with unstained personal honour, will be amply vindicated.

As I do not write as a politician desiring to score off an adversary, but simply as an ordinary citizen of South Africa, trying to record the simple facts that underlie a situation obscured by the clouds and mists of political special pleading, I say no more of Mr. Rhodes and the Raid. It is a side issue of the South African controversy which has no real bearing upon what has been the true main issue for the last twenty years, save that it accelerated matters somewhat, and by closing up the little rift between the Cape Africanders and the Transvaal, enabled President Kruger and Dr. Leyds to mature their plans on that main issue more rapidly. The main issue, as I have said before, was the final expulsion of the British flag from South Africa. I will cite two pieces of evidence about eighteen years old to prove my statement.

Mr. Reginald Statham, who is one of the most prominent of Mr. [redacted]ruger's English newspaper champions, was editor of the Natal Witness about twenty years ago. In 1881 he published a book called "Blacks, Boers, and British." He had at that date evidently got some knowledge of the Boer plans against British rule. On page 18 of his book he tells us of a visit to a Dutch homestead, near Cape Town, which had been the home of a Dutch family long before the British flag waved on the Castle of Cape Town, and which, in his opinion, would remain their home after that flag had been hauled down. "This," naively remarks Mr. Statham, "is not only anticipation, but treason." He goes on to tell us, a few pages further on, that responsible government in the Cape Colony would end in Boer supremacy in the Cape Parliament, which would ultimately bring to an end British supremacy, not only in the Cape Colony, but in South Africa. If Mr. Statham could write in 1881 from his knowledge of the inner counsels of the Africander party, the secret conspiracy against British rule must even then have struck its roots wide and deep. Lately, I believe, it has been Mr. Statham's cue to deny the existence of any desire on the part of the Boers to banish British supremacy from South Africa. His earlier utterances convey the simple and unvarnished truth. He thought in 1881 that the British flag had to go, and that the Boer would be supreme in South Africa, because he knew that the Africander Bond was plotting to that end.

My second piece of evidence is from a letter which Mr. Theo. Schreiner (brother of the Cape Premier) has written to The Cape Times. Mr. Schreiner was born in the Colony, but, unlike his brother, is an ardent supporter of British rule, and a warm admirer of Mr. Rhodes. Some eighteen years ago Mr. Reitz, then Chief Justice of the Free State, asked him to join the Africander Bond. Mr.

thus describes the inter-

time, then, I met Mr. Reitz, his best to get me to become of his Africander Bond; but ing its constitution and pro- refused to do so, whereupon g colloquy in substance took en us, which has been indeli- ed on my mind ever since:

'Why do you refuse? Is the etting the people to take an political matters not a good

: 'Yes, it is; but I seem to here between the lines of this much more ultimately aimed .'

'What?'

: 'I see quite clearly that the ject aimed at is the overthrow sh power and the expulsion of flag from South Africa.'

with his pleasant, conscious one whose secret thought and d been discovered, and who ogether displeased that such s): 'Well, what if it be so?'

: 'You don't suppose, do you, g is going to disappear from a without a tremendous strug- t?'

with the same pleasant, self- self-satisfied, and yet semi- mile): 'Well, I suppose not; , what of that?'

: 'Only this, that when that es place you and I will be on les; and, what is more, the as on the side of the Trans- late war, because it had right will be on the side of England, must view with abhorrence and scheming to overthrow nd position in South Africa, been ordained by Him.'

'We'll see.'

he conversation ended, but seventeen years that have ave watched the propaganda rthrow of British power in a being ceaselessly spread by ole means—the press, the pul- tform, the schools, the col- legislature—until it has cul- the present war, of which Mr. his co-workers are the origin se."

t too much to say that if t Cape Premier had held r's views, instead of tak- ing his opinions from his talented but emotional sister Olive, the history of the Cape Colony during the last few months would have been different. Judging by the votes polled at the last general election of 1898, when the Progressive or English party polled a greater total of votes than the Bond party (although the latter won a narrow electoral victory, owing to an unfair Redistribution Bill), the population of the Cape Colony is almost half English, and we English Cape Colonists, who are just as patriotic as Natalians, have suffered bitter humiliation since the war began. Our English Cape Colony volunteers were as keen to go to the front, and just as eager to fight for our flag and country as the Natal men or our kinsmen over seas. But our men have been hindered and thwarted by the Cape Premier. At length, all too tardily, the Colonial forces have been called out, but up to the present date our volunteers have not been allowed to be in touch with the enemy, except those who have been fortunate enough to be besieged in Kimberley and Mafeking.

But this by the way.

I have now indicated the true inwardness of the South African situation. The determination to get rid of British supremacy at all costs has been the dominating factor in the councils of Pretoria ever since 1881. The Free State had to be captured. This was easy enough when President Reitz had been succeeded by President Steyn. The Free State was then bound in strict military alliance with the Transvaal. The Cape responsible government had next to be captured, and Mr. Schreiner won his narrow electoral victory last year with the active aid of the Transvaal sympathizers in the Cape Colony, and, as has been plainly stated, with electoral funds supplied from Pretoria.

Things were ripe for a forward move. The controversies on Uitlander grievances (though these are real enough), the endless diplomatic duel between the Colonial Office and Pretoria, the hair-splitting about the conventions of 1881 and 1884, the suzerainty discussion, all these seemed to British South Africans, who knew the real issue, a veritable ploughing of the sands. Behind the confused and confusing issues of the diplomatic controversy, issues which seem to amuse lawyers like Sir W. Harcourt and Sir Edward Clarke, but which caused us in South Africa to long for a decisive ending to the wordy strife, behind all these logomachies lay the true issue, "Is the Boer flag or the British flag to fly from the Castle at Cape Town; is the Boer or the Briton to be supreme in South Africa?" I am no politician. I am a law-abiding, peaceable citizen, but I was truly grateful to President Kruger for his decisive ultimatum. South Africa was being slowly ruined. Business was at an absolute standstill. No one knew what would happen, or how soon the tension and strain would claim him as a victim. President Kruger had gained the time he needed for preparing and mobilizing his forces. The hour had come, and he flung his ultimatum in Lord Salisbury's face. It was well, and it will be the best day's work South Africa has yet seen, despite the inevitable horrors of war, if England uses her power to settle the question of Boer or Briton once for all in South Africa. If two men are riding on one horse, one of the two must sit in front. The Briton has had the back seat in South Africa since 1881. The position must be reversed.

We do not deny the Boer equal [redacted] of citizenship. We shall [redacted]t the Boer after the war as [redacted] treated the Uitlander in the Transvaal. There must be equal rights, but only one flag. The republics must become self-governing colonies within the Empire. The flags of the republics must go. To us in South Africa those flags are the symbols of invasion and annexation. The loyal citizens of Newcastle and Dundee, in Natal, and of Colesberg, Aliwal North, Barkly, and other places in the Cape Colony, which are now temporarily severed from the Empire, must be indemnified for their present sufferings by the final disappearance of the flags of South African republicanism.

We may look forward in the near future to a South African Dominion of five or six federated states under the British flag. I say "six" advisedly, for I believe that the Cape Colony is too unwieldy a predominant partner in a South African federation. Let the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Cape Colony form separate states of the new dominion. We Eastern Province Colonists, the sons and grandsons of the British settlers of 1820, are as English as the Natalians, and though we have some Dutch districts in the Eastern Province our legislature would have a strong English majority. Equal voting rights in the Transvaal would give that state a legislature with an English majority. and so, out of the six federal states, four—when we include Rhodesia—would be ruled by British majorities. The Federal Parliament would thus have a British majority, and a settlement on this basis would result in a peaceable, loyal, and contented South Africa. We have been threatened with a South African Ireland. But the Boer is not like the Celt. If he finds himself fairly and squarely beaten by an honourable foe he will respect that foe, and when he finds that he has equal rights of citizenship with the men who have beaten

him he will shake hands and be friends. He is not by nature a political agitator or a secret conspirator. He has been played upon by clever agitators and conspirators for twenty years. They have persuaded him that he can thrash the British army, and when he finds that they have deluded him he will turn and rend them. The war will end race feeling, because the race feeling of the Boer against the British has been based on his contempt for the British army and the British flag.

South Africa to-day owes a deep debt of gratitude to three men—to Mr. Chamberlain, the first Colonial Secretary who has risen to the greatness of his position, and who has exercised the powers of his great office unhampered by the traditions of Downing Street and the exigencies of English party politics; to Sir Alfred Milner, for a union of patience, forbearance, and power which has set him in the front rank of British statesmen and administrators; to Mr. Rhodes, who has given himself to South Africa with all the varied powers of his unselfish personal service. and who, in the present crisis, has used his remarkable political insight in standing absolutely aloof from all controversy in the strength of silence.

Loyal South Africans look forward with hope to our immediate future as a federation of states under the British flag. The loyal aid afforded by the colonial forces of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand has made us feel the unity of the great empire to which we belong as we have never felt it before. We are confident that the bitterness of race feeling in South Africa will be healed through that mutual self-respect of Briton and Boer which could not have been achieved apart from war, the beginnings of which we already see in the minds of the Boer prisoners in our hands, who speak with admiration of the bravery of our soldiers at Talana Hill and Elandslaagte.

These men and their kinsfolk will realize how they have been misled and betrayed by Presidents Kruger and Steyn and their Cape Dutch sympathizers. Mr. Rhodes said, not long ago, that the Transvaal Boers who have settled in Rhodesia have become loyal British subjects. Not one of these Rhodesian Boers has rebelled or given cause for anxiety. And if three or four years' good government under the British flag in Rhodesia can turn Transvaal into loyal British citizens, why should not the great body of them become so when they are released from the perpetual attentions of anti-British agitators, with an ever-varying tissue of lies and slanders directed against the British flag and empire? There could have been no lasting peace in South Africa without this war, and, much as the loss of brave men on both sides is to be deplored, the sacrifice will not be in vain. The mission of our race in South Africa will be fulfilled in the peace and prosperity of the whole country, under the ordered freedom of the British flag.—Nineteenth Century.

I gazed upon a picture of the Christ,
So patient in His woe,
And cried from out my heart, "O Son of God!
How could they bruise Thee so!"
And then I turned, and trod sin's pathways dim,
Nor dreamed that I was crucifying Him.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

BY THOMAS HODGKINS.

Father, I live or die in this confiding,
That Thou art King;
That each still star above me owns Thy guiding,
Each wild bird's wing.

That Nature feels Thee, great unseen Accorder
Of all her wheels,
That tokens manifest of Thy mightier order
Her strife reveals;

And that without Thee not a wave is heaving
Nor flake descends,
That all the giant powers of her conceiving
Are Thy Son's friends.

Yet I beseech Thee send not these to light me
Through the dark vale;
They are so strong, so passionlessly mighty,
And I so frail.

No! let me gaze, not on some sea far-reaching
Nor star-sprent sky,
But on a Face in which mine own, beseeching,
May read reply.

Such was my cry: hath not the mighty Maker
Who gave me Christ,
Hath He not granted me a sweet Awaker
For the last tryst?

Given a Son who left the peace unbroken
That reigns above,
That He might whisper God's great name unspoken,
The name of Love!

Have I not known Him? Yes, and still am knowing,
And more shall know;
Have not His sweet eyes guided all my going,
Wept with my woe;

Gleamed a bright dawn-hope when the clouds of sadness
Made my soul dim,
And looked their warning when an alien gladness
Lured me from Him?

Lord, when I tread this valley of our dying,
Sharp cliffs between,
Where over all one ghastly Shadow lying
Fills the ravine,

E'en then, Thy kindly sceptre being o'er me,
I will not fear;
Thy crook, my Shepherd, dimly seen before me,
My way shall clear.

And when the grave must yield her prey down-stricken,
When sleep is o'er,
When the strange stirs of life begin to quicken
This form once more,

O Son of Man, if Thee and not another
I here have known,
If I may see Thee then, our first-born Brother,
Upon Thy throne,

How stern, soe'er, how terrible in brightness,
That dawn shall break,
I shall be satisfied with Thy dear likeness
When I awake.

NNING AND PROBABLE AGE OF THE NIAGARA GORGE.*

BY PROFESSOR DIONNE.

DER THE CLIFF.

-that with wonder and with
n the soul of him who looks,—
hou thy beginning?
— *William Cullen Bryant.*

ur great scientists have the Niagara Falls com- he heights at Lewiston. lerance of learned opinion in that direction, based generally on geological investigation, is so overwhelming that it leaves no room for doubt. In addition to this, careful scientific exploration in the chasm, of late years, has settled this fact conclusively: that the most magnificent falls that ever existed, at any age of the gorge's history, occurred in the first half mile section near where Brock's monument now stands. Commencing here, on the high part of the limestone ridge which at one time completely separated Erie's waters from Lake Ontario, they have slowly sawed their irregular way through the plateau during the dim centuries of pre-historic America.

They reached a point within at least six hundred feet of their present location about the time of the visit of Father Hennepin in 1678. So far as records go he was the first European to view the great cataract, which in these days claims 500,000 visitors per annum. The noted traveller and missionary made a sketch of the falls, which is still preserved at Paris and which appears to be fairly accurate in the general features of the falls two hundred years ago. It would indicate that the falls were then confined to a much narrower limit than they are to-day. The present wide contour of the Canadian or Horseshoe falls did not exist in 1678 when this sketch was made. The American falls had much the same ap-

* We doubt if any ride of fourteen miles in the world contains such a variety of beautiful and majestic scenery, or is associated with such stirring historic memories as that from the mouth of the Niagara River to the world-famous Falls. Late in the fall

"BEGINNING OF THE NIAGARA GORGE."

Pre-Adamite storm raising the east end of Lake Erie until the waters flowed over the heights, thus preparing the way for the future chasm.

pearance as to-day. The volume of water over it has been light for at least five centuries, and during the last two the cliff has receded with perhaps not one-third the speed o that part of the Canadian sid where a heavy volume rushes ove

But to return to Lewiston, th

of 1678, LaSalle's brave French explorers made a stockade at the river's mouth, where Fort Niagara now stands. So cold was the weather that the ground had to be thawed with hot water before the stakes could be planted. Then followed the romantic story of the first vision of the Falls by Father Hennepin, the building of the *Griffin* above the Falls and her untimely fate. Still later, in 1763, an English provision train was ambushed at the portage Out of ninety men all but three were slain or thrown over the awful brink. In the war of 1812 the whole region was rife with gallant deeds, and the stately shaft on Queenston Heights commemorates the death of the heroic Brock.

But gentler associations make this the *classic* ground of science. Here the first

Suspension Bridge in America, and at t time the largest in the world, was flu across the yawning chasm. The new trolle railway enables one to see close at hand t rapids. The open observation car permi one to get an unimpeded view of the majes and beauty of this remarkable gorge. E a gentle grade the track reaches the lev only twenty feet above the water, and on gusty day the spray from the rapids b sprinkles the car. The view of the rapi and majestic surrounding scenery from b low is most impressive. Not least intere ing are the close-at-hand views one get the four steel bridges across the riv among the most remarkable achievem of science of this wonderful nineteenth c tury.—Ed.

E NIAGARA RIVER DISTRICT.

e escarpment or pre-historic dividing line.

necessary starting-point logical account of the its probable age. The chief point in this brief it is the one on which een the widest difference

We find Sir Charles), Prof. Agassiz (1852), . Spencer (1895), Elli-), G. K. Gilbert, U. S. Survey (1895), G. W. 82), Dr. Julius Pohlman, pham, F. B. Taylor and were men well versed and who gave our sub- erable thought and re- agreeing perfectly as to in which the gorge was

nd these eminent author- ever, disagreeing very to the lapse of time re- iew out the gorge since ers first burst through pment at Queenston Sir Charles Lyell placed the falls at 35,000 years; W. Spencer, at 32,000 lrew Ellicott at 55,000.

Having the same data before me with increased advantages in explorative investigation of the chasm-channel, and in the light of the more accurate measurements of the rate of recession of the falls in later years, I have no hesitation in placing the age of the gorge at 4,500 years. I will also submit facts which appear to sustain this somewhat limited epoch as sufficient for such a stupendous work as the making of this great gorge. The reader before going further should look at Fig. 1, which is a map of the Niagara River and vicinity. Notice that the river flows directly northward

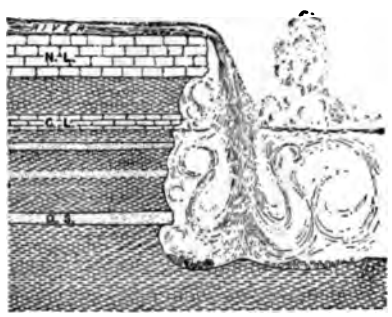


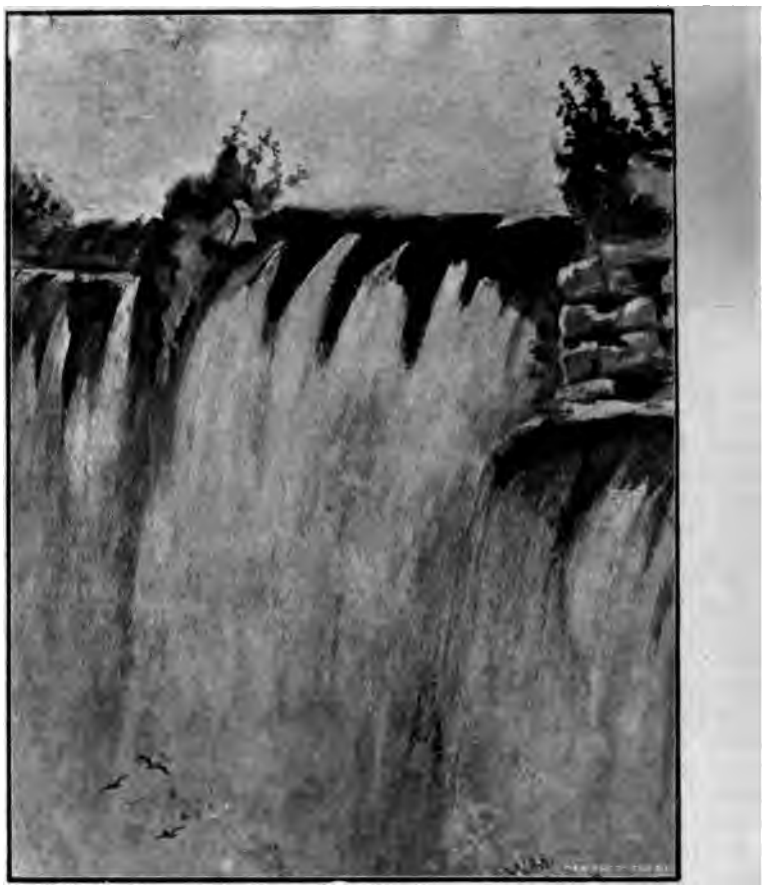
Fig. 3.—PROFILE AND SECTION.

Showing how the limestone cap is undermined. Drawn by Prof. G. K. Gilbert, U.S. Survey.
N.L., Niagara Limestone.
C.L., Clinton Limestone.
Q.S., Quartzose Sandstone; shales and soft stone intervene.
Scale 300 feet = 1 inch.

and that the two great lakes overlap each other some forty miles. Lastly, make a mental note of the position of the escarpment. That is the highest point of the ridge which once completely separated these two great lakes. They might have been

Fig. 2.—A SECTION FROM LAKE TO LAKE.

how the layers of limestone dig gradually downward from Queenston Heights . Vertical scale greater than horizontal. Base line represents sea-level.



"BEGINNING OF THE NIAGARA GORGE."

Commencement of the Great Falls on the Heights of Queenston.—Time 2600 B.C.

divided yet had not Erie's waters in their restless activity for ages at last found a weak spot in the backbone of the ridge and commenced to trickle through to the plain below thus making the beginnings of this future wonder of the ages.

The close of the glacial age in the lake region had much to do with the formation of the general features of Ontario and the large adjacent sections of the United States. Ice blocked the east end of the Ontario basin and the St. Lawrence, so that accumulated waters escaped through Lake Michigan to the Mississippi Valley. The western pa of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Huro and Michigan was at this time o ice-walled fresh water sea, oft changing and throwing up abru beaches, terraces and ridges whi remain in the country to this da showing where old shore-lines on existed. The receding ice open a new way of escape for the wat through the Mohawk Valley in t State of New York, and in lowerin their level Lake Erie became s arated entirely from Lake Onta by the limestone ridge alre alluded to. The disappearance

A "BIT OF CLIFF AND RIVER."

e accumulated ice of ages from e St. Lawrence River opened a annel to the sea and lowered On-rio's waters down to the present vel, while alongside, in an elevated ck pan, were Erie's waters almost high as the top of the escarpment. he outflow was still by the Mo-awk Valley and later by the Mis-ssippi again, the water-shed be-veen Lake Michigan and the lississippi Valley having lowered. : is a notable fact that to-day that ater-shed is only ten or twelve et high in places. The building f the sewerage canal from Chicago) the Mississippi is demonstrative the low water-ed which di-des our great ke system from e Mississippi alley, as a all section of e lake waters w flows to the uthward by ay of the canal. The level of ake Erie is ly ten feet wer than that Lake Michi-an. The es-rpment is over irty feet high-er than the level of Lake Michigan, so that if the gorge was filled up at Queenston Heights the waters of the lake region would back up and find their old outlets near the site of Chicago, and escape by the Mississippi Valley.

The beginnings and development of the gorge, therefore, lowered the level of the great lakes from twenty to thirty feet. When the surplus waters of the lake region were escaping in other directions, Lake Erie was a greater expanse than it is to-day. Old ridges show that its shore line extended to a point near the escarpment for ages. The violent and incessant action of its waters at the east end, gradually softened and wore an opening at the lowest point, viz.: Queenston Heights. The action of frost and storm aided the waves in their work. Heavy western winds would dam up the waters in the east end of the lake, and they would flow over the heights until the lake resumed its correct level again. In

DOWN BY THE RAPIDS.

ROUNDING A CURVE.

time, a channel was made low enough for a permanent flow over the precipice to the plain below. Once the surplus waters of the lakes began to come this way, the formation of the chasm became a swift and irresistible work. Each year added force, and the century markings must have been appalling at the start. It was an age of abundant waters.

Please note Fig. 2. The blocks indicate the limestone layers which reach their highest point at the escarpment, where they end. Going the other way they dip beneath Lake Erie. Between the two layers, [illegible]nder, are shales and soft for[illegible]ns, which are easily worn away by falling water. The lime stone layer is full of seams and cracks, and when undermined breaks down through its own weight. It is this breaking off that causes the recession.

The layer of rock reaches its highest point at the escarpment, and here the falls attained their greatest height as noted before. The more the falls recede, the lower they will become, on account of the steady dip of the limestone rock as shown by Fig. 2. In fact, this layer of limestone is what preserves the fall. Were it absent, the gorge would extend to Lake Erie in twenty years and lower its level considerably. Fig. 3 illustrates the acti-

water in undermining the one. The softer rocks, mud and shale, under the hard of Niagara limestone, dissolve uickly when exposed to run- water or frost. In June of ar I went under the Canadian nd found no difficulty in pull- ay large masses, merely with nds. It washes away and the narrow trench. The last two hundred years the falls have been spreading out until they have a frontage of nearly a mile. Even now the Horseshoe Fall is receding from three to four feet a year. How much greater the speed of recession must have been when these waters were united in the narrow chasm. I think the limit of

OUTLYING CLIFF.

one tumbles down, much of it ing in the channel. The cliffs that great sections often fell ice, causing violent earth rs.

gorge is some five or six long, and the first four miles washed out much more rapidly he remainder, for in the lower the force of the vast volume ter was concentrated in a 4,500 years is a liberal estimate for the age of the gorge, when we consider the average rate of recession of the Horseshoe Falls to-day under less favourable circumstances. Then there was a large section at the whirlpool where no rock existed, the torrent merely washed away the earth or drift.

Ten feet per year would be a safe and reasonable estimate of the aver-

age speed of recession in the 2,600 years before Christ, when these vast waters were digging this narrow trench of the lower gorge. This would mean that four and one-half miles were constructed at the birth of Christ, allowing the small rate of four feet per year since, on the average, to bring the cataract to its present location. It is most reasonable to conclude that the falls commenced not earlier than 2,600 B.C.

I cannot close without recording my sense of the debt due President Brinker and those associated with him, in building the great Gorge Road. It is a debt of gratitude due from science and the people of the two countries generally. By this triumph of engineering skill, the wonders of the chasm have been brought near to us, and as we pass along we may almost place our hand on the mane of the world's greatest torrent. It is the most wonderful, the most delightful seven miles of ride I have found on the American Continent.

The Gorge Route is one of the many brilliant triumphs of enterprise that mark the close of this century of activity. It will a be an object of interest and w to the traveller and pleasure s No words of mine can exag the exhilaration and intense fa tion of this summer ride l foaming river. The surplus of a quarter of the continer and leap through this narro sage, giving an exhibition of cal force seldom witnesse which cannot be fully appr by the spectator at a distanc the rapids waves of dazzling ness leap twenty to thirty fe at a bound over rocks that lie bed of the channel. Added excitement of the scene is the of the landscape. The Ca shore rises with a steep slo is overgrown with evergree shrubs, making a most be vista of undulating green. cuts give an idea of the in amount of rock cutting th done in order to build a r alongside the river. In many the solid wall of rock rises perpendicularly to a great The cuttings give the reader of the thickness of this lim layer in places.

THE STEEL ARCH AND CANTILEVER BRIDGES.

CITIES OF THE ADRIATIC.

BY T. G. BONNEY.

ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, RIMINI.

The old town of Rimini is full of interest, and of beggars. If prizes were given for the human gadfly, and due allowance made for its size, Rimini would probably take the first place among the towns on the Western Adriatic; and this is saying a good deal. In early times it must have been a town of considerable defensive strength, notwithstanding the level site, for on either side a river flows into the sea. Rimini is a place of great antiquity, for it existed long before the surrounding country came under the power of Rome.

It was from this territory, if not from this very town, that Brennus led the great expedition to Rome, when he sacked the city and got his price for leaving the Capitol in peace. But in the course of time the Roman took his revenge and became master of Ariminum. Since then its history has not been altogether one of undisturbed tranquillity. It was sacked by Sulla; its citizens looked on at

COLUMN OF APPIAN WAY AT BRINDISI.

Julius Caesar's entry, after he had crossed the Rubicon. The stone from which he made a speech to his troops remains to this day, provided the visitor has faith enough to believe the local tradition.

But this place was the scene of other efforts of oratory. There is also a tiny chapel standing in the open part of the piazza; and not far away, by a canal, is a second one. These commemorate incidents in the life of St. Anthony of Padua. He came to preach to the people of Rimini, but they turned a deaf ear to his exhortation; so he went to the bank of the canal and addressed the fishes, who thronged up to listen as if he were casting bread on the waters in an actual instead of a figurative sense.

Early in the thirteenth century came the rise of the Malatesta family, and before the middle of it they had become practically independent rulers. The distinctive characteristic of this family appears to have been an abundance of talent and a deficiency of virtue, so that, as a rule, they lived up to their name.

At the end of the main street, the Corso D'Augusto, which no doubt follows the same lines as the original Roman thoroughfare, is another relic of ancient days, the triumphal arch which was erected in honour of Augustus. As the

shows, it is a plain but
ɔne structure, the attic
as been much injured,
ɪrick battlements dating
ɔm the sixteenth cen-

ar the heel of Italy is
f Brindisi—the ancient
ı. It has a fine har-
ıletely land-locked, yet
at first-class steamers
e up to the quay. It
ally shabby, not to say
has the look of having
days. So it has, for
ıs the Southampton of
ɔme and of crusading
But after these expedi-
erity departed; its har-
n to fill up, and until
railways it fared badly,
sacked by enemies and
y an earthquake.
have been improved
ıys were made, but in-
ɔf returning prosperity
: found by the harbour-
ıout the shattered walls.
ner is a ruinous castle,
towers of which, not-
g ugly accretions of
te, are rather pictur-
rom the neighbouring
s the best view inland,
st not look at this, for
l is so sacred that we
warned off by a sentry.
who remember their
y recall the memories
a Appia, which ended
Horace's description of
his journey from Rome, and may go to see, if their capacities for belief are considerable, the house in which Virgil died. In fact, Brindisi has nothing to detain the traveller except one or two facades of houses and old churches, in neither case of any great size, and the ancient marble column which looks down upon the harbour from the scarped edge of the elevated plain. There have been two, but of one only the pedestal and a block of the column (for they are not monoliths) remain. The capital of the other is richly carved. Opinions differ as to their history. They were brought here in the eleventh century, it is supposed, from a ruined temple outside the gates, and are said, but without authority, to have marked the end of the Appian Way. Their date also is rather uncertain. They may even be Byzantine, as some have thought; if not, they belong to the later days of the western empire.

This seen, quit Brindisi, with its squalid peasants and tricky harbour-men, as quickly as possible; and if you cannot travel by the mail express, you will learn how trains can crawl and traffic be mismanaged, and how Italy, beyond her show places, is a quarter of a century behind the countries of Central Europe, and still hides, under the thinnest veil of progress, the old lazy, careless, mendicant, not to say dishonest, ways !

CALVARY.

ın Eastern sky,
rabble's cry,
went forth to die
'or me.

:rowned his blessèd head,
tained His very tread ;
den, on He sped,
'or me.

both His hands and feet,
ours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat
For me.

Thus wert Thou made all mine ;
Lord, make me wholly Thine :
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. O lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee !

—*F. P. P., in Boston Pilot.*

LAVENGRO—THE SCHOLAR, THE GYPSY, AND THE PRIEST.*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON.

Some fifty-three years ago "The Bible in Spain" came upon the reading world as a bewildering surprise. The reviewers were enthusiastic in its praise. Never had a book appeared so "full of thought and incident, of marvellous personal adventures, strangely novel characters, sustained and enthralling dialogues, vivid and eloquent descriptions." And, after all, it is not every day a great book of travels appears. Not a few will be disposed to place "The Bible in Spain" among the half a dozen greatest books of travel in existence, and with considerable claims to the foremost place amongst them all. But the book was read with avidity and delight not merely by the reviewers. The fact that the work went through six editions in two years, and that since then over one hundred and twenty thousand copies have been sold in this country and America, is evidence that its popularity has been uncommon and well sustained. The title had its advantages and its disadvantages. It repelled some who naturally supposed the work to be serious, if not sombre and goody-goody; it served as a passport to the libraries of others from which, as a book of travel and adventure, it might have been excluded.

How many of the youth of that day stumbled across this book, and after glancing over it casually for a minute or two, were led to read on, and then found themselves spell-bound for days. They did not know it was a work of genius they had made acquaintance with but they knew the book was absorbingly interesting. But greatest spell of all was that of the hero of these entrancing pages, Don Jorgo himself. The man was almost as much a mystery to his readers as to the various classes he met with in his wonderful travels. What a marvellous man he was, the Lavengro, or word-master, who seemed to know all tongues, and was equally master of wild horses and wilder men, subduing both into abject submission with a single word. Colporteur and gentleman, vagabond and scholar, he powerfully attracted and interested the most opposite characters and classes.

The astonishment of the wretched Spanish gypsy, when he heard this stranger speaking fluently the "crabbed Gitano," was only equalled by the bewilderment of the polished and travelled British officer who found him equally at home in English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Hindu; who heard him converse in German with an Austrian Baron, and then give orders to his Greek servant in Romaic, while a few words from his lips brought a group of threatening gypsies grovelling to his feet. Interesting as were the peoples and incidents figuring in the pages of "The Bible in Spain," they were always more or less secondary to the writer, and the close of the book left the reader mystified and asking for more.

The subsequent works in which the author promised apparently a full satisfaction to the bewildered public only served to deepen the

* We have pleasure in abridging from the January number of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, the following admirable article on the remarkable scholar and writer —George Borrow, author of "Lavengro" and many other books.—Ed.

of mystery. "Lavengro, an iography," was advertised in and after the reading world en kept on the tenterhooks a of years, the work made its ance. The book was tanta- in the extreme; for although ed an exciting and interest- rrative, it broke off suddenly ft its readers still completely d. Six years later came the under the title of "Romany but this proved more tanta- and unsatisfactory than ever. uestion was as to how much curious narrative was fact, w much fiction. That ques- body was able to answer, and ht be expected, the man who nstructed out of such mate- as not by any means identical he real man. People were in- to doubt, indeed, whether the ortrayed in these volumes had al existence. "Are you really istence?" wrote one corres- nt while reading "Lavengro." l at last the man was set be- he world as he was. To at- such an undertaking was no light task. To unravel ngled skein of his life with its d period," and its myriad ications, might have daunted st enthusiastic literary detec- But for some years there have rumours that a Borrovian of rst water was engaged upon uthoritative and exhaustive " of "The Unknown," and t last the curiosity, which for century had clamoured for uction, was to be granted its

l who is George Borrow that a fuss should be made about

A very natural question if ave never been under the spell Don Jorge:" quite an impos- one if you have. Once you owned the spell of that re- ble man you want to know of things about him, and will regard it as quite a matter of course that a learned Professor should take to the road in order to afford you and the rest of the world the desired information.

Rarely has a biographer been beset with such extraordinary difficulties, and still less rarely has he addressed himself with such patience and thoroughness to the task of overcoming them. These two bulky and handsomely got up volumes may not contain all we should like to know about George Borrow; for it is safe to say that no mortal could have produced a work that would have done that. It was inevitable that a certain element of mystery should hang round the man, even after the world had been ransacked for well-nigh half a century to find the material wherewith to explain him. Here at last is the real Borrow. The portrait is full length and life-size—six feet three and the warts left in. The figure is still magnificent, but very human. In spite of his immense enthusiasm, the author takes care to "nothing extenuate," and, of course, it were impossible indeed for him to "set down aught in malice."

George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham, in Norfolk, on July 5th, 1803, and was baptized in the very church where three years before the poet Cowper was laid to rest. His father was a native of Cornwall, whence he fled after a somewhat riotous youth, to enlist in the army. In due time he settled down into a steady young Captain and Adjutant of Militia. Pugilism seems to have been one of his early accomplishments, and he never forgot that he had once fought a drawn battle of an hour's duration with big Ben Brain, the noted pugilist. His memory, and not least that of his pugilism, was cherished with exceeding reverence and affection by his famous son. The regiment with which Borrow,

senior, was connected, moved about from place to place, and young George had a variety of experiences and schools.

It was at Norwich, where his father retired on his pension, that he developed his extraordinary genius for languages. Here he learned French, Italian, Spanish, from a banished priest; Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, from a Jew named Levy, whom he calls "Mousha" in "Lavengro;" Gaelic, Danish, Norse, Welsh from books; German from the brilliant William Taylor, whose translation of Burger's "Lenore" first awakened in Sir Walter Scott his capacity for writing ballads. All this while serving his apprenticeship to the law under Messrs. Simpson and Rackham.

But there was one other language in which Borrow was perhaps most deeply interested—Romany. His acquaintance with the gipsies dates from an early period of his life. A memorable scene it is where the child stumbles across a couple of fierce gipsies and completely overawes them with his tame viper. They take him at first for a goblin, and then for a sap-engro, or master of serpents, which to them was pretty much the same thing. Their bloodthirsty mien quickly changed to the most abject subservience and respect. Their strange language interested the boy greatly, he having never heard anything like it before. Then another member of the gang gallops up and quickly all is in confusion. The tents are instantly struck; the horseman, whom our hero was again to see fifteen years later on the gallows, receives a couple of heavy money-bags, and then goes galloping down the lane, the hoofs of his horse thundering for a long time on the hard soil; and then the rest of the gang, flogtheir animals terrifically, hurry in the same direction. "A e set of people," said the boy, "I wonder who they can be." And so ended his introduction to those "children of Egypt," the fascination of whose language and character was to abide with him through life.

It will be admitted that the youth's accomplishments were, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "special and peculiar." But what was to be the practical advantage of the equipment? When he was between eighteen and nineteen, his father put it to him seriously, as to what he intended to do, and whether he could support himself by his Armenian and other acquirements. The stock was varied and extensive, but would it pay a remunerative dividend? On that, the young man was fain to confess he had not thought at all. And yet he was all the while preparing himself for his life-work. And now began that tragedy of life, the effort to find the true niche.

His father dying, young Borrow went up to London, where for some time he managed to eke out an unsatisfactory living by doing hack-work, chiefly in the form of translations, for Sir Richard Phillips, publisher and editor. When reduced to almost his last coin, he managed to earn £20 by "The Life of Joseph Sell," a work which even Dr. Knapp has been unable to trace. With this money he turned his back on London, and set out on his travels. The exciting stories of "Lavengro" belong to this period.

One question which every Borrovian will ask in relation to our biographer will be: Does he tell anything of Isopel Berners? The biography tells us much, but in this particular is rather like the Commentaries in that it leaves us in darkness where we most desired light. Of all the striking and picturesque figures which cross Borrow's stage, none of them can compare with Isopel. She is presented

re dramatic skill, and the
e, where, standing in the
.t the mouth of the Dingle,
' lifts her arms and waves
well, leaves upon the mind
ıder very much the same
he closing scene of Scott's
." Kingsley used to say
l was "too good not to be
hat touch of mystery in
rrow is such a master is
e with perfection. This
agnificent stature, of im-
ength, was yet gifted with
uty, a modest mien, and a
ignity which fill us with
ıd admiration. Certain it
d he never portrayed this
nd fascinating girl, the
"Lavengro" would have
ıined his present popu-

conclusion of "The Rom-
George Borrow is on the
ı Spalding to Lynn and
This is in the autumn of
he is in his twenty-third
: seven years which follow
:en of by Borrow as the
eriod," which he intended
secret. Dr. Knapp has
veil. The period was not
›mantic travels, but in the
on of that tragic effort to
ue niche which gives its
to "Lavengro." During
sy-yeasty period, he was
irregular life, translating
: ballads," and "drifting
ı of the world." He is
rs of age, and has not yet
true sphere. His amaz-
ıistic attainments have
ttle grist to the mill, when
ve find him brought under
of the Bible Society, and,
e wand of a magician,
; is changed.
h was incredulous to
Borrow had been turned
porteur of the Bible So-
'he Martineaus rolled in
rs. The famous Harriet

records that "when this polyglot gentleman appeared before the public as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts, there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered the old Norwich days." Truly, he must have seemed a portent when he first made his appearance before the venerable seigneurs who formed the Committee. He was of such a magnificent stature, such confident bearing, such uncanny linguistic attainments, that they must have felt a special Providence had been fashioning this instrument for their special use. He was introduced to the notice of the Society by Mr. Cunningham, the rector of Lowestoft, and recommended as a man who could read the Bible in thirteen languages.

Borrow's first commission was to Russia, where he was to see through the press the entire New Testament in the Manchu Tartar, or Court language of China. He spent six months in acquiring the new dialect, and in 1833 sailed for St. Petersburgh. His reception there was very gratifying. Distinguished scholars welcomed him, and he found access to the best libraries. The task he had undertaken proved a most difficult one. A printing office had to be established, German type-setters imported and trained, every line of their work superintended and revised. Borrow laboured night and day, and in the end achieved a signal triumph. Experts declared the work to be admirable. In addition to the work of superintending the printing of the Manchu Testament, Borrow had been engaged in the study of Mongolian and Chinese. Did he not dream of "wandering, Testament in hand, overland to Peking by way of Lake Baikal and Kiakhta, with side glances at Tartar hordes?" But, when at length the work was done, the Russian Government refused the necessary passport, and

the books had to be dispatched to England.

And now Borrow's opportunity came. He had shown himself so valuable an agent that the Bible Society were not slow in finding him a new mission. This was to go to Spain and Portugal for the purpose of making inquiries "respecting the means and channels which may offer for promoting the circulation of the Scriptures." Borrow was well equipped for the task, and accepted the offer without delay. And the records of that undertaking? Are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of "The Bible in Spain: the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman?" In its original form the famous book consisted of letters addressed to the Committee of the Bible Society. One can vaguely imagine the impression they would make in Earle Street. No such extraordinary communications had ever been addressed to that august and venerable body in the whole course of its history. What must it have been to listen to a narrative of the labours of a colporteur from the pen of a Cervantes, a Defoe, and a Lesage all rolled into one? Add to this the fact that the said colporteur was wandering in a land of glamour and romance, at a time of revolution and bloodshed, and amid strange and picturesque and sometimes savage peoples.

With the close of his five years' campaign in Spain, Borrow's connection with the Bible Society came to an end. This was due, perhaps, in part to the fact that he ceased to be a benedict. Although not a marrying man, he got married. The lady, Mrs. Clarke, was an old Norfolk friend, and somewhat older than himself. He has described her [redacted]e best woman of business in [redacted] Anglia. And certainly she [redacted]rompt and business-like in the methods she adopted for transforming her friend into a husband. Did she not follow him to Gibraltar, catch him at Seville, bear him back to England, and marry him in a week after landing. What a brave woman she must have been, to be sure! Why, even the stately Isopel, with all her strength, her stature, and her ability for taking her own part, trembled at the prospect of a union with Lavengro, and incontinently fled the country. Perhaps our hero had learned that the conjugation of Armenian verbs was not exactly a satisfactory method of conducting a courtship—to the lady. Anyway, it was a fortunate marriage. Did not old Mrs. Borrow approve? And was not young Mrs. Borrow delighted? Even the stepdaughter was acquiescent. As for Don Jorge—well, he apparently "did not mind." And why should we, since the arrangement gave him a devoted wife, a comfortable home in his beloved Norfolk, and a share of an income which was enough to enable him to prosecute the literary labours which have placed him among the classics of literature.

The first result of his labours was "The Gypsies in Spain," compiled from notes and sketches while wandering in the Peninsula. It was published in 1841, and had a fair measure of success. Then Mrs. Borrow was set to work on the Bible Society letters, the loan of which had been obtained with difficulty. She turned the correspondence into an unbroken narrative. Borrow then returned the letters to the Bible Society, and issued his book in 1843 in three volumes. The "instantaneous and overwhelming success" it met with made Borrow happy and exultant. It was not merely what he had done, but that he felt he had it in him to do so much more. Perhaps he had, but whether the public would have the gumption to appraise his next work

ue value was another ques-

genesis and publication of
ıgro" are told at length in
ife." The book puzzled the
which "has no mind to be
ı fool of by a mysterious
nd." The world frowned and
ł to place the book by the
"The Bible in Spain." Not
7 did the sequel "The Rom-
ye," make its appearance,
ş with no better success.
failures made Borrow fu-
nd, to some extent, soured
ıainder of his life.
ngthened visit to Llangollen
l him to gather the materials
book, "Wild Wales," which
blished in 1862. It is one of
ıt books on that delightful
r in existence, but it did not
ı second edition till three
fterwards. The Isle of Man
ext visited, where, as in
Borrow greatly astonished
ple by talking their language.
sit gave an impulse to Manx
s, which resulted in the for-
of a Manx Society for deci-
ş runic inscriptions and col-
the *caravals,* or carols, which
en preserved for generations
ote cottages.
a time we find Borrow living
don, where his wife died. In
Athenæum," Egmont Hake
just after Borrow's death, a
g picture of the man as he
ed during his residence in
n. His vigour was amazing.
March day, with a bitter east
blowing, he would walk
h Richmond Park until he
ł the Fen Ponds, and in spite
fact that there was ice on the
he would strip and jump in,
for a long distance, and re-
at a far-off spot. Imagine
a man of seventy years of
He died in 1881, at the age of
y-eight, and was buried be-
side his wife in the cemetery of West Brompton.

There is in Borrow's style a certain Defoe-like simplicity, though marred by a lapse now and then into studied mannerism. But his rare mastery of good strong English, and his power of vivid description, whether of mankind or of nature, make his works delightful reading. In the matter of dialogue, Borrow has the true dramatic instinct. Scattered through his works are passages of magnificent eloquence, and it is a pain not to be able to quote some of them.

Neither in religion nor in anything else could Borrow be conventional. He was nothing if not eccentric. And yet he was religious, with an element of true reverence in his nature, and an unswerving belief in the beneficence of God. He had a fierce hatred of priestcraft and cant of any kind, and never ceased to inveigh against the machinations of Rome. Some have counted this last as only one among his numerous unreasoning enmities. But he knew Rome as few have known her, and his declarations as to her policy in this country have been strikingly verified during the last few years.

It is a little odd that a man so impatient of convention should have been so devoted a member of the Church of England, and so intolerant of dissent. More than once, however, he attended what must have been a Primitive Methodist Camp Meeting. His remarks are not complimentary in the one case, but in the other, both speaking and singing seem to have made a deep impression on his mind. "I have recalled that hymn to mind, and it has seemed to tingle in my ears on occasions when all that pomp and art could do to enhance religious solemnity was being done—in the Sistine Chapel, what time the papal

band was in full play, and the choicest choristers of Italy poured forth their mellowest tones in presence of Batuscha and his cardinals —on the ice of the Neva, what time the long train of stately priests, with their noble beards and their flowing robes of crimson and gold, with their ebony and ivory staves, stalked along, chanting their Sclavonian litanies in advance of the mighty Emperor of the North and his Priberjensky guard of giants, towards the orifice through which the river, running below in its swiftness, is to receive the baptismal lymph."

Then follows a fine description of the next preacher, one of half a dozen men who were in the wagon, "dressed in sober-coloured habiliments of black or brown, cut in a plain and rather uncouth fashion, and partially white with dust, and with their hair smoothed down as by the application of the hand." This was in Borrow's wild days, and long afterwards he had a brief glimpse of the preacher who spoke on that occasion. "Farewell, brother!" shouted Lavengro, on this second meeting, as he rode away in obedience to an urgent summons, "the seed came up at last after a long period." And then I gave the speedy horse his way, and leaning over the shoulder of the galloping horse, I said, "Would that my life had been like his—even like that man's." The preacher was "one of those men—and thank God their number is not few—who, animated by the spirit of Christ, amidst much poverty, and alas, much contempt, persist in carrying the light of the Gospel amidst the dark parishes of what, but for their instrumentality, would scarcely be Christian England."

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Tell me, thou follower of the Lord,
Where now thy feet are tending.
In Galilee
I last saw thee—
Calvary is the ending!

Hast thou come to Jerusalem,
All heads before thee bending?
And there is yet
Sad Olivet—
Calvary is the ending!

Or art thou come to Calvary,
Thy meek "Forgive" ascending
On Calvary,
His own must be—
Calvary is the ending!

But His shall rise, for He arose,
To Paradise swift wending.
For those whose feet
His steps repeat,
Paradise is the ending.

—*Mary M. Currier.*

KEEPING LENT.

Is this a fast to keepe
The larder leane
And cleane
From fat of veales and sheape?

Is it to quit the dish
Of fleshe, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged goe,
Or show
The downcast look and soure?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheate,
And meate,
Unto the hungry soule!

It is a fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate,
To circumcise "thy life."

To show the hearte griefe-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ISTIAN SCIENCE AND GNOSTICISM.

Y JAMES H. RICHARDSON, M.D., M.R.C.S., ENG.

rticle on "Christian Rev. Dr. Chown, in ist Magazine and Re- ebruary, that writer tic and scientist mean ing. In many points ns are in theological

in his "Ecclesiastical arpers' Edition, p. 77), ll the different systems y that were received in frica about the time of none were so detri- he Christian religion h was called Gnosis, t was from the bosom nded Oriental wisdom fs of those sects which Christian Church origi- forth. These super- ors, endeavouring to accommodate to the tenets of their fantastic philosophy the pure, simple, and sublime doctrines of the Son of God, brought forth, as the result of this jarring composition, a multitude of idle dreams and fictions, and imposed upon their followers a system of opinions which were partly ludicrous, and partly perplexed with intricate subtleties, and covered over with impenetrable obscurity."

How well this applies to Christian Science any one who has studied the text-book, "Science and Health," can appreciate. To show that Christian Science is merely a re-hash of Gnosticism, mixed up with other equally absurd exploded notions, it is only necessary to present their teaching side by side.

Gnosticism.

ns are from Mosheim.

nal Mind, from which all rive their existence, must sible to all kinds of evil— the origin of these evils, h the universe abounds, ought somewhere else than ty. Now there is nothing r beyond the Deity but erefore matter is the centre of all evil" (Vol. 1, p. 77).

nat "malevolent genii pre- ature, and from them pro- l diseases and calamities, esolations" (Vol. 1, p. 113).

compound of a terrestrial pt body, and of a soul f celestial origin."

Christian Science or Eddyism.

Quotations are from "Science and Health" and "Miscellaneous Writings."

1. Mrs. Eddy says that what she calls "mortal mind" is the "centre and source of all evil," "mortal mind's actions end in all evil" (p. 639), "mortal mind produces all sin, sickness and death" (p. 135), "it convulses nature" (p. 246), "its rapid fury is expressed in earthquake, wind, wave, lightning, fire, bestial ferocity" (p. 189).

2. "Mortal minds," then, in Mrs. Eddy's philosophy, represent the "malevolent genii" of Gnosticism.

3. Man's soul, Mrs. Eddy declares, is not merely of "celestial origin," *but is God.*

"Soul and spirit are one. God is soul. Therefore, there can be *but one soul*" (p. 230).

"The term souls, or spirits, is as improper as the term *Gods*. Soul or spirit signifies Deity, and nothing else. There is no finite soul or spirit.

	These terms mean *only one existence*" (p. 462). Hence, "God and man are inseparable" (p. 232), "and eternal" (p. 496), "God without man is a nonentity" (p. 199). Hence, also, "soul cannot sin" (p. 111).
4. "This nobler part is miserably weighted down and encumbered by the body, which is the seat of all irregular and impure desires" (Vol. 1, p. 81).	4. "The corporeal senses are the source of all evil or error" (p. 485), "The soul is at variance with matter" (p. 111). "In science we learn that it is *material sense*, not soul, which sins" (p. 477).
5. "The demiurge which claims dominion over the world exerts its power in opposition to the merciful purpose of the Supreme mind" (Vol. 1, p. 81.)	5. Mrs. Eddy's demiurge is "mortal mind," and the "corporeal senses."
6. "Such souls as, throwing off the yoke of the creators and rulers of this world, rise to their supreme Parent, and subdue sinful motions, shall rise to the Pleroma" (*i.e.*, the fulness). (Vol. 1, p. 81.)	6. Such persons as resist the bondage and power of "mortal mind," attain "faith, wisdom, power, purity, understanding, health, love" (p. 9), and "rise to the All in All" (p. 9).
7. "Those who remain in the bondage of (*a*) servile superstition and corrupt matter, shall, at the (*b*) end of this life, *pass into new bodies*, (*c*) until they awake from their sinful lethargy" (p. 81).	7. (*a*) The "servile superstition" is represented by Mrs. Eddy as the "false belief in sin, sickness and death." (*b*) After death, "this human mind has still a body, through which it acts," "like the dead body which we see" (p. 81). (*c*) If men are under the power of the material senses when they die, "they will remain as material as before the transition" (p. 186), "perfection is only gained by *degrees*" (p. 186). "As death findeth mortal man, so shall he be after death, *until* probation and growth shall effect the needful change," and "awaken them to glorified being" (p. 187). In connexion with this we must bear in mind that "sin is never pardoned" (p. 157), "soul cannot be lost" (p. 206), "progression and probation," will finally secure "universal salvation" (p. 187).
8. "In the end, however, the Supreme God shall triumph over all opposition, and deliver those souls that have been imprisoned in mortal bodies." "The Gnostic doctrine concerning the creation of the world, led that sect to deny the divine authority of the Old Testament" (p. 113).	8. Mrs. Eddy says, all contained in Genesis, after ii. 6, *is a* "*mortal* and material account" (p. 514), and, "spiritually followed, the book of Genesis is the history of the *untrue*." There is a "great preponderance of unreality in the whole narrative" (p. 496).
9. "The notions of this sect concerning Jesus Christ were impious and extravagant. (*a*) They denied his Deity, and rejected his humanity, because everything corporeal is in itself	9. Mrs. Eddy teaches that Jesus "partook of Mary's earthly condition" (p. 335). Now Mary was of the "Adamic race," and Mrs. Eddy characterizes it as "the sinning race

itially and intrinsically evil" 13).

ice the greater part of Gnostics d that Christ was clothed with l body."

that He suffered really for the of mankind."

y maintained that He came to ds with no other view than to ve the tyrants of this world of influence" (p. 113).

persuasion that evil resided in r rendered them unfavourable dlock, as the means by which real beings are multiplied" (p.

of Adam" as distinguished from "God's man" (p. 291). Christ, she says, was not a person but "the truth."

10. Mrs. Eddy teaches that Jesus Christ never died. Christ never died, because truth cannot die. And as to Jesus: "His disciples *believed* that Jesus died, while he was hidden in the sepulchre, *whereas He was alive.* The lonely precincts of the tomb gave Jesus a refuge from his foes, and a place to solve the great problem of being" (p. 349), *i.e.*, the problem of Christian Science, for "the Science of Being and Christian Science are convertible terms" (p. 20).

11. Mrs. Eddy teaches: "The death of Christ *never* paid the price of sin, this none but the sinner can pay" ("Miscellaneous Works," p. 165), and "We must pay the uttermost farthing," ("Science and Health," p. 310). "Sin is never pardoned or cancelled" ("Science and Health," p. 327; "Miscellaneous Works," p. 261).

12. According to Mrs. Eddy, the tyrants of this world are merely false beliefs in evil, in sin, sickness and death. "*They* are the illusions that Jesus destroyed" (p. 127).

13. Mrs. Eddy teaches that, "Human procreation is a *state* of mortal mind" ("Miscellaneous Works," p. 289). When we remember that "mortal mind" is the source of all evil, we see what Mrs. Eddy means. Moreover, she declares, "Celibacy is nearer right than marriage" ("Miscellaneous Works").

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following comparison will e correspondence of Eddy- the doctrines of the Beg- hards, or Brethren of the Free Spirit, who flourished in the thirteenth century.

Beghards.	Eddyism.
nal souls were (*a*) so many ons of the Supreme Deity, and he universe considered as a whole was God" (Mosheim, 2, p. 430).	1. (*a*) "Soul and spirit signifies Deity" ("Science and Health," p. 462). "Soul of man is God" (p. 198). (*b*) "God and man, including the universe, are one and eternal" (p. 496).
r pious and good man is the begotten Son of God, engen- l from all eternity. Every man t be united to the Deity, and ne one with him" (Mosheim, 2, p. 430).	
looked upon (*a*) prayer, fast- *b*) baptism, and (*c*) the sacra-	2. Mrs. Eddy's teachings about (*a*) prayer, show that by prayer she

ments of the Lord's Supper, as of no use to the perfect man" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 431).

means merely pious contemplation. In her parody of the Lord's Prayer, she strikes out, "give us our daily bread," and "forgive us our debts," and "deliver us from evil" (p. 322).

(*b*) She completely ignores the ordinance of baptism, and defines it as "purification by spirit" (p. 572).

(*c*) She declares the Lord's Supper to be "a dead rite." "Christian Science is the second coming of Christ" (p. 43). "Christ, truth, *has* come, no commemoration is requisite" (p. 339).

3. "There were in this fanatical troop certain enthusiasts who maintained that the believer could not sin" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 43).

3. Mrs. Eddy declares "soul cannot sin" (p. 111). Sin, according to her, is not transgression of God's law, but is "the law of mortal belief" (p. 493).

4. Lucius, one of the Beghards, wrote a book called, "The Book of the Nine Rocks, Under Compulsion by God" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 434).

4. Mrs. Eddy wrote her medley of blasphemy and nonsense, "as a scribe under orders," "her necessity was to tell it" ("Miscellaneous Works," p. 311).

5. Joachin Wilhelmina lived in the 13th century. "This delirious and wrongheaded woman was extravagant enough to persuade herself, and, what was more amazing, to persuade others, that the Holy Spirit dwelt in her" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 436).

5. Mrs. Eddy is extravagant and impious enough to declare that her book "*is* the Holy Ghost."

6. "Manes, in the 3rd century, was so adventurous as to say that Christ had left the doctrine of salvation unfinished and imperfect, and that he was the Comforter" (Mosheim, Vol. 1, p. 231).

6. Mrs. Eddy declares that the Scriptures were not understood for eighteen and a half centuries.

"Woman was the first to interpret the Scriptures in their true sense" (p. 526).

"Now, across a night of error, shines the guiding orb of truth" (Preface, "Science and Health").

"Christian Science is the Comforter" (p. 167).

CHRIST AROSE ON EASTER DAY.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and hope triumphant say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

While the patient earth lies waking,
[illegible]ll the morning shall be breaking,
[illegible]vering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Master cold and dead
Hark! She hears the angels say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And the countless voices say
Christ has risen on Easter Day.

LEGENDS OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY MRS. BATTERSBY.

nds seem to offer to us
'en of older growth" some-
ıe same attraction presented
y tales to the inmates of our
es,—very possibly for the
:ason, that under the symbol
ne beautiful and fanciful
in many instances, a useful
ruth is conveyed to the mind
reader.

: legends, however, may
ıigher ground than mere
y, for they have not only a
vein of ore lying beneath
ırface, but if we seek those
lly connected with the life
ıth of our Lord, we may find
'e gold of a spiritual mean-
varding our search.

legend of the aspen tree has
) beautifully versified by an
ıous author in an old volume
d Words, that I am tempted
e a portion of the poem:

breath of air in the region wide;
a ripple upon the river;
l of a sudden the aspens sighed,
through all their leaves ran a shiver.

rling, she nestled quite close to me,
such shield as my arms could give
her;
) went not the least waft of wind
through the tree,
ı why did the aspens shiver?'

her the tale how by Kidron's brook
Saviour one evening wandered;
d came over His glorified look
Ie paused by the way and pondered.

'ees felt His sighing; their heads
all bowed
ards Him in solemn devotion,
he aspen, that stood up so stately
and proud,
ade neither murmur nor motion.

:he Holy One lifted His face of pain:
e aspen shall shake and shiver
this time forth till I come again,
:ther growing by brook or by river!'

ft in the listening hush of night
aspen will secretly shiver,
ll its tremulous leaves turned white,
) a guilty thing by the river.

"So the souls that look on His sorrow and pain
For *their* sake and bow not, shall quiver
Like aspens, and quake when He comes again,
Through the night for ever and ever."*

A German legend, of obscure origin, gives to our little robin the honour of having flown around the cross of our Redeemer till its breast was stained with the blood which flowed from His hands. Possibly some dim record of this beautiful old tradition may account for the respect shown even by village children to this little songster. Other birds may be hunted with sticks or stones from bush to bush, but in almost every instance the redbreast remains unmolested, and its eggs and nestlings undisturbed.

There is a plant of the buckwheat tribe indigenous to Great Britain as well as to Syria, and named the Spotted Persicaria, of which the following story is related:

Upon the mount of Calvary, where the "accursed tree" was placed, grew a herb which was stained with blood from the wounds of our Saviour, and to this day it bears a crimson spot upon each leaflet, to distinguish it from all other plants.

Longfellow's beautiful translation of the "Legend of the Crossbill" is well known:

"On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

"And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He now, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

* Another version records that of the aspen tree was made the cross on which our Saviour died, and that therefore in remorse the leaves of the tree have shivered ever since.

"Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease;
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

"And the Saviour speaks in mildness,—
'Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood.'

"And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear."

In the forests of Thuringia vast flocks of crossbills may constantly be seen, singing in the pine branches, as they empty the fir cones of their aromatic seeds. Even in Great Britain there are few seasons in which these strange birds do not exhibit the peculiar structure of their bills, and their bright red plumage, identifying them with the legend of Julius Mosen, and the superstition that the faithful bird destroyed its bill in the vain attempt to release our Saviour from His sufferings.

There is another tradition, not so well known as that of the crossbill, which has always appeared to me even more beautiful than that tale, from the exquisite idea it presents of the Holy Spirit hovering over and comforting our Redeemer in His hour of darkest agony, even as He comforts His believing people now, when earth is fading from their sight. It is called "The Legend of the Ringdove":

"When upon the cross in anguish
Jesus drooped His dying head,
Then a gentle dove beside Him
Sought to soothe that hour of dread,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"Still amid that time of horror,
Through the darkness' funeral pall
Spread o'er Calvary and Judah,
Came the low sweet voice through all,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"When the thief his eyes uplifting
To the Holy One appealed,
And when Christ His pardon promised,
Then the dove that promise sealed,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"When the last sad groan was uttered,
And the Saviour's Spirit passed
From His load of bitter sorrow,
Constant, faithful to the last,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie,

"Sat the ringdove, moaning softly
With that voice surpassing sweet,
Pouring forth her love and pity
At the blessed Master's feet,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"So she bears a ring to mark her,
Crown or collar, dazzling white,
Round her azure neck forever
To remind us of that sight,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie."

One more legend must close this slight sketch of a subject which would take both time and space to enter upon fully: it is that of the crown of thorns, which the apostles gave to Joseph of Arimathea, after our Lord's crucifixion:

"To Glastonbury Joseph came,
And brought that sacred crown
Christ wore, when on the cross of shame
He laid His tired head down. . .

"One Christmas Eve St. Joseph dreamed
The crown could not be found;
He sought it long, and then it seemed
A light shone on the ground;
And looking there he saw a tree
He ne'er before had seen,
Its berries red appeared to be
Blood-drops amid the green.

"The green leaves had a many thorn:
Then did St. Joseph see
The blood-stained crown the Lord had worn
Was grown into a tree.
He woke to find what he had dreamed
Had in the night come true;
Planted by angel hands, it seemed,
The holly thrived and grew."

It is strange that the untutored mind of a poor deaf and dumb Irish boy should have seized upon the idea embodied in a legend which must have been utterly unknown to him. Charlotte Elizabeth tells us a few weeks before "John B——'s" death, on Christmas Eve, his sister brought in a quantity of holly. An expression of the most divine sweetness overspread his countenance, and lifting his meek eyes to me, he took a small sprig of holly, pricking the back of his hand with its pointed leaf, and showed me the

little scars left by it. Then, selecting a long shoot, he made a sign to twist it about his head, described the pain it would give him to do so, and with starting tears signed "Jesus Christ." He then pointed to the berries thinly scattered on the holly bough, and told me God put them there to remind him of the drops of blood that stained the Saviour's brow when so crowned. Charlotte Elizabeth adds, "I stood before the boy, filled with conscious shame for that I had never traced the touching symbol."

Fanciful these legends may be, but what thinking mind would like to lose the remembrance of such a time, which may be conjured up by bird, and tree, and flower, in our daily walks, even if we fail to trace a deeper meaning in the beautiful old stories. Surely anything which for a few moments can raise our thoughts from earth to heaven has not been written in vain.

THE FESTIVAL OF EASTER.

BY LAURA E. ALLAN, B.A.

Easter is the annual festival observed throughout Christendom in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Like the names of the days of the week, the word Easter (Anglo-Saxon "Eastre"; German, "Ostern") is a survival from the old Teutonic mythology. Bede informs us that it is derived from Eostre, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, to whom the fourth month—thence called "Eostur-monath"—corresponding to our April, was dedicated. This month, Bede informs us, was the same as the "Mensis Paschalis," when "the old festival was observed with the gladness of a new solemnity."

The name by which Easter is known among the Romance nations (French, "paques"; Spanish, "pascua"; Italian, "pasqua") is derived through the Latin "pascha," and the Greek πα'σχα, from the Chaldee form of the Hebrew name of the Passover festival, in memory of the great deliverance when the destroying angel "passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt when he smote the Egyptians" (Exodus xii. 27). Some of the early fathers of the church, to whom Hebrew was an unknown tongue, gave an erroneous derivation of "pascha," from the Greek πάσχειν, "to suffer," as being the period of our Lord's sufferings, but the true origin is from the Hebrew, "he passed over."

In the New Testament, or in the writings of the apostolic fathers, there is no record of the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival. Commenting on the passage, 1 Cor. v. 7, which has been erroneously supposed to refer to an apostolic observance of Easter, Chrysostom writes, "The whole of time is a festival unto Christians because of the excellency of the good things which have been given." Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, writes, "The apostles had no thought of appointing festival days, but of promoting a life of blamelessness and piety." He, doubtless, gives a true statement of the case when he says that the festival of Easter was introduced into the Church in perpetuation of an old usage, "just as many other customs have been established."

As the first Christians were intimately connected with the Jewish Church, they naturally continued to observe the Jewish festivals,

though in a new spirit, as commemoration of events of which these had been the foreshadowings. The thought of Christ, the first-fruits from the dead, the true Paschal Lamb, ennobled the Jewish passover and it became the Christian Easter.

And thus at a very early period the observance of the Paschal festival became an established rule in the Christian Church. But as early as the second century of our era, bitter disputes arose between Christians of Jewish and Gentile descent respecting the proper time of its observance, which led to a long-continued controversy and an unhappy severance of Christian union. With the Gentile Christians the first day of the week was identified with the Resurrection festival, and the preceding Friday with the crucifixion, irrespective of the day of the month. The Jewish Christians, on the other hand, celebrated their passover on the fourteenth day of the moon, irrespective of the day of the week. With the one, therefore, the observance of the day of the week, with the other the observance of the day of the month, was the ruling principle. Those who, following the example of the Jews, adhered to the fourteenth of the moon were accounted heretics, as usually happened to the minority, and received the appellation of Quartodecimans. These dissensions produced scandal and schism in the church, and became a source of mockery and ridicule to the unbelievers.

In 325 the Council of Nicaea was summoned by the Emperor Constantine, one of the purposes being the settlement of this controversy. The Quartodeciman usage had never taken permanent root, and, when the Council met, the Syrians and the Antiochenes were the solitary champions of the Jewish rule, which had been dropped even by [redacted]hurches of Palestine and Alexandria. With the unanimous consent of the assembled prelates, it was ordained that the celebration of Easter should take place on a Sunday. However, nothing was said as to the determination of the day, which was practically left to be calculated at Alexandria, the home of astronomical science. So a more intricate question remained to be solved, viz., how the full moon on which Easter depended was to be predicted.

The rule laid down at Alexandria was that Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday which immediately follows the full moon that happens upon, or next after, the day of the vernal equinox. Should the fourteenth of the moon, which is regarded as the day of full moon, happen on a Sunday, the celebration of Easter was to be deferred to the Sunday following. The observance of this rule renders it necessary to reconcile three periods which have no common measure, namely, the week, the lunar month, and the solar year; and as this can only be done approximately, and within certain limits, the determination of Easter is an affair of considerable nicety and complication. It is probable that the makers of the rule were not sufficiently versed in astronomy to be aware of the practical difficulties which their regulation had to encounter.

Thus, as there was no general agreement as to the cycle by which the festival was to be calculated, we learn of many discrepancies in its observance during the succeeding centuries. St. Ambrose tells us that in 387 the churches of Gaul kept Easter on March 21, while the churches of Italy postponed it to April 18, and those of Egypt a week later still, to April 25. The early British Church always commemorated the crucifixion on a Friday and the resurrection on a Sunday, but they observed the eighty-four years' cycle originally

d from Rome, while the
ı Church had adopted the
accurate calculations of a
ime. This led to a double
being observed by the ad-
ȝ of the two Churches. At
ɔuncil of Whitby (654) the
ı rule was adopted in Eng-

after nine centuries, a fresh
ɔancy in the observance of
arose between the Roman
he English Church. This
ccasioned by the refusal in
ıd to adopt the Gregorian
ıation of the calendar, 1582.
lteration was introduced into
Portugal, and part of Italy
same time as in Rome, and
fter was received in France
ıe Catholic States of Ger-

The Protestant States of
ny, Denmark, and Sweden
d it in 1700, but in Great
ı the alteration was opposed
pular prejudice, apparently
for no other reason than that the change had originated at Rome. The inconvenience, however, of using a different date from that employed by the greater part of Europe, in matters of history and chronology, led to the adoption of the "new style" by Act of Parliament in 1752. It is remarkable that the churches of Russia and Greece still observe the unreformed calendar.

Easter Day has always been regarded as the chief festival of the Christian year, commemorating, as it does, the central fact of our religion. Christmas is the children's festival, but the joy of Easter can be comprehended only by those who have suffered bereavement. To sorrow-worn humanity each returning Easter brings the hope of the last, glorious Easter of which these earthly festivals are but faint and passing shadows.

Marlbank, Ont.

THE MASTER IS RISEN INDEED.

ye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,
he music pours out like a sea-wave, pulsing in praise at His feet;
ulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again—
ut we look for the sign of His coming in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever the kind hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
nd truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson, in "Union Signal."*

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

f battles; God of strength!
ıearken while we pray:
ıeteen Hundred bring at length
orld's lost Eden Day.

ı may strife of man with man
grief and wounds and death;
ur seething passions fan
pirit's peaceful breath.

ıder of the fort and fleet,
ɔmp of armaments,
Give us fair households, blithe and sweet,
And homely heart contents.

May Nineteen Hundred's happy arc
Span gloom with fadeless glow;
White lilies bloom to light the dark
Ways where the mourners go.

May Nineteen Hundred's joyous hosts
Behold the wondrous tryst
Of God with men, when seas and coasts,
Loved-guerdoned, own the Christ.

—*The January Woman's Home Companion.*

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD LOG-HOUSE ON THE HILLS.

It was Maytime in Algoma. Spring had come with an unusual burst that year—the glorious northern springtime—and nowhere did it seem more resplendent than around that solitary old log-house among the hills. A picturesque spot, but a wild and lonely one, was that where it stood. Beyond the few acres of fertile garden rose the furze-clad hills, intermingled with the grey granite of the rocks. Ledge upon ledge—tier upon tier, they rose; and, encircling all, the gloom of a pine wilderness.

Far below, sheltered in its little nook lay Beth-aven village—a sleepy little place, awakened only by the shriek of the whistles on the Canadian Pacific, as the trains paused for a moment in their rush to the great west. Before the village lay Lake Kanata, like many of the northern lakes, though three or four miles in length, it was just wide enough to allow a view of the opposite shore, a part of that desolate country known as the "burnt lands."

But let us return to the old log-house. There was a something almost dignified about it, with its massive timbers and deep-set windows, and the great elm spreading its branches above the roof. The open door revealed a room that served the two-fold purpose of kitchen and dining-room. Everything was neat, "spick and span," as we sometimes say; clean floor, polished tins on the shelf, and the old Maltese cat stretched out under the hearth to "sorter give things a more cosy look;" while a piece of rag carpet spread across one-half of the floor enabled that end of the house to answer to the dignity of a "settin'-room."

So still was the place, it seemed deserted at first, but no, a slender girl sat in a rocker by the window. A delicately-featured face, an olive complexion, and softly luminous dark [illegible] together with something that at [illegible] absorbed your whole interest. [illegible]s it was that gentle air of re[illegible]nt—a refinement almost too [illegible] for a girl of twenty-one. Or, it was those dark eyes. They had the changing brilliancy of those of a woman of the world, but that soft, drifting light in them said, "Nay—a dreamer from the hills."

Her slender fingers were resting absently on the chords of the guitar she held. A small table littered with books, stood beside her, a volume of Caesar, a set of Dante's works and one of Pierre Loti's tales (all in the original), showed her to be master of more than one tongue. A diamond gleamed on her finger, but it did not seem less in keeping with the place than she seemed. Who was she—this gentle, dark-eyed lady? Some princess in exile? or some mysterious spirit lingering among the shadowed beauties of the hills?

She was gazing just then down upon the village below, with its log-houses and Indian settlement. But it was not upon either of these her eye was fixed. There was the dignified old grey stone church, the bell hanging silent in its massive tower, and just opposite, the manse (of grey stone also). Farther up the shore stood three or four stately manors, long since forsaken. The moss and the weeds and the owl had possession of them now.

Years ago, some wealthy Scotch families, having an interest in the copper mines, had settled there, to live a quiet little life of their own. They had built the village church and manse, and Rev. Kenneth Auldearn, M.A., of one of the first families of Scotland, had been stationed there. But the mines had failed; the young pastor was drowned while boating on the Kanata, and nothing remained now but the story. The manse only was occupied; the Rev. Mr. Clifton being pastor now, and, as he had, several years ago, fallen heir to a nice fortune, he took pride in keeping up the dignity of the place.

But why does our dark-eyed girl gaze with such sad reverence on that same old manse? Has she, too, a story? If so, has it any connection with those tales of by-gone times? Perhaps so. We shall know some day.

In the garden outside Grandpa Hurst was busily engaged with his hoe, while granny was pottering about among the newly-sown beds.

ever see the like o' this,
'" asked the old man, point-
bush. "Things 's as fur
they wuz that early spring
'ear ago."
twenty-one year ago, Joshua.
ıe year Tirzah was born."
ty-one year ago! So it is!"
old man paused in his work,
ıoughts wandered back into
while granny went over to
'ooden bench under the apple
sat down to rearrange her
f garden seeds.
Hannah, there's Michael
omin' frum the woods," said
ıan, as the stalwart figure of
er, with a dead mink thrown
shoulder, was seen crossing

Michael, what fur luck are
these days?"
Hurst was too far away to
ıuch of the conversation, but
ional "Well, you don't say
"Isn't that amazin'?" on the
ıer husband, made her eager
he "news." He curiosity
to be gratified, however, for
er, after a few minutes, went

r' hear that, Hannah?" said
nan, sitting down on the
ıside her. "John Brooks
a fortune left him frum the
ıtry! A hundred thousand
ır him and his! Don't that
?"
t's a good thing for that poor
o sickly like, all the time!"
old lady's face lighted up
nile of genuine rejoicing over
ıbour's welfare.
' know I've often wondered
isn't some'at o' that kind
fur the lass," said the old
:h a nod toward the house
.e young girl sat.
s just a-thinkin' yesterday,"
ıued, "when I came through
;raveyard, where poor Nellie
is a-lyin'. Thinks I to
.t'll be strange if old Sir
when he's a-dyin' doesn't
out his son's child."
hose aristicrats is such queer
e's no tellin'."
: or not, nature is nature in
ı or poor, and it's nature's
ke one's own flesh and blood,
you, Sir Douglas 'll be sorry
ıst fur the way he treated
"
he may be dead now these
ars, fur aught we know."

"Yes, but it seems to me we ought to try an' find out. I wuz just a-thinkin' yesterday, when I stood there by the graves, how would it be to have Mr. Clifton write over to Scotland and see if Sir Douglas is still alive? He might leave her a good, round sum yet."

"Yes, an' she might be none the better o' it, too. Money makes more fools than wise men."

"That's true, wife, but we ought to see that the poor lass has her rights."

"Rights! What rights does she want, more'n to bide here contented wi' her own mother's folk?"

"Yes, but we must not forgit, wife, she's an Auldearn still. She's Sir Douglas Auldearn's granddaughter. The Auldearn blood is in her veins."

"No, an' I don't furgit she's our daughter's child, or that we've hed the raisin' of her. She's none the better fur the high blood that's in her veins."

It was seldom the good old lady showed such strong symptoms of a bad temper.

"But it's hard fur her all the same. If her father had lived she would have been the young lady of Beth-aven manse, yonder, or, p'r'aps, of a bigger one, fur her father had a clever head. He'd a got a city church, no doubt."

"Well, you allus wuz fur puttin' her up above her own folk, what wi' givin' her high-school larnin', and music lessons, an' all the rest, and now you want to go an' fill her head with a lot o' notions about her great relations, that don't care no more fur her than they do fur my old shoe."

"I only tried to raise her, wife, so as her father needn't be ashamed o' her if he wuz to come back to the earth to-day."

"Yes, but he's not here, now. She has nobody but two old creatures like us, an' if she don't like teachin', the best thing she kin do is to settle down and marry some good, steady lad, instid o' carryin' her head so high like."

"She'll not do that here, Hannah. She's too clever a head. It'll take somebody with some larnin' to suit her. Mr. Clifton says he never see the like o' such a brain as she's got."

"Brains! Yes, but what good's brains, except to them big folks as kin set in a room full o' books all the time. It 'ud ha' bin better for her poor mother if she'd ha' married some plain man, instid o' marryin' that great, high-larn't preacher.

Him out o' such a tony family, too, an' bein' disinherited fur it."

"Ah, no, wife, he wuz a good husband to her, you know it, an' a kind son to us, even if he wuz high-born. I'll never forgit his look that night they brought him up out o' the water."

The old couple wiped away their tears as they recalled the night when the young pastor of Beth-aven Manse was brought home, still and cold, after that fatal boat-ride.

"Tirzah's been a good lass, too," continued the old man. "You remember that time I wuz sick so long, how she sold her piano to pay off the mortgage and the doctor bill. She never said nuthin', either, but it went to my heart to see her wander around kind o' lonesome like when it wuz gone."

"Yes, she's bin a good lass, that's true," answered the old lady, wiping away another tear. "But, Joshua, I tell you she's her mind too much sot on the things of this world. It'll do her no good to fill her up with notions about a fortune an' grand relations.' '

"Well, Hannah, mayhap yer right. God forbid I should interfere with His doin'. He knows best."

The old man went back to his hoeing, leaving Hannah with her bundles of seeds. An occasional tear trickled down her wrinkled cheeks as she worked. She was sorry for her little display of temper, for down in her heart she loved her granddaughter dearly. So much so, that the constant dread of her life had been, that Tirzah's aristocratic relations, on her father's side, would some day seek her out, and lure her away to a more brilliant sphere.

It was twenty-two years since the romance had furnished fire-side talk for the village dames. The old couple had had but one child, a gentle, fair-faced girl. Sweet Nellie Hurst had a refinement all her own, neither inherited nor acquired. Perhaps she learned it in nature's school, on open hill or in lonely woodland, or, perhaps, and which is far more likely, it came from the ennobling consciousness of being a child of God, the daughter of the King of kings.

Be that as it may, Rev. Kenneth Auldearn, when he took up his abode in Beth-aven Manse, looked upon her to love her, and one quiet summer day he took her home to wife. [redacted] true he had paid dearly for it, since his father, Sir Douglas Auldearn, of Glendenan Castle, Scotland, disinherited him immediately on hearing of the marriage, for theirs was a haughty race. But Kenneth was never known to rue it. There was nothing on earth so sweet to him as his wife and baby daughter. As for her, like the Lord of Burleigh's wife,

> "She grew a noble lady,
> And the people loved her much."

But one spring evening a canoe capsized on Lake Kanata, and in the night time they bore home to the manse something all stiff and stark and cold. Then the sad-faced young widow went back to her father's house, with her little three-year-old daughter. The manse furniture was sold, all except the piano kept for Tirzah, and this constituted all of Mrs. Auldearn's worldly wealth, but it was sufficient, for, ere many seasons passed, she drooped and died, and they laid her beside her husband, among the village graves.

Tirzah grew up a slender, dark-faced girl. She resembled neither parent in looks. Her father had remarked, during his life-time, that she was the exact image of his mother, a Parisian lady of high rank. Certain it was, that she had an innate taste for elegant surroundings and brilliant life, or what the world calls brilliant life. Her grandparents were, on the whole, a little disappointed in her as she grew older. They would, perhaps, have felt more at home with one who would have mingled freely with the village girls, and whom they could have teased about Jim, Jack, or Joe. But Tirzah had grown more distant and reserved with each passing year. She was something beyond their reach, though they were proud of her in a way, for it was a common remark that "that slim, dark-faced gal of Hurst's," had the cleverest head in Beth-aven.

It was this pride, perhaps that led them to pinch and save to send her to Collingwood High School, with the usual rural ambition of "makin' a teacher of her." She came back more distant and self-contained than ever, and two years' teaching in the poor little village of Port Mavor had only given a soft melancholy to her manner. She did not like teaching. She hated it. But it was the life-work set before her, and she bore it as her cross, silently, though far from

isively. She had intended to the Normal School at To- at the beginning of the last but a sharp and sudden illness eve of her journey overthrew lans, and eager to make the of her time, she was now tak- honour matriculation work for la University, studying by her- ll unaided, in her little garret s.

as a lonely life that she led Every link that bound her early life in the manse seemed —every link, save one. Mar- Clifton, Tirzah's most inti- friend, was the daughter of the t pastor of the church, and sat as a visitor sometimes in use where she was born. There ist a touch of patronage in it, ncied ; but, perhaps, it was only She was very sensitive. ete was a brilliant girl, and had always been a sort of between these two, but Tirzah failed to surpass her friendly Sometimes she would sigh as ought of "what might have if her father had lived. She er position in the world, as Rev. th Auldearn's daughter, would been very different from that of poor gardener's grandchild. three years at school had ned the longing that slumbered , for other things.

as not till she was on the old of womanhood that the ad begun to realize how great en her loss. She was away at gwood when Grandpa Hurst l, and he had lain there long, months, when she returned for immer vacation. Then it was gan to see how poor and meagre their life. The garden was ted ; the doctor's fees increased; lls poured in, and Tirzah had p the frugal savings of years on lucation.

ast, when he began to recover, d couple sat anxious and heavy- d, and said the old home would to be mortgaged.

n it was that Tirzah came down her garret with grave eyes and pressed firmly together. She into the little front room, where her piano—the piano they had ht with them from her father's Her fingers rippled dreamily he keys for the last time. She hat delicate touch that belongs true musician only, and which other can ever acquire. Her voice was soft and rich and full of feeling for one so young. A teacher had come from Sudbury to give her music lessons, and it had cost the dear old couple many a sacrifice, but it was her turn for sacrifice now. Her piano must go. And it did go. She would not see the old home mortgaged while she could lift a helping hand. But no one knew how much the sacrifice cost her. She had loved every throb in those chords that kept time to her own throbbing young life. But she said nothing ; she only studied harder, and now and again she looked at Margrete Clifton's home and suppressed a quiet sigh.

Then that other chapter of her life had opened. Margrete went away to Whitby Ladies' College, and she, Tirzah Auldearn, went to be mistress of that little country school among the sand-hills of Port Mavor. It was truly not an encouraging field for a girl of her disposition. She could hardly have got a rougher school or rougher surroundings. Patiently and conscientiously did she do her duty, but the task palled upon her. She did not take it as her mother would have done, a holy task, given of God —a mission field. She had not yet reached that higher plane of life, where the little common-place duties become the ideal, and take upon them the dignity of God-given tasks. She pined in her secret heart for a wider life. There were no kindred minds there. And her savings from her first quarter's salary were invested in a guitar, that helped her to forget her lost piano, and a collection of books that absorbed her spare time. So the two or three years that she spent in Port Mavor were gain in more ways than one, though, perhaps, she hardly realized it herself.

In the fall she intended going to the Normal School, and then there would be nothing but teach, teach, teach, day after day. She sighed faintly ; the birds were singing in the woodland to the west ; the bee was droning among the leaves outside, and a more soothed look crossed her face. She was asleep.

"Chuck ! chuck ! chuck !"

It was the old yellow rooster looking saucily in at the open door that awakened her, and she rose to "shoo" away the chickens.

"Tirzah ! Put the kittle on and light the fire."

"Yes, grandma."

The kitchen clock was pointing toward tea-time, and Tirzah went up-

stairs to don her working apron. The Hurst home was rather more dignified than some of the village houses, in that it boasted a pair of stairs. The common mode of elevation to the lofts in Beth-aven was a ladder, on one or two of which, I am sorry to say, the hens roosted. But Grandpa Hurst was a thrifty gardener, and brought back many a handful of pennies after tramping the neighbouring towns all day with old Nan and a cart of vegetables.

It was a pleasant little room that Tirzah called her own, though a plain one certainly for the granddaughter of Sir Douglas Auldearn. A "hit-and-miss" rag carpet, a fresh muslin curtain draped over the window with its tiny panes, a shelf of books, and a wooden rocker seemed the chief adornments. But no, on the little white-draped stand in the corner stood a photo of a handsome man, with noble brow and clear, earnest eyes. He wore a graduating gown with its ermine-lined hood. It was Tirzah's father.

That picture was almost a living companion to her. It was her inspiration in her lone hours of study. When weary she turned toward it, and it seemed to beckon her on to higher things. Just beside it stood a picture of the entrance to the University of Edinburgh, where he had lived his college days. These and the diamond on her finger, her mother's engagement ring, were the only mementoes of the past she kept in sight.

Tirzah went down-stairs again to spread the cloth for supper, and set out the old blue china. Granny Hurst was cutting potatoes in the frying-pan (they always had potatoes for tea in this mountain cabin), and Grandpa Hurst sat leaning his chair back against the pantry door, his hat on his knee, while he listened to his old wife's bits of "news." Dear, cheery old soul, who was there in Beth-aven did not love to hear her talk? Gossipy? Well, yes, rather, but without evil intent. No malice in her whispers.

They, like Tirzah, had their memories—this old couple. In the gathering darkness of the winter evenings, when the wind was howling through the elm branches over the roof, Tirzah had been wont to sit and listen to grandpa's stories of the days when they had settled there to hew a home out of the forest; only a few acres of clearing then, where the deer used to frisk in the moonlight over the logs and stumps, and the howl of the wolves was borne on the midnight winds.

She could see it all, the tallow candles, the old fire-place, where the logs snapped and crackled merrily, and the sheep-pen, built just outside the window, there, that the sheep might be safe, but where the greedy wolves still ventured to come and put their paws on the ledge. It was in those moments she reverenced her grandfather most. She reverenced the grey-haired pioneer who had belonged to those heroic struggles of the past. He had something more dignified about him than Granny Hurst, and he never teased her about the village swains. But just now he was only talking of commonplace things of the garden, the hens, and his neighbours' doings.

"Best show for 'taters I ever saw. The radishes, though, are all wormy this year. I wonder what's the reason."

"I don't know," replied granny. "How's Nan's foot?"

"It seems all right agin. She doesn't limp any to-day. Macintyre & Co. has offered to take all our peas this year. What d' you think we'd better do?"

"We could get more fur 'em at the grocery."

Tirzah placed the brown jar of raspberry jam on the table, and then sat down by the window. She took no part in the conversation, heeding it only as one in a dream. Sometimes she felt a little sadly that she had drifted away from the moorings of her childhood—drifted from the old couple she loved so dearly—from their quiet, simple lives, absorbed in the garden, the chickens, old Nan and the "news," from down town. She sighed faintly, and turned her face to the west, where the sun, sinking into the lake, spread forth two great wings of crimson above the waters. It was one of those gorgeous sunsets that foretell the tempest—one of those revelations of fiery splendour and of glory that sometimes rouse a dreamer to the battle of life. Perhaps it was something in the splendour of the heavens out yonder that made her silent and restless that night.

It was an interesting picture, that supper table, as they three sat down—the old couple, grey-haired and faded, and the slender girl, with her

face. The chill of the
ning had descended, and
as closed, but she could
hanges of the western sky
opposite window.
'ou suppose I seen in Sud-
lay, wife ? You remem-
acLean that was on the
we moved here. Let's see,
even year this May,

llow that advised us to
an' go back an' not settle
"
o you remember how he
hed at me fur tryin' to
among the rocks an'
t, thank the Lord, he led
ile spot, even if it is but
. It was a close shave,
t first summer we was
arin', when we had nuthin'
'ries and bacon to eat
t o' bread. But, thank
ıere was always enough."
l over, and the dishes
'ay, they had evening
was their custom. Grandpa
r wiping his spectacles,
the well-worn Bible, and
ead. Tirzah was not a
'l at heart, though with-
g to be hypocritical, she
be one. She had in-
'tain amount of piety from
—that kind of piety that
some people by right of
warm, breathing Christ-
never yet felt. Through
ıd drifting shadows of her
soul, she saw the har-
afar—without struggling
m herself, without heed-
s of those who struggled
But a day was coming
ivine voice would whisper
th all its sweetness—
ı joy and peace, the depth
e had never dreamed.
it was all a beautiful form
She would have been
any outward irreverence
want of devotion, though
ce for their custom of
ver was much the same as
which she would have
tapers at a Roman Catho-
or a Mohammedan per-
ablutions. It pleased
fancy, this acknowledg-
omething spiritual in man.
all. Somewhere away
childhood she had an im-
ıt it had been more real
if so, she had drifted
away from that, too, just as she was drifting from everything else.

The Bible closed, Tirzah went upstairs to her garret bed-room, and settled down for an evening's study. She read with the ease of a born scholar down the long columns of Virgil for a while, then looked out of the window as the darkness deepened.

The crimson still lingered in the west ; the chipmunks were scampering along the stump fence by the forest ; the evening train came rushing through the gorge like a mad thing, its red light flashing around the curve. Her mind was restless to-night, and she fancied a stroll along the shore would soothe her. Having thrown her pretty, cardinal cape over her shoulders, she followed the road to the village in the light of the rising moon. Beth-aven lay below, a little bed of lights in its cradle of rocks and hills.

She turned without thinking down the street leading past the manse toward the lake. The drawing-room curtains were parted, the lights streaming out ; there was a sound of music and song and laughter. Tirzah saw it all as she passed, the brightly-lighted room, richly cushioned chairs, pink azalea and sago palm. Margrete Clifton was sitting at the piano, in a soft, white silk, her light hair in pretty, fluffy rolls. Beside her, turning her music for her, stood a tall young stranger, while two or three girls, college-mates of hers, were chatting and laughing gaily. The fair fingers rippled over the keys. It was something bright and sparkling, like Margrete herself, but it fell coldly on Tirzah's ear—coldly and almost sadly, as it grew fainter, and she paused beside the lake.

A log drifting before the tempest had been driven upon the shore, and she sat down upon it, the waves of the Kanata lapping the sands at her feet. The moon was rising silvery and clear, outlining distinctly hill and rock and forest and the old church with its great tower, the old church where she had been held to receive the sacrament of baptism.

The night was cold, but she did not feel it. Her face was quiet and pensive as she sat there gazing toward the manse windows. Mirth and music were reigning there to-night, and once—it was her home. The low, weird cry of the loon broke the stillness from afar, then the plash of oars and the gay voices of the rowers

passing in the night; but no one saw the lonely girl, sitting there on a log of driftwood on the sands, her crimson cape clinging loosely to her shoulders, her dark face half-uplifted. Her eyes were fixed on the solitary light yonder by the pine wood, her grandfather's humble home.

Then it was she felt the distance between her and Margrete. She even fancied Margete felt it, too. During the two or three years they had been parted, the latter had learned to do without her friend. She had made other friends during her absence, and, from mingling with the world, had learned "to hold others at a distance," as she expressed it. Tirzah wondered, sometimes, if the "others" included her. And yet, was she not an Auldearn? Granddaughter of Sir Douglas Auldearn, of Glendonan Castle? Her eyes kindled, and a flush crimsoned her cheeks. It was true her relatives had shown not the slightest interest in her. There was but one member of the family in America, a Mr. David Auldearn, of a well-known law firm in Boston, the brother next her father. He had married a wealthy heiress. Once in his summer outing he had passed through Beth-aven and taken a kindly interest in his little dark-faced niece, but that was years ago. No word had broken the silence since, but it did not prevent her being an Auldearn, every inch an Auldearn. The same blood flowed in her veins, the same proud Scotch ancestry behind them both; the same refined, philosophic mind that had been her father's was hers. But what did those things matter? It was just the same life before her—the same humdrum life, day in, day out; year in, year out.

She checked the sigh that rose to her lips, and the bright ripples of music came dancing through the air, quick, throbbing, vivacious, and yet there was a something in that music of a deeper, graver meaning. It was not the touch of the Margrete she had known. Her delicate ear could discern a change. Perhaps it was just that that made her so serious that night. She felt as if she had been left behind somewhere, and Margrete had gone on and on where the current broadened and deepened.

That was just the thing Tirzah Auldearn craved, a wider, fuller life [redacted] and feel and know, to live life [redacted]hat she in her blindness [redacted] was life. But why should she not? In this age of energy and struggle—this age when men and women from humble roofs carve their own way so boldly up the mount of ambition, why should not she, too, carve out the uphill pathway? She clasped her hands behind her head; and her eyes were all aglow with something that kindled into fire as she gazed across the moonlit waters.

Then a sterner look settled on her brow; her lips pressed firmly together; her slender foot tapped the sand with a decided movement. No! She would never go back to it! She would never go back to the old life as it had been! No! She would take a university course. Why not? That very evening, before she left her room, she had been looking at those photographs she reverenced so much, those of her father in his graduating gown and the entrance to the college halls where he had been a student. Oh, if she could but taste that life! It was just the kind of life that would suit her.

True, she had not the means. But what is that in an age when we do not measure obstacles? She had saved but little from her meagre salary as teacher, but then—yes, why not try for a scholarship?

And then, some day, who knew, having taken a course in a Canadian university, she could surely command a large salary somewhere. Why should she not, after a few years' effort, cross the seas to some foreign seat of learning and become one of the noted women of her day?

Truly her ambition mounted high. If she could only get some easy employment in a university city, by means of which to support herself, and still leave time for study! Everything looks so easy in youth. "Where there's a will there's a way," she said.

She had heard of night-schools, and the idea suited her fancy. Why not teach a night-school? And some day, perhaps, she would meet her father's people, when she could make them feel that she, whom they treated as an outcast, was their equal in culture and intellect at least. She would like to meet Uncle David again. She felt, somehow, that he had liked her, in spite of his long years of silence. She had been told once that he had loved his brother deeply, and it had only been the fear of their father that had kept them apart.

any rate, if the night-school ne failed her, she would work in ays. She would live in some it on bread and cheese. She d make any sacrifice to fulfil her ose. You would not have thought strength of will lay behind those ny eyes.

e rose with a firmer, more de- step, and cast one backward look the waters, rocking gently under iazy light of moon and star; the rs passed again in the distance with song and laughter; that hour, there on the lake-side, had changed her life. She was one of those natures who, having once formed a purpose, throw themselves with all their strength toward it, and through the days and nights that followed, she set her face to the toil with unflinching courage. The dreamer was in the field of battle, and far on into the night her light was seen, a solitary speck, gleaming among the hills.

GRANDPA EVANS' EASTER ANTHEM.

BY MRS. A. H. DOANE.

'And did He rise, did He rise?
Hear, O ye nations, hear it,
O ye dead—— "

sang a thin, quavering voice, a that gave evidence of training, and iich, despite its weak tremble, one still note traces of former sweetness ower.

Who's that?" abruptly asked Miss , turning her fine eyes on the old sitting near her, busily knitting.

t's only Grandpa," replied she, in an getic tone. "I hope he don't dis- you, Miss Grey? He takes a sight mfort in singing that. Thinks he's ising for Easter. We don't mind it lves—s'pose we've grown used to it."

ima Grey had only come to the vil- that morning, and following the -driver's advice, had procured board r. Samuel Evans'. Mr. Evans and ife were clever people, she had been and as his boys had gone east to ge, and the two old people were the other occupants of the large, old e, it would be a nice, quiet place in h to rest and recruit.

rs. Evans, the younger, a hearty, ing, hospitable person, seemed to little time for anything beyond the igement of affairs in and about the e. Her husband, being diligent, too, isiness, was seldom seen at home on -days, save at meal-time or night. change from the roar and bustle of a to the stillness of a peaceful midland ge was so great that Emma Grey's es found a soothing sense of comfort ie quiet companionship of Grandma is. The gentle face of that old lady, ie sat placidly knitting, seemed to of trials surmounted, sorrows overcome, and victory gained. Miss Grey, watching her, decided that after many troublous tossings Grandma's barque had at length entered the smooth waters of "the belt of calms." Grandpa Evans she had not yet seen.

Again the old voice was heard chanting,

"He rose, He burst the bars of death and
triumphed o'er the grave——"

An indescribable exultation in the tones stirred her strangely.

The voice still sang on,

"Thine all the glory, man's the boundless
bliss——"

She turned then to Grandma Evans and said simply, "He must have had a wonderful voice once."

Grandma, cheered and won by her companion's interest, beamed upon her. "Yes, indeed, Jonas was the finest singer about these parts once. I just wish you could have heard him sing 'Buckfield' or 'Ganges,' when he was a young man. There never was such a choir as we had in those days. Why, I shut my eyes sometimes now and seem to hear them all again. Jonas was the leader always. Did you ever hear 'Invitation' sung, Miss Grey? Well, I do wish you could have heard our choir sing that anyway. When Jonas—he was the tenor—sang,

'Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow——'

and all the other parts blended in, it made a harmony fit for heaven itself. I never expect to hear anything equal to it until I reach the 'Happy Land.'" And Grandma fell into a reverie.

Soon, rousing with a start, she continued garrulously, "Jonas was always that fond of singing. When anything pleased him greatly, it seemed as if he sang for fair joy; and when trouble came—and we've had our share of that in our time, Miss Grey—why singing was his only relief like.

"I remember when our John, our eldest, was brought home dead, thrown from horseback," and Grandma's eyes wore a look of reflective sadness. "I believe singing was all that saved Jonas' reason then. Why, for months after, at times he'd leave his work and come in and take up the 'Vocalist' and sit right down and sing for half an hour, hard's he could. I never said anything against it. Sometimes I'd sit down too, and help him. I knew something about the place had reminded him of John and he needed comfort. By-and-bye he'd put the book away and go out again quite cheerful-like."

"And he's sick now?" questioned the lady.

"He had a slight paralytic stroke three months back," explained Grandma, "but he's getting quite smart again now. The only thing is he can't remember he isn't still leader of St. John's church choir. He sits there practising all day long for Easter, that comes next Sunday week. He's set his heart on going to church that day. Whatever we're to do about it I'm sure I don't know. If it's a fine day and he's no worse, I wouldn't like to disappoint Grandpa about going. It might be bad for him. And yet to have him go and find it all changed——," and Grandma's face wore an unaccustomed look of trouble.

"How changed?" again queried her companion.

It was not mere curiosity that prompted the question Grandma knew, for she felt the warm sympathy silently expressed by her guest's bright eyes.

"Well, it is this way," she returned, nothing loth. "Grandpa was choir-leader of St. John's for nigh on to forty years. Last year he was notified that after Easter his services would no longer be required. They'd engaged a young New York man in his place. I've nothing to say against him one way or another, but it pretty nigh killed Jonas. He'd always given his services for nothing, from pure love of the work. Of course his voice had failed some, though Grandpa never could be made to think so [redacted] but then, land! a year ago he [redacted] a hearty man.

"However, for a few years back some of the young people had been agitating for a change. They wanted things more stylish-like, and Jonas was a terrible trial to some of them, for he would sing 'He arose' at Easter, and 'Come, let us anew our journey pursue' every New Year's, besides being determined to have an old-fashioned tune every little while. They couldn t abide that. They wanted classic music and Latin anthems, and a paid leader, and I don't know what and all. Well, they got their way at last," and Grandma paused to sigh.

"After that, Jonas sat in the body of the church with the rest of the folks and, he did try to be content; but he missed the old tunes, and it seemed as if the strangeness of everything wore on him awful. He'd sing the 'Vocalist' clear through sometimes, but it did him no good. Nothing seemed to help him. From being a fine presentable man he fell right away. Dr. Bangs called it a general breaking up. Then three months ago he had a stroke. Since then he's been happier, 'cause he don't remember about things. But I'm afraid Easter will kill him," and the faithful wife sorrowfully wiped her eyes.

Miss Grey, deeply touched by the simple story, hummed under her breath the air of the anthem still sounding from the next room.

"That was written by Billings, was it not?" she said. "I remember when I was a small girl hearing my grandfather sing it. It reminds me of him. I should think St. John's choir would feel badly about the effect their action had on Mr. Evans."

"Of course," conceded Grandma, "they never intended any such thing, However, 'twas too late to mend matters then, so this last year they've been fixing things as they want them. They've remodeled the church. The choir faces the people now, instead of being behind them in the gallery, as it used to be. Then they've a pipe organ and what they call really good music, though it don't seem so heartsome to me as the old hymns used to. However, I'm old now, and if it wasn't for disappointing Jonas next Sunday week, I wouldn't care."

"Perhaps it won't be as bad as you fear," said Miss Grey, encouragingly. "I hope not, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know," anxiously persisted Grandma, "the last thing I heard was that a professional woman, a friend of the new leader, was to sing at Easter at St. John's. She's visiting near and

d her to help them that day.
appears to think it's some-
e thankful for, but I don't
sure," with a doubtful shake
l.

the week that followed, Miss
rd Grandpa Evans singing
f his anthem at odd hours of
ght. The worried look on his
face deepened as the Eastertide
l. Even Mr. Samuel Evans
fe confided to her their doubts
ffect of the Easter services on
n, and asked her advice. She
counsel them to conduct him
seat in the gallery that he had
long as leader, and then to let
ce their course, since they were
to hinder them.

never before been so interested
out of herself. Her shattered
t she had come to the village to
were forgotten in intense
and thought for others. When
wo later she left the Evans
, she felt as if parting with
riends. Owing to subsequent
ne weeks passed before she
her health, and then she real-
ad cured her own ills by plan-
hers.

dawned bright and clear, a
Sabbath morning. Grandpa
s up and dressed for church
l early, eager as a boy for a
ected treat. His son and
nd old wife went about silently,
ead on their faces and deep
their hearts. The expectant
the old man found no echo in
s. The sweet freshness of the
witter of the birds, and the
ss of a drive on that genuine
rning was lost upon all but

length his son helped him out
iage and up the gallery steps
accustomed seat, the church
ed. A lady seemed to be keep-
in front, Grandpa's old seat,
some one. When they ap-
she moved out into the aisle,
saw with amazement their
s Grey. With a smile she sat
n beside the feeble old man.
too, sat with her husband in
that morning, but the others
eir own place in the body of

sat through the opening exer-
n a happy maze, and Grandma
her eyes from his beaming
ll she knew he was reserving

his powers to sing once again his beloved anthem, and she feared, oh, she feared.

At length the time, the crucial time, came. The choir opposite rose, nothing but the low, sweet murmur of the organ was heard. Grandpa, in the front of the gallery struggled slowly to his feet, blind to the fact that the choir was not around him as formerly. Grandma noticed that as he stood up Miss Grey did the same, and she thanked her in her heart, for was she not doing it to support her Jonas? But Grandpa needed no support. A flush was on his cheek and triumphant fire in his faded eyes. He stood firmly, his shoulders squared and his chest full. Grandma hardly breathed. The organ swelled louder and louder, and then a burst of melody swept through the building such as the walls of old St. John's had never echoed before. Surely the angels were lending their aid! At least, thought the grateful old woman, they must surely have selected the anthem, for these were the words they sang:

"The Lord is risen indeed,
Hallelujah,
Now is Christ risen from the dead,
And become the first-fruits of them that slept."

And that voice, clear as a bell, that soared high above them all?

Why it was Miss Grey who was singing!

And her old man, her poor Jonas, with his weak, piping tenor, stood there and sang so happily, his face shining as the faces of those to whom it has been given to behold the glory of the Lord. Grandma bowed her head and wept for very thankfulness.

Few of the congregation assembled there that Easter morning forgot the spectacle, and few there were that needed much explanation of the occurrence. The aged man and young woman standing together singing made a picture worthy of remembrance. Her beautiful face as she sang was animated with kind, unselfish thought for the old man by her side, anxious only that he should find nothing lacking in the sweetness of his loved anthem. He, rapt, transfigured, his thin, pale face refined by suffering and glowing with a beauty wholly spiritual, sang as only the aged can when they sing with the spirit and understanding.

Few listened dry-eyed to that song of praise, and none wished it had been other than it was. None doubted, none could doubt, it to be a Song Acceptable.

After the service, friends and neigh-

bours crowded around, all expressing pleasure at Grandpa's reappearance among them, and complimenting him on his youthful appearance.

"Yes," said Grandpa, in response to a remark about the unusually good music, "it was that anthem. The music was just like it used to be. I've dreamt about it often."

After much persuasion and almost the last to leave the church, he was at length taken home, a happy old man, babbling like a child for very light-heartedness. As for Grandma, she went up to Miss Grey and took her hand. No one ever knew what she said, but her very look was a benediction.

Next day word spread through the village that Grandpa Evans was dying. Miss Grey hastened to the house on receipt of the sad news. The doctor had said that the excitement of the day before had been too much for him in his weak state.

"But oh, Miss Grey," cried Grandma, seizing her hands and pressing them warmly, while the thankful tears poured over her face, "how glad I am Jonas was able to go to church yesterday and sing. He would have died anyway. I am sure of it. And to know he wasn't disappointed is such happiness. Why, last night he said to me that any man could die easy listening to that anthem. That was shortly before he took this last stroke. Will you come and look at him! He can't move or talk now, poor Grandpa, but he is still able both to see and hear. It is so sad to see him die so without a word."

Miss Grey went into the room where Grandpa was lying, his thin, grey hair spread upon the pillow, and his poor, drawn face lighted by eyes filled with such pitiful, anxious wistfulness. As she silently gazed at him through swimming tears, a grey shadow seemed to fall over his face. Then, moved by a sudden inspiration, Emma Grey choked back her tears and sang:

"He rose, He rose,
He burst the bars of death,
He burst the bars of death,
And became the first-fruits of them that slept."

As she sang, the strained, anxious pitifulness died out of the eyes, leaving only peace and joy. Gradually the lids drooped and before the anthem ended, like a tired child, Grandpa Evans fell on sleep.

Barrington, N.S.

MY LOVING SAVIOUR'S HAND.

BY KATHERINE E. PURVIS.

That tender hand—in dark Gethsemane
Raised in the prayer, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"—
Was torn and bleeding in the agony
Through which my guilty soul salvation won.

That chastening hand sometimes doth sorely rest
Upon me while the storms of sorrow fall,
Yet draws me till I lean upon His breast,
And find in Him my strength, my hope, my all.

That guiding hand leads me from day to day,
And smooths my path across earth's desert drear;
It holds me fast—my sure and only stay—
As life recedes and heaven's lights appear.

O loving hand, when shadows deepen fast,
And in the gloom I hear death's billows foam,
Draw me so near my eyes rest at the last
Upon the face of Him who bears me home!

—*Christian Advocate.*

Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Secure, or to awake or die.

—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

TO THE POET.

To write, O heart! it is a solemn thing,
Words that shall echo with resounding ring
Across the world. Perchance to sorrow's ear,
Doubt's darkened cell, the trembling heart of Fear,
Thy song shall pass; what shall its message be?
What word of cheer, or strength, or trust from thee?
Perchance to youth, in life's fair, morning prime,
Perchance to him who at his choosing time
Debating stands 'twixt Right and luring Wrong:
What strong, true message lies within thy song?
To one, perchance, in Pleasure's medley mad,
Or him whom earth's success hath crowned glad,
Who deems not life is solemn, nor that all
Its pomp and pride shall moulder 'neath a pall;
What message dost thou bear, I question still,
That shall into their deepest natures thrill,
And rouse the nobleness and banish wrong?
Naught else, O Bard, were worthy aim for song!

Perchance, when slowly fades the evening light,
And falls the great majestic calm of Night,
A maiden, tender-souled, and fair, and young,
Shall hear the notes thy minstrel soul has sung,
As, musing far across the coming time,
Her spirit wanders, weaving hopes sublime,
And fair, and fanciful, but strong and pure;
Canst promise that the good shall still endure?
Art sure, O Bard, thy lines are worthy such,
The young, the fair, the white of soul to touch?
Art sure that, as her nobler longings rise,
No clouds oppose them in thy song's far skies?
Art sure that thou art true to truth and love,
As Ocean mirroring the blue above?

Perchance the aged shall peruse thy book,
As from the Beulah Land they backward look
On Life's far-winding pathway, trials past,
When peaceful eventide descends at last.
What hast thou, Bard, for them? shall years have taught
Their hearts that weakness harbours in thy thought;
That thou hast sung thy dreams, and named them Truth,
Infatuate by the longings of thy youth?
Or shall they find thy soul was strong, and still
Submissive leaned upon thy Father's will,
Meet to be guided 'mid the common days,
Nor swerved from Right by public blame or praise,
Acknowledging the Great Designer's plan
Eternal pulsing in the life of man?
Yea, shall they find that o'er the chill, the gloom,
The lone dread silence of the voiceless tomb,
Thy vision pierces, manifesting there
The walls and bulwarks of a city fair,
Love-lit and peace-encircled and secure
Reserved for sons of earth, the true, the pure?

Ah, Poet, question thou thy soul and see
What harvest waits thy cherished songs and thee,
What flowers shall bloom, or noisome brambles grow,
Where comes unchecked thy song's far-reaching flow.
Yea, question thou 'mid earth's deep murmuring noise
If to the highest, purest, holiest voice
Thy harp has still been true, and ne'er betrayed
The mighty trust upon thy spirit laid.
Then humbly sing in earth-encircling love,
Regarding still the Voice, and God above.
So shall thy song's ethereal-pulsing tones
Beguile sad earth of all its anguished moans;
And, floating far o'er land and ocean, sound,
And win song's highest aim our earth around.

Tara, Ont. —*William R. W[illegible]*

Easter Readings.

THE THREE MARYS.—*Bouguereau.*

RRH-BEARERS, THEN AND NOW.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

women crept at break of day,
along the shadowy way,
Joseph's tomb and garden lay;
in her throbbing bosom bore
rden of such fragrant store
ever there had lain before.
the purest, richest, best,
'er the musky East possessed,
nd to Araby the blest.

ey, with sorrow-riven hearts,
d all Jerusalem's costliest marts,
t of narde whose pungent arts
ld the dead sepulchre imbue
vital odours through and through,
s all their love had leave to do.
did not need their gifts; and yet
Did either Mary once forget
Her offering? Did Salome fret

Over those unused aloes? Nay!
They did not count as waste that day
What they had brought their Lord. The way
Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
Henceforth about the robes they wear
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
Unmindful of their morning ease—
Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim
Of promise—all for sake of Him
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as these of old
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still, at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts to God!
Rare gifts who chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

EASTER GLADNESS.

"The solemn Lenten bells have merged in joyful chime,
They ring out full and free the song of Easter-time.
The passion-flowered cross no longer tells of death,
A resurrected life speaks in the lilies' breath."

We soon shall reach the blessed Eastertide. The bells will ring their glad peals, "He is risen!" What a glorious Easter it will be to every heart from which the grateful response comes, "He is risen indeed!" May the Easter joy—the joy of knowing Him and the power of His resurrection—rise in such high tide in our hearts that it shall overflow in blessing to the world through our speech, our prayers, and our efforts.

May each heart sing:

"I have seen Him and touched Him;
He has broken the prison.
It is life, it is light,—
The Christ has arisen!"

Then shall we turn away from the sepulchre of buried hopes, lost opportunities, unfulfilled ambitions, unsatisfied heart hunger, bitter memories, lost friendships; yes, from the graves of our best-beloved, to make others glad with the good news, "He is risen!" When our hearts recognize the voice of Jesus, gladness dispels the gloom; the tomb where, with blinded eyes and faith eclipsed, we poured out our tears, becomes the gateway to life; our grief, the avenue to richer joy; the light affliction, a factor in the eternal weight of glory. May this be indeed our Easter joy, "to know Him and the power of his resurrection;" to know His love in saving the world, not with a knowledge superficial, but broad and deep in its comprehension of the great love wherewith He loved us. Nothing else will so stimulate our gratitude, create so holy an ambition to be and do our best, so inspire our efforts to be true and self-denying for love's sake.

Phillips Brooks, who has entered into "life in its completeness," said, "Oh! if we could only lift up our hearts and live with Him; live new lives, high lives,—lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion." May God give us some such blessing for our Easter Day!

"May all our votive hearts be alabasters white
Which, breaking to our Lord, in consecration's rite
We gladly give. Their perfume shall be hope, this hour,
And faith, which end in deed—love's perfect-petaled flower."
—*From Watch Tower.*

The Easter Symbol.

"Consider the lilies of the field." We must take our Lord's words exactly. He is speaking of the lilies, of the bulbous plants which spring into flower in countless thousands every spring over the downs of Eastern lands. All the winter they are dead, unsightly roots hidden in the earth. But no sooner does the sun of spring shine upon their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty, as [illegible] God, and every seed takes its [illegible]liar body. Sown in corruption, [illegible]raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, they are raised in power; sown in dishonour, they are raised in glory—delicate, beautiful in colour, perfuming the air with fragrance, types of immortality fit for the crowns of angels. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." For even so is the resurrection of the dead. Yes, not without divine providence, yea, a divine inspiration, has Easter-tide been fixed as the season when the earth shakes off her winter's sleep, when the birds come back and the flowers begin to bloom, when every seed which falls into the ground and dies and rises again with a new body is a witness to us of the Resurrection of Christ, and a witness, too, that we shall rise again; that in us, as in it, life shall conquer death; when every bird that comes back to sing and build among us, every flower that blows, is a witness to us of the Resurrection of the Lord and of our resurrection. - *Charles Kingsley.*

Easter Promise and Privilege.

The key-note of Easter is life and joy and hope. "Fear not," said the angel of the resurrection. A Christian has no business to be other than cheerful and fearless. He belongs to a conquering race. He is a disciple of One who never lost a battle. He has no reason to fear anything or anybody, not even God Himself in any servile sense, for God has become his friend. Still less does he fear the censure or the anger of man, for in the discharge of his duty he is invincible. And death has no terrors for him, since Christ so completely overcame that "Arch-Fear" that He is truly said to have "abolished" it.

How greatly this sad world needs just such a note of cheer! Let it ring out strong and clear on the April air. Jesus said, "I have overcome." And in Him we, too, prevail. We overcome the world, so that its ideals, its ambitions, its alarms, have no influence over us, no power to detach us from the right or turn us a hair's-breadth from the course. We live in a higher atmosphere than the world supplies, and are not interested in the objects it pursues. We overcome the flesh. Its pleadings for indulgence we promptly trample down when they run counter to the call divine. We overcome the devil. Baffled and discomfited he flees as the believer opposes to his darts the shield of faith, and wields the Spirit's sword

The resurrection gives loudest possible testimony to Jesus as the Conqueror of death and hell, and of all that those grim

denote. If our trust is in Him, ndubitable is our right to all the mfort which comes from the fullest ance of the angel message, "Fear But let us not forget, in the midst Easter joy, that this is only half ssage. The other half was, "Go y and tell." Here is the aspect of vhich always lies close alongside f privilege. It is not enough to . What can we do for Him who rought to light for us life and tality? We can run and proclaim od news, as did those first ones to the tidings came. The new-found too good and great to keep to our-

If we try to do so, it will surely worse for us. Silence is a betrayal trust. We must "tell it out the nations that the Saviour " Oh, blessed work! Oh, labour ay nearest to the Saviour's heart, r linked with the day of His resur- and His going up on high! We elebrate the day as we dedicate res anew to the prosecution of this is task, counting no sacrifice too that the kingdom may go steadily d, and the world be lifted a little out of darkness into light.—*Rev. Mudge, D.D.*

Is Greater Than Science.—Rev. Dr. Huntingdon.

nfess to a feeling of disappoint- in the case of attempts always ly, and often very ably, made to the question of man's immortality basis of natural law explored on scientific principles. What if you nvince me on biological or physiological, or even on psychical grounds, that this human nature of ours is probably an indestructible thing, and that the chances are strongly in favour of our survival of the crisis known as death—you have not succeeded in giving me so very much comfort, after all. We want to have revealed to us, not merely the hard fact that another life there is, we want also to have revealed to us what I have called the atmosphere of the fact. We want to know just that very thing which the risen Christ's word to Mary, and word to Thomas, and word to Simon Peter tell us, and which no amount of ingenious dissertation upon the indestructibility of matter and the persistency of force can so much as begin to convey. For we are human, and a man's heart has been given to us, and I confess to a good deal of sympathy with the poet who blurts out his dissatisfaction with such theories as insist upon our being—

> "Only cunning cast in clay:
> Let science prove we are, and then
> What matters science unto men?
> At least to me? I would not stay."

There is a certain fine scorn about that which is rather creditable than otherwise to the scorner.

So we come back to the triumph song with which we started, well assured by what we have seen and heard that the facts warrant us in raising it. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory." How? By weapons forged in the armoury of our own thought? No, not so, not so at all, but "through our Lord Jesus Christ," who, having Himself, in His own Person, won the battle, has been able to make us sharers in the fruits of victory.

AN EASTER HYMN.

ve no gift of fragrant spice,
o gems for thine adorning;
empty, asking hands I bring,
o greet thine Easter morning.

o humbly to Thy feet, dear Lord,
ome with Mary kneeling,
peak the recognizing word,
ine heart of love revealing!

in the sepulchre of doubt
y soul is prostrate sleeping,
worldly pride and worldly care
eir sentinel watch are keeping.

, Lord! All human aid is vain!
y faith is fainting, dying!

Roll back the stone of unbelief
Before the portal lying!

He hears my prayer, He heeds my cry,
And answers to my pleading:
"Thrust forth thine hand into my side,
For thee 'tis pierced and bleeding.

"Touch thou the nail-prints in these hands—
O, here is no deceiving!
Dear, timid soul, no longer doubt,
Not faithless, but believing."

Of peace and joy, of hope and heaven,
Thou art the bounteous Giver;
Take the poor heart Thy blood hath bought,
And seal it Thine forever!

—*Fannie M. McCauley.*

THE PARSON'S BABY, THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN.*

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D.D.

A prominent manufacturer, in a bustling little Western city, took me to lunch with him during the session of the Methodist Conference which I was visiting. He was proud of the enterprise and beauty of the city, and had much to say of its early history. I imagined from the zest of his recitals that he had been a principal character in many of the stirring scenes he portrayed. He never tired talking of the Methodist minister who founded the first church. The bravery and eloquence of this first parson were the subjects of unending eulogy. The beauty, sweetness and courage of the parson's young wife were topics concerning which the old gentleman spoke with deep and affectionate feeling. He was in the midst of a loving panegyric of the little woman when I interrupted him a little banteringly :

"You speak as if you had loved the parson, but had worshipped the parson's wife."

"I have the best reason in the world for worshipping her," he replied earnestly. "I owe everything I have in this world, and everything I hope to have in the next world, to her. I was a wicked wretch who had only escaped the gallows, which I richly deserved, by a streak of good luck. I was on the road to eternal ruin, and was dragging down with me scores of others, when her little white hand stopped me, and turned me about face." He was completely overwhelmed with emotion for a moment. After a short silence he fervently but softly said : "God bless her little heart."

"Tell me something about the parson's wife," I said.

After a few moments' thought he began to smile, and then laughed softly to himself.

"How would you like to hear the story of the parson's baby, when it was the only one in town ?"

As my silence gave consent, he proceeded :

"The parson's baby was the first baby born in our town. It received a welcome equal to the Fourth of July. Every bell was rung, and every shop and store decorated, in honour of the arrival of the new citizen. It seems childish now, but it seemed very popular and fitting then. The whole town was illuminated, and a torchlight procession marched through all the principal streets. The Fourth of July was nowhere. As soon as the parson's wife was able to sit up, she was placed in the front room, and sat there for hours, singing to her baby. She was a cunning little woman. She knew the boys were wild to see the baby, and she sat by the window, where all who walked by could look in. One of the fellows who had been hanging around for several days, hoping to get the first peep at the baby, was rewarded that morning by seeing the little woman carried close to the window and seated in a chair.

"I was the fellow. Like a great fool, I stopped and looked in. She just smiled and shook her finger at me, and then held up the baby for me to see. I bowed and threw the baby a kiss, and was off like a shot. I told a hundred fellows what I had seen. Would you believe it ? Hundreds had an errand that day that took them by the parsonage. I'll be blessed if it didn't set the town almost crazy. If you have ever seen a pack of school children run to see an elephant, you can imagine how the boys hustled to see that baby. The happy little mother knew how hungry we rough men were for the sight of a baby's sweet face.

"You would have laughed to have seen the presents that poured in for that youngster. The boys got to speaking of it as 'our baby.' All began to wonder when it would make its first appearance in public. We clubbed together and sent off for a baby carriage. I was appointed as the one to present it. About twenty fellows went along with me. As we wheeled the empty carriage through the streets, we had cheers from every corner. I went into the parsonage. The others stood on the sidewalk and looked in the window. The parson's wife accepted the carriage with smiles and tears, and made me kiss the baby as my reward. She promised that I should wheel it out for its first ride in the new carriage.

* Dr. Hamilton has been contributing a [redacted] of graphic sketches of Methodist life [redacted] *Independent*. We reprint one of [redacted] —ED.

several days before I re-
'd that the baby needed a
e open air. I put on my
s and told everybody I met
y would be on the lookout
. see 'our baby.' Before
woman gave me her baby
me if I was safe company
tle one. I knew she was
. I felt hot all over. I
ıs not fit company for any-
or pure, and I started for
as I said :
ne, I am not worthy to be
ith your baby. I am a
n, and ought to be ashamed
)k you in the face.'
ue eyes were swimming in
her lips trembled as she

you were once a pure baby
Your good, sweet mother
as I love my child. It
e broken her heart to have
ıt you would grow up and
wicked man. I would
ry my baby than to have
ne a man like you. I am
)ray for you while you are
baby a ride. I wish you
y for yourself. If you will
ıe will make you as clean
as you were when your
ld you in her arms. Go,
take good care of my

gh I was so awkward in
ıat the parson's wife laughed
hoolgirl at my clumsiness,
ı to get going without up-
e carriage. I found every
wn on the lookout. I went
reet and down another. I
)wds everywhere. Every-
happy. Some shouted and
and some bitterly cried.
ıest toughs in town seemed
heartiest in their cheers,
of them cried the hardest.
ed old bummer, who hardly
r a sober breath, got right
his knees and took the hem
riage robe in his trembling
d kissed it, and wept like
ı schoolboy. He sobbed

l a baby like that once. It
its mother died ; I broke her
wish I had died before I had
) to this.'
listened to many sermons by
n, and had laughed at the
s of the parson's wife, but
ot get away from the silent
of that baby. As I pushed
ıge along I saw my own sweet mother as she held me in her arms and rocked me and sang lullabies to me. I saw her face as plainly as if it had been but yesterday that I had rested my head upon her breast. I heard her voice as she sung to me. The words all came back to me, and the tune, and I found myself humming :

" ' Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.'

"I was so blinded with tears that I had to stop and wipe my eyes and to conceal my weakness I pretended to tuck the clothes about the little one. The baby looked up into my face and cooed and gurgled and caught my finger in its chubby little fist. The touch of the little hand and the trustful look from the baby eyes did more for me than all the preaching and praying of a lifetime. I found myself praying as I wheeled the carriage. I became a new man while giving the baby its first ride. When I took it back to its mother, I said :

" ' Madame, your prayers have been answered. Your baby has done for me what neither you nor the parson have been able to do. I am going to begin a new life.'

"We had some kind of a celebration in the Methodist church, and the parson's wife and baby made their first public appearance. As the little woman walked in, the men cheered and clapped their hands. She smiled and blushed, but did not seem to be offended. During the exercises the brass band played a selection. They had hardly begun when the baby, frightened at the blare of the horns and the crash of the drums, broke out into a shrill cry of terror. It could not be quieted. The horns blew louder, and the drums pounded harder and the baby tried to cry louder and louder. At last one big fellow jumped up, marched down the aisle and seizing the leader of the band by the collar, gave him a savage jerk and shouted :

" ' Stop the racket of this band and give "our baby" a chance.'

"The band stopped instantly, but the baby kept right on. It cried for a minute at the very top of its voice. When it ceased, round after round of applause filled the house, and scores of voices shouted, 'Encore! Encore!' The man who had stopped the band stood up on a seat and cried :

" ' Three cheers for the parson's wife, and a tiger for "our baby." '

GOD'S AID AND THE WAR.

To many men of thoughtful and religious disposition, and especially to those who are naturally apt to trouble themselves with the misgivings of an anxious conscience, this war has been a source of peculiar perplexity. They believe that our cause is a just one, and they sincerely hold that they have a right to ask God's aid for our soldiers, and yet they cannot exclude the thought that the Boers are as sincere as they are in their appeals for divine help, and in their belief that God will defend the right. But they argue: "How can this be? God cannot be on both sides, and God cannot be on any but the right side. Are we to think, then, that the war is an ordeal by battle, and that the question of right will be decided by the victory or defeat of our armies? Surely that is impossible, for history during whole centuries is a record of might triumphing over right."

We do not for a moment deny the perplexity of the problem, nor do we wonder at its coming home to men's minds just now, but we also do not fail to note that it is no new perplexity, but troubled men's minds in former ages as it does to-day. It was not solved in the past, nor do we suppose that we can solve it now, but this need not prevent our facing it. There are plenty of things which are inscrutable in the governance of the world. But we should not, therefore, try to turn away from them or to bury them out of sight. We may have to go forward with the work of the world, and leave them unsolved, but we do not make them less mysterious or less awe-inspiring by pretending that they do not exist.

Mr. Lincoln, during the American Civil War, faced the matter we are now dealing with and faced it with his usual clearness of vision and detachment of mind. He did not solve the problem, of course, but at least he left it not a cold, hard paradox, a thing for mockery or sneers, but what it is—a matter which, if too hard for man, is not too hard for God. It is in the second Inaugural that the passage we refer to is to be found. In that astonishing piece of reasoned poetry, where the greatness of the occasion, coupled with the greatness of Lincoln's own nature, made the President speak like a prophet new inspired, he puts before us the exact difficulty. Both sides [illegible] the war, he told his countrymen, [illegible]read the same Bible, and pray to the [illegible]me God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'"

Those words might, with only a little change, be said to-day, and said without offence on either side, as might also the passage which begins, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away," and ends with the declaration that whether the war is long or short, we can only say: "The judgments of the Lord are pure and righteous altogether." The last period must be quoted verbatim—a passage both for thought and language as noble as any in our language:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Here, it seems to us, is the lesson needed for the present war. We must not cherish the feeling that we do not care what the merits of the case are, or speak as if the justice or want of justice did not matter. It does matter, and must matter. On the other hand, those who believe that the war is a just one need not and ought not to worry themselves—not because they have doubts as to our cause being good, but because the Boers so sincerely think their cause good, and because both views cannot be right. That is no concern of ours. As Lincoln says, "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work."

If we are to think, not of our own standard and sense of right and wrong, but are to be constantly looking round to see if somebody else has not got a different or a better one, which conflicts with, or even cancels, ours, we shall simply paralyze our hearts and consciences. It is not expected of us that we should do

than what honestly seems to us to
ght. It is far better to do that
ɪly and earnestly than to do nothing,
ıse there may be another view of
is truth and justice. "The Al-
ty has His own purposes." We can
strive to do our duty, confident that
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ıue is or is not the one we desire.
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who have not arrived at any such
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ered the merits of the quarrel, the
of patriotism is clear. It is not for
ng men are bound each to each by
ties of patriotism. They cannot
away from the duty of national
ion lightly or capriciously. Till the
try is committed to the arbitrament
ır a man may well take sides against
government, *i.e.*, that which repre-
his country and has a right to speak
s name. When, however, war has
begun, a man must, indeed, be clear
confident in the wickedness of his
try's action if he can abandon the
ment of the duty of patriotism.
hen men in cabinets or committees
ther corporate bodies agree to be
d by the will of the majority, and
mine that when once a decision has
come to they will act as if that
ion were their own, though as a
ır of fact it is not, they run, no doubt, some risks of wrong-doing; but they run even more if they cannot agree to loyal co-operation. In the same way some risks are run by the adoption of the principle that when war has begun one must support one's country loyally till peace has been secured again, but still greater risks would ensue if men insisted upon carrying the rights of the minority to the extreme point. Societies endure, and men make sacrifices for them, and give to them of their best in no small measure because they feel that they and their countrymen are tacitly pledged to stand together in the last resort. The man who breaks away from that tacit, but none the less real, pledge, takes a very grave responsibility. We will by no means say that he is always or necessarily wrong, but he takes a responsibility akin to that incurred by those who revolt, and he can only be justified by the magnitude of the evils against which his action is a protest.

We need not, however, labour this point, which can be comprehended instinctively, and needs no explanation. All we want to do on the present occasion is to point out that the sincerity both of our and the Boers' appeals for divine help should be no source of perplexity. Both have a right to make that appeal, but neither will have the right to argue from the result that their cause is right. "The Almighty has His own purposes," and it must not be assumed that these can be fathomed by man. Meantime, we can only say: "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."—*The Spectator.*

VICTORS.

Who wert thou, Lord, who wouldst not tell thy name
To Jacob, wrestling with Thee all alone,
And wast in haste at daybreak to be gone?
O thou strong wrestler, wast thou then the same
As he who called to Moses from the flame
Of that strange bush which, unconsumed, burned on
In sacred Horeb? Ere the town was won,
Wast thou that Captain who to Joshua came,
Watching by Jericho's beleaguered wall?
Who wast thou, Lord, whom only watching eyes
Might see, whom bold men, striving hard, withal,
And not prevailing, rose up from their fall
Invincible? Lord, meet us in such wise!
So vanquish us that we shall vanquish all!

—*M. A. M. Marks.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE.*

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The recollections of this woman of genius, whose life almost spans the century, who met many of the persons best worth knowing in two continents, cannot fail to be of intense interest. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was born in 1819, near the Battery and Bowling Green, New York, memorable from the early Dutch times. Her father was a wealthy banker. He was a liberal patron of art, and his family enjoyed the best education the times could give in English and foreign languages. One of the sons married into the Astor family, another was the famous Samuel Ward, a society leader through two generations.

During a visit to Boston Miss Ward made the acquaintance of Dr. Howe, to whose loving patience and skill Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf mute, owed her education. He had taken an active part in the memorable struggle of the Greeks, which restored to them their national life. He raised in America large funds, and sent shiploads of clothing and provisions for the Greeks. After their marriage they made a tour in Europe, where Dr. Howe's fame had preceded him. They were everywhere well received, except in Prussia, where Dr. Howe was under a ban for his share in the Greek revolution. Mrs. Howe gives an interesting account of life in Rome fifty-five years ago under the old papal *régime*, living with Crawford, the sculptor, who married her sister.

For the rest of her life, except during two visits to Europe, Boston was her home, and literary philanthropic work her vocation. She became a member of the Brahmin caste, and met everybody best worth knowing. The Howes were somewhat radical in politics, religion and schemes of social reform. Mrs. Howe took an active part in the Anti-Slavery movement, the Peace Crusade, Woman's Suffrage movement, and Woman's Clubs. Her visit to Toronto at a Woman's Conference will be well remembered. We get glimpses in this books of the leading lights in art, literature and politics: Poe, Irving, Mrs. Jamieson, Longfellow, Lathrop, Argosy, the Astors, Bancroft, the Beechers, Bryant, Bunsen, Carlyle, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Sumner, Theodore Parker, Samuel Rogers, Sidney Smith, and many others.

Some of her anecdotes are very amusing. Dr. Howe, a very tall man, had met with a slight accident. Sidney Smith, who was a very short one, insisted on sending him his crutches, and then affirmed that the American had deprived him of his last means of support.

"Reminiscences, 1819–1899." By Julia Ward Howe. With portraits and illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. vi-465. Price, $2.50.

At a dinner at poet Rogers', Mrs. Howe sat next Landseer; not knowing his name, she innocently asked him if he knew anything about painting, and would he kindly explain Rogers' pictures, which the great artist proceeded to do.

Happening to address her husband as "darling," Dickens, who was in the company, slid down on the floor in a state of collapse, waggled his little foot in the air, and said. "Did she call him 'darling'?"

Mrs. Howe will be best remembered, not for her social successes, but as the writer of a single song, the Battle Hymn of the Republic, a song chanted by war-worn legions on the march, and around the camp-fires of the bivouac. A fac-simile of the first draft is here given. It came to her in the night. She rose and scrawled the verses down and went to sleep again. It is a hymn worthy of a place beside the immortal "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and has a higher ethical significance.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored!
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

LOOKING TOWARD THE DAWN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The night may be long, and be dreary it may;
But there surely will follow a bright, bright day.

Unchecked in the darkness if sad tears must fall,
The joy of the dawning shall banish them all;—

And though midnight have questions unsolved that remain,
In the radiance of morning light all will grow plain.

Then wait we with patience! and rest in His love,
Who ruleth supreme every shadow above:

No gloom shall surround us, no sorrow shall press,
Except that He send them our spirits to bless;—

And ne'er will a mystery fail to unfold,
Unless for our good He the meaning withhold.

Oh, tranquilly, trustfully let us abide
The breaking, so bright, of God's glad Morning-tide!

Toronto.

It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wondrous music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife—
Heart-ache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things—
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings. . . .
So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look to our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for you and me.

A GENTLE ANARCHIST.*

COUNT KROPOTKIN.

Among the distinguished men who attended the last meeting of the British Association in Toronto, one of the most distinguished was Count Paul Kropotkin. He deserves the gratitude of Canada for his admirable contributions to the British press describing its resources and their development. His distinction as a scientist adds interest to the story of his adventurous career as a revolutionist, or, as he styles himself, an anarchist. He is one of the gentlest of men, but the iron has entered his own soul; the wrongs he has received make him the impassioned lover of liberty and enemy of oppression and wrong.

His life-story is one of those truths which are stranger than fiction. His father was the lord of many acres and of twelve hundred serfs, whom he treated with cruel injustice. His son revolted at this wrong, and sympathized with the wronged. When in his twentieth year he had to make a choice of a regiment, he chose to go to Siberia as an officer of Cossacks because he could not endure the empty life of court balls and parades, and because he saw in Siberia a field for the scientific studies to which he was devoted, and for the application of the reforms for which he laboured. He made exploring journeys throughout the vast region of Siberia and Manchuria, explored the glacial deposits of Finland and Sweden, visits Switzerland, joined the International Workingman's Association at Zurich, and decided to devote his life to the cause of revolution.

For this purpose he returned to St. Petersburg to promote a revolutionary propaganda, was soon betrayed and imprisoned in the grim fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, a modern analogue of the old Tower of London. His cell was a gun casemate and its window an embrasure in the wall five feet thick. Through a "Judas" slit in the door the guard could watch every motion of the prisoner. As a special grace he was allowed pen and ink, till sunset only, which came at three o'clock in the afternoon. He beguiled his two years' imprisonment with scientific studies, all the time plotting escape. A system of telegraphy was invented by knocking on the walls.

A fellow prisoner became insane under this durance. "Frightful noises and wild cries came next from the lower story; our neighbour was mad, but was still kept for months in the casemate before he was removed to an asylum, from which he never emerged. To witness the destruction of a man's mind, under such conditions, was terrible."

An almost successful plan of escape was bitterly disappointed, but at last success crowned his efforts. It is an exciting episode. A confederate engaged the attention of the sentry, who had been employed in the laboratory of the hospital, by recounting the wonderful revelations of the microscope; another furnished a closed cab; others engaged all the other cabs in the neighbourhood to prevent pursuit. While detectives ransacked the domicile of his friends which he had just left, he obtained a fashionable dress and found concealment in the most public restaurant in St. Petersburg. He escaped to Finland and Sweden and took ship for Hull. "I asked myself with anxiety under which flag does she sail, Norwegian, German, English? Then I saw floating above the stern the Union Jack,—the flag under which so many refugees, Russian, Italian, French, Hungarian, and other

* "Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By P. Kropotkin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-516. Price, $2.50.

s, have found an asylum. I greeted g from the depth of my heart." found employment in Edinburgh ; under an assumed name scientific

He was asked to review his own on the glacial theory, but declined ; s identity was thus revealed. He d his revolutionary propaganda in and Switzerland, combining the of science and theory of anarchism, dowed by spies, arrested at Lyons, ced to five years' imprisonment and d in the historic Abbey of Clair- with its saintly memories of the St. Bernard. Here, in a cell, bit- old in winter and damp in summer, ked hard at contributions for the clopædia Britannica" and the teenth Century." After three he was released and continued to preach anarchism in Paris and London and write scientific papers.

His faithful wife shared his adventures in many lands, and became a voluntary prisoner in narrow quarters near Clairvaux that she might minister to his needs. His sister and other friends suffered bitter persecution, and his brother died after twelve years' exile in Siberia. Small wonder that he became the intense and passionate enemy of the despotism that wrought such wrong. The very system of repression of Russia but makes the danger of explosion all the greater. It is like weighting the safety-valve and stirring the fire beneath the boiler. The free speech of England, the very license of discussion that is permitted, prevents the social explosions which so often have shaken the European despotisms to the very centre.

AMONG THE LIONS.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

My soul among the lions! Shall I fight?
No fearful struggle, but a simple trust
Prostrates the furious liens in the dust.
I stand upheld by humble sense of right,
While kings are powerless against the light,
And sleepless lie as thoughts of deeds unjust
And bloody crimes are on their vision thrust
In horrid forms that scare the startled night.
I, smitten by no frightful conscience-pangs,
Threatened by no soul-monster, strong and grim,
Calmly repose amid white-gleaming fangs;
God's angel guards me, but with fiery breath
Scathing each lying refuge deep and dim
He sweeps the men of hate to dens of death.

Arthur, Ont.

SHALL I COMPLAIN?

Shall I complain because the feast is o'er,
And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
For joy that was, and is no longer mine;
For love that came and went, and comes no more;
For hopes and dreams that left my open door;
Shall I, who hold the past in fee, repine? . . .
Nay, there are those who never quaffed life's wine—
That were the unblest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream, at set of sun,
When all the world is vague with coming night—
To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
And thrill anew to each long-past delight—
Shall I complain, who still this bliss may know?

—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in "At the Wind's Will."*

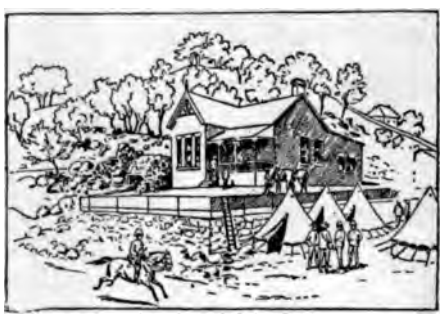
The World's Progress.

O UNDISTINGUISHED DEAD.

O undistinguished Dead!
Whom the bent covers or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn, I weep,
O undistinguished dead!

None knows your name.
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front.
This is your fame!

—*Austin Dobson.*



THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

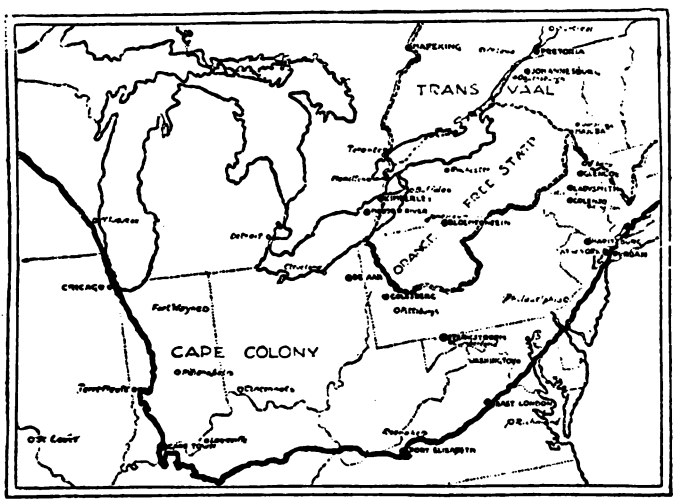
The headquarters of General Sir George Stewart White, showing the bomb-proof shelter, which it is said, the General declined to use. A month or so ago this place was reported to have been destroyed by a Boer shell; but this report has never been confirmed.

A short time since we opened this department of this Magazine with the remark that the world did not seem to have made much progress during the month. The South African campaign, on which all eyes were focused, seemed at an absolute standstill. That can no longer be said. The British have been making history very fast in that land. The first months of the campaign were months of preparation. It was no slight task to convey two hundred thousand men, with all the horses, artillery, equipment and stores required for field work, six or seven thousand miles by sea, and over the wide spaces shown in our map to the seat of war. Small wonder that the Boers with their mobile and ready forces, with their overwhelming armaments, gathered during many years, were able to isolate and besiege Kimberley, Mafeking and Ladysmith. But all that is changed now. With a mobility greater than their [redacted] Generals Roberts and French have [redacted] the siege of the long beleaguered [redacted]erley, pursued and captured Cronje's retreating army and occupied Bloemfontein. It was with a thrill of patriotic pride that we read of the valour of the sons of Canada in bearing the brunt of the battle, and giving the *coup de grace* to Cronje's resistance. Nothing has so cemented the Empire as the blood of its loyal sons from Canada, from Australia, from Tasmania, mingled with that of the Highland, Irish and English regiments upon the brown veldt of Africa.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

We observe that the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, a yellow journal of very pronounced hue, which has been virulently anti-British for years, expresses great indignation for himself and for the Powers of Europe, at the vigorous means taken for the capture of Cronje. Here was a veteran soldier, a man of war from his

COLONEL OTTER.
Commandant of the Canadian Contingent.



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MAP.

The above map of South Africa laid upon the United States is reproduced from the New York *Herald*, and gives an admirable idea of geographical distances.

the hero of many fights, caught
nded from his flight after nearly
months siege of the women and
n of beleaguered Kimberley, a man
with a valour worthy of a better
tried to hold out till the Boers could
olish his rescue or establish an
nable line of defence. Even thus,
s incurred by his army, well shel-
n the river bed, was less than that
d on the British in the open plain.
hat very moment, too, a Boer army
orming with shot and shell the
g, fever-stricken women and chil-
of Ladysmith with their brave
ers, and another is, on the date on
we write, still ruthlessly tightening,
anaconda, its coils around the for-
ope at Mafeking—making a special
of the women's laager till Baden-
had to protect them by making
prisoners share their peril. We
hrough our tears of the appalling
ity among the children from famine
ver. The critic of the *Sun* might
ome of his sympathy for the help-
:tims of Boer atrocities.
ainly Lord Roberts is not to blame
ing the most vigorous means to end
nton and wicked war. The most
e method is by seeking the capture
aders and their forces. However
ay admire the tenacity with which
held out to the last, they can
forget or condone his treachery of a score of years ago in compelling the surrender of a British force after peace was proclaimed—a surrender which he was immediately compelled to revoke.

The morning after General Cronje's surrender the London *Times* printed a sonnet by Swinburne, entitled "The Turning of the Tide—February 27, 1900." The closing lines are :

The winter day that withered hope and pride
Shines now triumphant on the turning Tide
That sets once more our trust in freedom free,
That leaves a ruthless and a truthless foe,
And all base hopes that hailed his cause, laid low,
And England's name a light on land and sea.

Hedging.

It is amusing to note the way in which the foreign military critics, and some domestic ones too, who from their safe retreats were conducting a paper campaign and demonstrating the imbecility of the British generals—the valour of the British troops they did not attempt to deny—are trying to hedge, without entirely making a *volte face*. The German press is becoming much more reasonable ; the[illegible] fairly gnashes its teeth at t[illegible]

their scheme of eastern aggression. The more fully the history of the question of Boer and Briton is discussed, the more just and right are Britain's claims shown to be. An important article by Canon A. Theodore Wirgman, printed in this number, is a valuable contribution to the history of this question.

Intervention.

The enemies of England are specially anxious for intervention now that the British garrisons are relieved and that their Boer friends are getting the worst of

GENERAL PIET CRONJE.
Captured by Generals Roberts and Kitchener.

it. But while the women and children at Kimberley and Ladysmith were being daily done to death and the British were being butchered at Magersfontein, they were quite willing that the slaughter should go on. The British nation is determined that the mistake of Mr. Gladstone shall not be repeated. The Boers, incapable of appreciating his magnanimity, attributed it to cowardice. They have learned better since. The fixed resolve of the nation is that the Queen's writ shall run unchallenged from Cape Town to the Zambesi.

Love and Loyalty.

The recent outburst of love and loyalty to the Queen at the heart of the Empire was even more significant than that of the Jubilee. For that, highest expectations were raised and a spectacular pageant prepared. This was the spontaneous and unorganized tribute of a people to a beloved Sovereign. The gathering of thousands in London streets on a bleak March morning waiting for hours to see a little old lady, dressed in black, drive past in a plain barouche, was a demonstration of affection that no pomp and pageantry can equal. "It may be added," says the *Times*, "that the tribute of the loyal feeling to our venerated Sovereign is united with the determination to show to the whole world that the policy of the British Empire is not to be deflected by the carping and snarling foreign newspapers, or by attempts of any kind which might be made by foreign Governments to interfere with the assertion of its rights and the performance of its duties by the Imperial Government."

The devotion of the Queen to the interests of the realm is strikingly exhibited by her foregoing her annual health trip to the Riviera, and her assuming the fatigue of a public progress to Ireland in her eighty-first year. Although, to use her own touching words, her very heart bleeds for the sufferings of her brave troops, yet, as a constitutional sovereign, she does not hesitate to carry out the will of the people and her responsible advisers even in waging this just war. She is not an oligarch or a despot like Kruger, who imposes his personal will upon an ignorant people who regard him as a prophet.

Mr. Stead Again.

Mr. W. T. Stead has had many admirers for his vigorous journalism, his broad philanthropy, his hitherto unchallenged loyalty. But he is likely to lose many of them by his persistence in his bitterly partisan course in the present conflict with a selfish and despotic oligarchy to secure equal rights for all. In the recent numbers of his *Review of Reviews*, he collects from the very ends of the earth—from the scurrilous comic papers, which delight the enemies of England in Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, Paris and St. Petersburg, even going as far afield as Denver and Minneapolis—all the mean, satirical, mendacious caricatures of Britain's part in the Boer war and reprints them in his *Review*. At the time when the nation is

into grief over the sacrifice of her
ns, when almost every home is
nourning, he must echo the "bar-
wp" of these foreign yahoos and
their insulting caricatures of Brit-
smen and British soldiers. His
cks on British honour and British
re quoted with avidity abroad,
l and comfort to the Queen's
, and help and prolong the slaugh-
e Queen's soldiers. He gathers
foreign yellow press—probably
i by the Boers' secret service
all the lying slanders about
British butcheries as contrasted
e chivalry of the Boers. That

BURYING THE BRITISH DEAD AFTER MAGERSFONTEIN.

The Boers insisted on blindfolding the British soldiers.

his idea of loyalty, but it is not
Canada, as the blood of our brave
ured out on the veldt, attests.
he war is over it will be time
to deal with the man whom Mr.
s satirized for years as "Blastus,
's chamberlain."

were entirely ignorant of the
f this unhappy war, and there-
pable of forming personal opinion,
d be more inclined to follow the
t of such level-headed men as
isbury and her Majesty s advisers
n rests the tremendous respon-
and such leaders of the loyal
on, as Lord Kimberley—a signifi-
me—Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry

Fowler, Mr. G. W. Perks, and such broad humanitarians as Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, rather than the brilliant and erratic journalist, Mr. Stead, and the clever novelist, Mr. Silas Hocking, with their slender following, who assume that they alone represent the wisdom of the nation.

A distinguished statesman long ago said of Mr. Stead, that he would be glad to be as cocksure of anything as Mr. Stead was of everything. With many excellent and admirable qualities and many sound views, he has a habit of saying such paradoxical and sensational things that sober-minded people can often only wonder with bated breath what he will say next. On his visit to Toronto he was generously offered the use of the Metropolitan Church for an address. One would imagine that his sense of propriety in speaking in a building devoted to the worship of God would somewhat restrain his exuberance. But if it did, it was to a very limited extent, for when he got through, one of the trustees humorously inquired of another if he thought it would be necessary to disinfect and fumigate the church.

We decline to accept Mr. Stead's diatribes upon the present war as representing either the heart or conscience or wisdom of the British nation.

Since the above was written the *Meth-*

odist Times has come to hand, denouncing Mr. Stead's "scandalous conduct" in reprinting "an excessively vulgar and blasphemous caricature" representing a minister of religion on his knees in the attitude of prayer. He is represented as sympathetic with such expressions as "To blazes with Kruger," and "Britannia rules the Skies." But Mr. Stead adds to this offence by substituting for the original title "The Prayer of the Righteous," the following words: "Greatest Britain: or, A Day of Prayer à la Price Hughes." He, moreover, adds at the foot, "Sydney *Bulletin*," giving his readers the impression that this is what appeared in the original caricature.

OLD PARIS—FACADE AND MAIN ENTRANCE.

The *Times* also adds: "As a matter of fact, the comic newspaper of Sydney made no reference whatever to Mr. Price Hughes. Mr. Stead has deceived his readers. He has been guilty of a most dishonourable journalistic offence for the mere purpose of offering a gratuitous personal insult to an old friend who stood by him in his own hour of trouble and persecution." We do not believe for a moment that Mr. Stead realizes how disgracefully he has acted. He did not see that his alteration of the letterpress of the caricature in the *Bulletin* was open to an accusation both of falsification and of forgery. We hope Mr. Stead's eyes will be opened to the nature of his gross offence, and that in his next issue he will publicly apologise to his readers for the way in which he falsified the Sydney *Bulletin* and deceived them."

A Hostage for Peace.

When the Prince Consort projected the first World's Fair at London it was held as a harbinger of universal peace, but, unhappily, some of the greatest wars ever waged followed. It is a curious circumstance that at this time when dread Bellona seems to hold in precarious leash the dogs of war, the Paris Exposition seems to be a pledge of peace. Certainly France will maintain a truce, at least till the Exposition is over. The neutral attitude of the French Government has been beyond reproach. The most of the war talk is the vapouring of the irresponsible gutter journals which traffic upon sensation, and of the reckless boulevardiers who would be glad to see the Government wrecked, even though the whole community were wrecked as well. In the chaos that would follow, they would reap rich plunder for themselves.

One of the most interesting features of the Exposition will be the reconstruction of the old city of Paris. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of this picturesque work, which is rapidly nearing completion. It will stand on a platform of piles extending along the Seine, and will reproduce the streets and buildings of the time of Louis XIII and Louis XIV and fill them with people in the costumes and dresses of that period. Our cut shows the old gate of St. Michael. Within, one comes upon a mediæval square with the ancient town hall, the tower of the Louvre, and many other picturesque old-time edifices.

A Regretable Incident.

A very regretable incident has occurred in connection with the commemoration of Wesley's death at City Road Chapel. The Rev. Mr. Westerdale, whose indefatigable efforts have raised $50,000 for the restoration of this mother church of Methodism, had planned for a lunch on that historic day, at which, besides leading dignitaries of Methodism, Mr. Chamberlain was invited to speak, just as last year Mr. Asquith, a leading Liberal, was

ted to give an address. Such a ent protest, however, was raised by persons, that Mr. Westerdale can- the lunch entirely. In reply to otification Mr. Chamberlain with- his acceptance of the invitation to k, with the following words:

though the pressure of my official has compelled me recently to every engagement which is mediately connected with my pub- ies, I was tempted to make an ion in this case, both in order that it show my respect for the great r of Methodism, and also that I bear official testimony to the value work which Methodists are carrying British colonies. I need hardly say ie form of the invitation and the er of the ceremony absolutely pre- the idea of any political consider- being connected with them, and I d the former in the spirit in which given."

ould have been a very important occasion to have the leader of Her y's Government in the House of ons in Wesley's Chapel, on the rsary of Wesley's death, so near the a which the founder of Methodism nd so near the spot where he lies pay his tribute of respect to the l labours of that great man. His would have been reported through- ristendom, and would doubtless roved one of the most important itions of the work of Methodism nade. The more is the pity that this us purpose was frustrated.

ANOTHER ULTIMATUM.

appeal for peace of the baffled con- rs of the Free State and Transvaal ting supplement to their insolent um of a few months ago. It is fit- characterized by the London *Times* curious mixture of unctuousness, m and impudence." The demand of ruger for both belligerents "to ask lves as in the sight of the Triune r what they are fighting," strikes piece of flagrant hypocrisy. Brit- been fighting for the succour of yal colonists whose country has avaged, whose towns have been d, whose women and children have tarved and done to death, and fate at Mafeking is even now trem- the balance.

wily old Paul cannot expect his tion to be taken seriously, that he Boers were overrunning Natal pe Colony they did not make their demand for independence, and the pardon of the rebellion they had fomented among Her Majesty's subjects, "lest such a declaration might hurt the feelings and honour of the British people." That is, while they were everywhere successful they did not want peace, but now they are being everywhere beaten, out of pure kindness to British susceptibilities, they practically repeat the ultimatum of last fall. This is too evidently a bid for the intervention of the enemies of Britain to deceive the merest tyro in politics. It is of a piece with the persistent treachery and abuse of the white flag, even under the very eyes of Lord Roberts, which that gallant officer was obliged to so sternly rebuke. The London *Times* well says: "It is a pity that President Kruger cannot suspend his speculations concerning the purposes of heaven in order to devote a few moments to the enforcement of the claims of common decency and humanity upon the forces let loose by his cupidity and ambition."

His belated appeal is like the excuse of a sneak-thief caught red-handed, that he thought the booty was his own, and never intended to steal it at all. In justice to the rights and sufferings of Her Majesty's loyal colonists of Natal and Cape Colony, Lord Salisbury is right in reaffirming his dictum uttered last November at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that Britain must forever render impossible the waging of such an unrighteous war by the Boers. In this he is sustained by the almost universal verdict of the whole united Empire. Kruger can have peace in an hour if he will but raise the white flag in good faith and cease his murderous attacks on beleaguered British posts, and on the armies of the Queen fighting for equal rights for all. The eagerness with which the burghers welcomed the British at Bloemfontein shows that many of the Free Staters appreciate the benefits of British rule—Steyn himself is said to have sent his family for protection to England.

For such pious people the Boers have done an awful amount of lying in their harrowing reports of British disasters, and shameless concealment of burgher defeats. The stampede of the Boers at Poplar Grove, though Presidents Kruger and Steyn sought to prevent their flight, shows that even their vaunted courage has been vastly overrated. Of such a prolonged aggressive fight against almost impregnable intrenchments as that of Buller for the relief of Ladysmith, they have shown themselves incapable.

Religious Intelligence.

University Reform.

The condition of our Provincial University is of much concern to the Methodist public. In this province Methodists number about one-third of the population. They have important rights and duties in connection with this institution, maintained by public funds for the higher education of our people. Our Church has shown its loyalty to the Provincial University by adopting the principle of federation and holding its own university powers in abeyance as long as that principle is maintained. The measures of university reform or extension, which have been proposed, recognize the true university spirit which has been so conspicuously developed at Oxford and Cambridge, namely, that of a strong university centre with federated colleges. This seems the ideal system.

Victoria College, the oldest and best endowed of all the denominational colleges, is the only one which has yet come into this federation in Canada. It would round out the ideal of a great provincial university if all the other colleges would combine to strengthen the provincial system. Nothing, however, can be more cool, or we might even say impertinent, than the advice which has been given to the Victoria University to cancel her charter, forget her history of over sixty years, ignore her nearly one thousand graduates, turn out of the goodly structure she has reared her hundreds of art students and learned professors who have given their lives to building up her Arts faculty and developing her Arts curriculum, and become merely a theological school.

This federation was entered into in good faith after ample discussion carried on for years, and after decisive vote in the General Conference, the highest court of our Church. It is a solemn compact. For the fulfilment of her part Victoria has put a quarter of a million dollars into a building which would be practically useless except for an Arts college. The proposed strengthening and extension of the university system of this Province in no way originated with Victoria. Victoria is not responsible for it. Of some of its features it may heartily approve, others are as yet imperfect, and others may be doubtful.

The learned Chancellor, Dr. Burwash, well expressed the purpose and attitude of Victoria as to this whole question of higher education in a recent address, as follow: "We are here for work, the common work of a great seat of learning. We are glad to be in the midst of such a noble assembly of higher intellectual life, one of the largest and most influential on the continent. With that life in all its colleges, schools, and faculties we have nothing but the heartiest sympathy and good-will. We are friends of all, rivals of none. But we are not here as beneficiaries of anybody. We are here as citizens of Ontario; we are here because of our rights, taking our part in the common heritage of our country."

The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions.

This gathering, to be held in New York in April, will be one of very special significance. The century in whose last year we live, has witnessed the most wonderful development of missionary work since the days of the apostles. It is fitting, therefore, to take stock of its progress, to rejoice in its prosperity, and to take measures for its greater success.

A Missionary Exhibit.—Material is being gathered from every mission land in order to vividly present, through the eye, the social and moral conditions of the peoples among whom the missionaries are labouring. It will combine a library and a museum, and will comprise publications of all kinds—books, Bibles, and magazines from the field, in English and many other languages; maps and charts, pictures, models, curios in dress and workmanship, and objects of religious worship, such as idols and fetiches—all intended to illustrate the actual surroundings of the missionary in his work. Our own mission work in Canada can make most important contributions to this exhibit. One of the most conspicuous of these will be the Bibles and hymn-books printed in the syllabic character, invented by our own James Evans, one of the most important missionary achievements of this century. Our own Dr. Sutherland will ably represent Canada on this occasion.

The holding of this Conference should call forth the sympathy, the prayers of God's people in every land. They may also *share its responsibilities.*

Finance Committee asks for $40,-
over the entire expense from the
ng of the work of organization,
1 1896, till the history of the
ince is issued and the last bill
Of this amount $8,575 has been
ed, most of it paid in, and the
ibscribers have guaranteed up to
; the remaining $20,000 should
cribed at once. The Conference
at hand, and the committees are
somewhat hampered by uncer-
as to the sum at their disposal.
the question arise whether this
ent may not interfere with the
for the regular mission work, we
ly to note that whereas in 1888,
r of the last London Conference,
contributions to foreign missions
,666,780, the very next year they
d to $5,367,946, and in 1890 to
235. Contributions of any amount
gladly received and promptly
ledged by the treasurer, Mr.
Foster Peabody, of Messrs. Spen-
sk & Co., 27 Pine Street, New
N.Y. Donors of $5 and above
entitled to receive a copy of the
of the Conference in two hand-
olumes.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

only have women and children and
imated armies of Britain been
to the slow torture of starvation
anton and wicked war in South
but the very beneficence of Britain
en an indirect cause of wide-
distress in large sections of her
Indian dependency. A recent
by an American missionary at
y, points out the crushing and
ead character of that famine, and
ough it all the native races, which
ration ago were in revolt against
ministration of the East India
ny, are now loyal to the core to
press of India and the benign
tration of the great dependency.
rmer times the inter-tribal and
cial wars and the pressure of
ce upon subsistence, greatly re-
nd kept down the native popula-
But the Pax Britannica extending
ection from Cape Comorin to the
yas, improved sanitation and
irrigation, permitted the Indian
ion to increase rapidly. Thus,
, widespread drought and conse-
failure of the crops ensued, the
1 of fighting the famine was all
e tremendous one.
hree hundred millions of people
in India, even the best of times, live
from hand to mouth, but now thirty
millions of them—six times the popula-
tion of our entire Dominion—are face to
face with famine. This is a situation
which it is almost impossible for us to
conceive. The Indian Government is,
at vast cost, furnishing work in making
roads and irrigation canals for three
millions, and must keep this up for eight
long months.

Great Britain, amid the stress and
strain of a great war, is sending vast
sums to the relief of her Indian subjects.
But the appeal for food is made to the
wide world. The claims of misery know
no nationality, they appeal to the uni-
versal heart of man. Our American
neighbours are generously responding, as
they did three years ago, and are sending
ship after ship with food products to the
succour of these foreign peoples. Now is

CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY.

The glorious conception of the unity
and solidarity of the Empire is being
developed as never before. The generous
gifts of Canada three years ago called
forth warmest commendation from the
Motherland and the remote dependency
beneath the Southern Cross. Canada
has sent her most precious treasure, the
flower of our youth, the pride of our
homes, to fight the battles of the Empire
on the African veldt. She can add to
this the lesser gift of generous aid to the
famine-smitten members of the Empire
in India.

"He gives twice," says the Latin
proverb, "who gives quickly." Our
Book Stewards in Toronto and Halifax
have kindly consented to act as treasurers
for a special Methodist Famine Fund.
Three years ago our Church in Canada
sent through this channel alone about
$7,000. The sums contributed will
be administered by the Wesleyan mis-
sionaries in the famine regions of India,
who can make a dollar go as far as possible
in the succour of the famine victims.
Notwithstanding the many calls of the
times for special effort, this is an appeal
which should not be unheard nor un-
heeded. Our barns are filled with plenty
and our flocks and herds are multiplied,
the wealth of field and forest and mine
abounds. A generous grant from the
Dominion and local Legislatures would
be an offering well-pleasing to Almighty
God and a boon of infinite value to His
perishing poor, and would knit the bonds
of brotherhood of Britain's world-wide
Empire as nothing else can do.

Items.

Dr. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, who has recently returned from India, bears testimony to the powerful influence exerted by the missionaries upon the Hindu, even when the Gospel is not openly accepted. He says: "I found more appreciation of the good things in Hindu men and in the Hindu religion among the missionaries than in any other class of the European community. It is possible that the missionary does more to reconcile the Hindu to the British *régime* than any other single Western element operating in India."

The Australian Wesleyan general secretary of missions, in order to revive and intensify enthusiasm for the work under his charge, has projected an excursion of visitation to the principal stations where it is carried on. He has arranged to charter a vessel which, if one hundred passengers are secured, will make a voyage of 6,120 miles, visiting points in Australia, New Guinea, New Britain, the New Hebrides, Norfolk Island, etc.

"There are to-day only 41,560,600 Moslems under Mohammedan rulers; *i.e.*, in Turkey, Persia, parts of Arabia, Afghanistan and Morocco," says the *Missionary Review*, "while there are 99,552,477 under nominally Christian rulers. And three-fourths of this vast number are subject to the Protestant queens Victoria and Wilhelmina. Well may Abdul Hamid II. tremble on his tottering throne for his caliphate when two 'infidel women' hold the balance of power in the Mohammedan world. This is the finger of God."

The *British Weekly* is printing letters relative to the desirability of British Churches settling upon a definite time limit to pastoral service. Many of the correspondents agree upon the term of seven years as the proper one for shepherds and flock to do and receive the greatest benefit.

The Irish Methodist Church occupies a quite unique position. It is not associated with the persecutions and cruelties which have naturally made the name "Protestant" hateful to the majority of the Irish race. Moreover, unlike the Presbyterian Church, it is not practically confined to one province of Ireland, but is found everywhere.

Is Methodism a Church?

In an open letter to the press, Canon Hammond, of the Established Church of England, challenges the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' charge to the newly ordained ministers of the Wesleyan Conference. He revives the mediæval fiction of apostolical succession, and magnifies the claims of the Church established by law as the true and, by inference, the only Church of Christ on earth. Price Hughes sweeps aside, as merest trivialities, these groundless assumptions, and maintains that where Christ is, there is the Church—"Ubi Christus ibi Ecclesia." He maintains the validity of Methodism as a branch of the true vine by the fruit which it bears.

"I unhesitatingly assert," he says, "that the condition and prospects of Methodism are immeasurably brighter to-day than ever before, either in Wesley's time or since. I do not refer mainly or chiefly to such an unparalleled demonstration as the Million Guineas Fund, although that is not to be despised, for it is essentially the outcome of devotion to Christ. But I refer particularly to the fact that we now witness conversions, especially in the great centres of population, on a scale far beyond anything recorded a century ago. There are shortcomings on our part which should humble us into the very dust. But, none the less, never did Methodism as such, Methodism as an organized, separate Church, enjoy, all the world over, such manifest and manifold evidences of the presence and blessing, of the sanction and approval of Jesus Christ as in the closing decades of the nineteenth century."

Recent Deaths.

Scarcely ever does a month pass that does not chronicle the removal from among us of some brother beloved in the Gospel. Since the last issue of this magazine no less than four honoured brethren have been summoned from labour to reward. Three of these had earned an honourable discharge from the service of the Church after long years of arduous toil. They were

> Only waiting till the shadows
> Were a little longer grown,
> Only waiting till the sunset's
> Last and faintest gleam was gone.

In the case of the other, the light failed while it was yet noon. In the full plenitude of his powers and efficiency he was summoned from his beloved toil to endless rest.

HE REV. RICHARD WHITING.

venerable and beloved Richard g was summoned with tragic sud- s from among us on the 4th of in the eightieth year of his age, ›ver half a century spent in the 'y of the Methodist Church. His ant manner, his saintly spirit, his 'e of usefulness, won for him the ıd admiration of his brethren. f his ministration has been within unds of what is now the Montreal ence. Five years ago he preached ilee sermon at Smith's Falls with hful vigour that won for him the epithet of "the boy preacher." ve received no particulars of his ıess and death, but no last words ›ded to crown such a holy life as f Father Whiting. "The good, ad that all men knew," the benign nance that all men loved, will be missed from the Conference and igious assemblies.

THE REV. DR. POPE.

he death of the Rev. Dr. Pope, the lism of the Maritime Provinces t one of its oldest and most highly ted ministers. He entered upon -work over half a century ago. He ›d some of the foremost churches ›eived the highest honours that his ›n could confer upon him. He was imes elected financial secretary, six hairman of the district, served as gate, Conference President, and ntative to the General Conference Methodist Episcopal Church of the States, was member of the Joint ttee on our Methodist Union in , and General Conference dele- He was a gentleman of dignified ce, of genial manners, of singularly g address, and of saintly spirit. lth compelled his retirement from work several years since, but as h permitted, he exercised a y "all the more influential in espects," says the *Wesleyan*, "that unofficial." He impressed those hom he came in contact as being best sense a Christian gentleman. lpit style was chaste, eloquent and ›d, and his power in public prayer, larly when his emotions were wrought on, was phenomenal. nse of personal loss at the death of pe is very keen. During repeated ›o St. John no words can describe re than brotherly kindness.

THE REV. ROBERT JOHNSON.

The Rev. Robert Johnson, of Bethany, had reached the patriarchal age of seventy-two when he entered into rest. He joined the ministry of the New Connexion Church in the year 1867. His fields of labour have been chiefly in Western Ontario. Twelve years ago his growing infirmities compelled his superannuation. Devout men bore him to his burial and sang through their tears, "Rejoice, for a brother is released."

THE REV. JOHN E. LANCELEY.

The Rev. John E. Lanceley was one of the best known and best beloved ministers of the Methodist Church in Canada. His eminent gifts in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the religious press, won for him a wide recognition, not only throughout the length and breadth of this Dominion, but also in the neighbouring Republic and in Great Britain. There was a vein of poetic genius in his make-up, a glow of humour, illuminated by flashes of wit, in his public and private utterances that won their way to the hearts of his hearers. We have elsewhere paid our tribute at greater length to his character and work.

It is a touching coincidence that in the present number of this magazine appears Brother Lanceley's last contribution to the religious press of Canada. Before he was stricken with his mortal illness, we had requested another contribution from his facile pen, and hope to reproduce from his MSS. this article. A few weeks ago he preached in the Metropolitan Church, from the words, "And they sang a new song," a sermon full of genius and inspiration, depicting the joys of the redeemed. We little thought how soon his own voice was to blend with the sevenfold chorus in hallelujahs of the redeemed.

DR. JAMES M. FREEMAN.

Dr. Freeman is best known to Canadian readers from his labours in connection with Sunday-school work. He was for many years assistant secretary of the Methodist Sunday School Union, and the author of numerous books, the most valuable being "Bible Manners and Customs," "Short History of the English Bible," and others on the Book of books. He passed away February 27th, at the ripe age of seventy-three.

Book Notices.

God's Gentlemen. By Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A. London: James Bowden. Toronto; William Briggs. 12mo, pp. xiii–251.

This is a book of unusual vigour and vivacity. The author writes in a vein of Christian philosophy, blended with poetic feeling and fine literary skill. The very titles of his essays indicate their wide range and elevated plane. Among these are: A Medicated Memory; The Glamour of Life—1, Angelic Illusions; 2, The Ape of God; The Cynic and the Enthusiast; Chambers of Imagery; Exiles of the Church. We can best indicate the character of these essays by quotation from that which gives the book its title:

"God has his own gentlemen, and they are not identical with the gentlemen of fashion. The word 'gentleman' has a charm, a hint and flavour of something fine and incommunicable, which touches and appeals to every man who respects himself and desires to be respected. There are few affronts which a man resents more keenly than to be told he is 'no gentleman'; and there are few tributes which he tastes with better relish than to be accredited 'a thorough gentleman.'

"Some there are who profess a preference to be called *men* rather than gentlemen, or *women* rather than ladies. If this be anything more than a passing fancy, it may spring partly from the democratic spirit of the age, which takes pride in the bond of universal brotherhood. It may also spring in part from the diffused sentiment of Him who delighted to call Himself 'the Son of man,' claiming thus to be one with common humanity.

"Measured by the false standard of society, Jesus was not a gentleman, since he was a working carpenter—although humanly he was of the purest blood, of the best Jewish family. He has, however, rescued the much-abused name of gentleman from the false and fantastic associations with which society has encrusted it, by creating a nobler standard of measurement.

"Christians are God's gentlemen—if they are Christian so far forth as to have the spirit and tone of their prototype suffusing them. The phrase has floated down to us from Hare's suggestive 'Guesses at Truth': 'A Christian is God Almighty's [illegible]leman.' A vital Christian life carries or ought to carry with it the refinement of all our instincts. It implies a quickened sense of all that is courteous, gracious, honourable, winsome, and chivalrous.

"The same Christ who cleanses heart and conscience from the defilement of sin breeds a spirit of kindly consideration for others, a new feeling for the seemly and beautiful in behaviour, a self-denying disposition to serve and smooth the way of the weak. Christianity, wherever it is a living force, tends to refine and ennoble—as witness many a home and many an individual life into which Christ has entered, making things clean and sweet. He trains delicacy of feeling, sharpens humane perceptions, and quickens sensibility to the condition of others. If He abides in us, He gives us the calm poise of serenity of heart.

"By revealing potential worth in all, He teaches us to 'honour all men,' bidding us 'look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' Christian love 'doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked.' Never was there written a finer panegyric than 1 Corinthians xiii. on what lies at the root of all gentlemanliness.

"Christ has set the fashion for a perfect manhood and for a perfect manner of life. What calm dignity, springing from a heart tranquil and strong! What self-restraint when baited by unmannerly opponents! What tender regard, even up to his last moments on the cross, for womanhood and motherhood! What delicacy of feeling when unblushing men dragged before Him a frail sister and her impure life, at which He could but stoop in modest shame! What considerate regard for the lonely widow whose only son was being carried to his grave! How ready to 'lose Himself' and serve, even unto washing the disciples' feet! How deeply was He troubled when at a dinner He saw the guests pushing and contending for the best seats! When He went into the house of wealthy Simon the Pharisee and His host failed to show Him the usual courtesies of oriental life, and when the woman who was a sinner stole in and with her tears and hair and ointment performed the omitted service upon His feet and head, how graciously He honoured her modest devotion, and

' He rebuked His host's lack of

istian is called to be a Gentle-
sus. A Christian is a man of
t birth—born from above—and
st blood, the blood of Jesus
ning in the veins of his being.
blige; and Christians have their
se, which must ever move them
'e as becometh the Gospel.'
; is required of us is imposed
nite law. But *Noblesse Oblige;*
e that incites us is the law of
ness—that we do not 'behave
unseemly,' that we 'walk wor-
d, who hath called us to His
nd glory.'"

Pilot. A tale of the Foothills.
PH CONNOR, author of "Black
etc. Toronto: The Westmin-
mpany, Limited, and William
Price, $1.00.

ry of "Black Rock," a tale of
life in the Selkirks, at once
e ear of the English-speaking
t is very high praise to say that
Pilot" is a worthy successor to
. It gives a graphic picture of
ife in the ranching country of
ills: of the rough and often
nd reckless cowboys, who have,
ess, a vein of chivalry and noble-
eir character; and the efforts of
'ilot to bring the Gospel and its
s to bear upon their lives. It
worthy of a painter when the
sionary stood up at the bar in
ing saloon and announced the
Jesus, Lover of my soul" to his
congregation. The Sky Pilot
hearts, fought valiantly against
ling and drink demons, by the
e cowboys built a church, and
t was opened, lay dying in his
The pathos of his funeral is akin
of Ian MacLaren's "Weelum
' The character of Gwen, the
e child of the prairies, smitten
long suffering while trying to
Indian boy from a cattle stam-
it led by the Pilot to peace
believing, is a very tender and
episode. The humour of the
s its culmination when "Broncho
l his "pard" bluff the Scotch
nto building the church. Bill
a trophy of the Pilot's love and
himself utters, with breaking
e dedication prayer at its open-
s is a strong, virile story, one
est-written by a Canadian on a
theme.

Stephen the Black. By CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON, author of "Your Little Brother James." Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 103-105 South Fifteenth Street. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The accomplished author of the story "Your Little Brother James," has written another "novel with a purpose." Its object is to show the disabilities and wrongs under which the coloured population of the United States continue to labour, even a third of a century after emancipation. The nation has confessedly a very difficult problem to solve, but it can only be solved on the principles of righteousness and justice. The tale is one of intense, and sometimes harrowing, interest. Stephen the Black is a man in whose veins there is an infusion of white blood, but he stands loyally by the coloured race, and seeks by a process of education to lift them to a higher level. The difficulties he encounters, the obstructions, the short time in the year permitted for school instruction, the hatred and antagonism of the poor whites, the bitter persecution of the blacks, culminating in two attempts to assassinate Stephen by lynch law, are a very black record, which the reports of lynching atrocities indicate has many parallels in the South.

True Motherhood. By JAMES C. FERNALD. 12mo, white leatherette. Price, 60 cts. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

There is danger of decadence of charter-making home-life. The tendency of young men and women is away from the roof-tree of the past. The young man wanders off in search of fabulous wealth. The young woman prefers a public career, however insignificant, to home-life. In the essays comprising "True Motherhood" Mr. Fernald treats all sides of the momentous question of present-day womanhood, and in such a delicate, considerate, and philosophical way that even those who might be inclined to oppose his views must read his argument with deep interest. The gist of Mr. Fernald's argument is that by the ministry of the home woman is not shut out of the world's great work, but is doing it at the greatest advantage. There is not a note of despair in these chapters. The author is optimistic, with not a tinge of pessimism, and he lifts the curtain of futurity upon a scene of highly advanced civilization.

The Sabbath Transferred. By Rev. Johns D. Parker, Ph.D. East Orange, N.J.: Johns D. Parker & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The question is often raised as to how the obligation to keep holy the Sabbath day was transferred from the last to the first day of the week. This book undertakes to answer that question.

"The transferred Sabbath commemorates both the old and the new Creation, preserves the Fourth Commandment in all its primal integrity, gives the Christian world the results of the unfolding economies of grace, and honours the Risen Lord, who came forth from the sepulchre as a mighty conqueror."

Dr. Parker is an accomplished scholar, and his book is introduced by Dr. F. N. Peloubet, the well-known author of the "Notes on the International Sunday-School Lessons."

Literary Note.

"Canadian History" is the title of a series of pamphlets, published by G. U. Hay, St. John, N.B., on striking events in the history of the Dominion. There will be twelve of these, issued quarterly. They cost ten cents each, or one dollar for the series. The current number has an able article by Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., on the siege of Louisburg in 1759.

INTERCESSIONAL.

BY J. A. MERIVALE.

God of the nations! in whose hand
Are held the destinies of our land,
  By whom we stand or fall;
Who, throned above the battle's blast,
Dost guide the issue, first and last,—
  Jehovah! hear our call!

We pray to Thee, we turn to Thee,
For in Thy chastisement we see
  The signal of Thy love;
Bidding us rise and cast away
Luxurious ease, and in the fray
  Once more our metal prove.

We ask Thee for a steadfast mind
To press right on, nor look behind,
  Nor swerve to either side;
To face the inevitable days,
The flying rumours, long delays,
  And sting of humbled pride.

And for a generous spirit, strong
To put aside the burning wrong
  Of outraged flag and cross:
And give our foes, that rarest gift,
An equal judgment, pardon swift,
  Heedless of gain or loss.

We ask Thee for a resolute will
To fight and vanquish, guarding still
  Our fathers' hard-won place;
Sons of the venturous sea-kings' brood,
Who bare of old o'er land and flood
  The banner of our race.

And if it be that we must yield
Thrice to the foe the stubborn field
  And adverse fortune meet;
To gather counsel from distress,
Through failure to achieve success,
  Wrest victory from defeat.

We praise Thee for the fall'n, who gave
Their life-blood for a soldier's grave,—
  A prouder mark we set
Than idle tears, upon their brow
Who died, lest England should lie low
  With broken coronet.

For lo! the kingdoms wax and wane,
They spring to power, and pass again
  And ripen to decay;
But England, sound in hand and heart,
Is worthy still to play her part
  To-day as yesterday.

Not till her age-long task is o'er
To Thee, O God, may she restore
  The sceptre and the crown.
Nor then shall die: but live anew
In those fair daughter-lands, which drew
Their life from hers, and shall renew
  In them her old renown.

—*London Spectator.*

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PUBLIC LIBRARY

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE TEACHERS AND NORMAL STUDENTS, GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL, MADURA.

A TYPICAL EUROPEAN BUNGALOW, INDIA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1900.

INDIA IN FAMINE TIME.

TYPICAL MOSQUE, INDIA.

most recent and most vivid of Britain's great Indian ncy is that by the late d G. W. Steevens, the war correspondent, who t.. Ladysmith in January. recently made a compre- tour through India, whose haracteristics he sketches in graphic style. He thus s his landing at the plague- port of Bombay:

irst sight of India is amaz- rancing, stupefying. Dif- beasts and birds in the different clothes to wear, different meal-times, and different food—the very commonest things are altered. You begin a new life in a new world. You pin your eyes to the little fawn-coloured, satin-skinned, humped oxen in the carts, to the blue crows that dance and spar in the gutters.

When things begin to come sorted and sifted, Bombay reveals itself as a city of monstrous contrasts. Along the sea-front one splendid public building follows another—variegated stone facades with arch and colonnade, cupola and pinnacle and statuary. At their feet huddle flimsy huts of matting, thatched with leaves, which a day's rain would reduce to mud and pulp. You sit in a marble-paved club, vast and airy as a Roman atrium, and look out over gardens of heavy red and violet flowers towards choking alleys where half-naked idolaters herd by families together in open-fronted rooms, and filth runs down gullies to fester in the sunken street.

In the drive from the Apollo Bunder to Malabar Point, all India is unfolded in one panorama. First the business houses and the great buildings—those the richest, these the stateliest in India, and challenging comparison with almost any city in the world. A proud and comely city, you say, the Briton feels himself a greater man for his first sight of Bombay.

Cross but one street and you are

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

plunged in the native town. In your nostrils is the smell of the East, dear and never to be forgotten: rapturously you snuff that blending of incense and spices and garlic, and sugar and goats. The jutting houses close in over you. The decoration of Bombay henceforth is its people. The windows are frames for women, the streets become wedges of men. Only the shabbiness of the dust and dirty plaster relieves the gorgeousness of one of the most astounding collections of human animals in the world. Forty languages, it is said, are habitually spoken in its bazaars. Then every race has its own costume; so that the streets of Bombay are a tulip-garden of vermilion turbans, and crimson, orange and flame colour, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-coloured satin drawers, or mantles, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper. You must go to India to see such dyes. They are the very children of the sun, and seem to shine with an unreflected radiance of their own. In the gilding light the very arms and legs show like bronze or amber or the bloom on ripe damsons. You are walking in a flaring sunset, and [illegible]ut of it blinking. Bombay [illegible]eautiful queen in silver [illegible]and a girdle of gold.

At its first onset, in Bombay, plague killed its two hundred and forty a day; now it has sunk to fifty a day, but it goes on steadily. Bombay has resigned herself to another four or five years of it—which means, at the present rate, that one-tenth of her population will die of it between now and 1904.

I had the luck to fall in with men who could show me the whole process, from cause to cure—or death. The cause was simple enough: two minutes in the native quarter, and you saw and smelt and tasted it. The cause is sheer piggery, dirt and darkness, foul air and rabbit-warren overcrowding. On stamped earth floors, between bare walls, by the dimness of one tiny window, you see shapes squatting like monkeys. They stir, lithe but always languid, and presently you see that they are human. Babies, naked children, young women and youths, mothers and fathers, shrivelled grandsires and granddames—whole families stifle together in the thick darkness.

On the door-jamb of this house are a dozen red marks—dates with a line round them, in some semi-circular, in others a complete circle. Each means a case of plague—the full circles a death, the halves a removal to hospital. For your own part you wonder that anybody in the poisonous lair is left alive.

For the climax of the dismal story we come to the hospital and the Parsi physician—one native, at least, who knows his duty and does it. As he walked from bed to bed there stepped in from the sun-steeped garden a golden-haired English girl in a white-and-red uniform—a nurse who had volunteered to come out for plague duty, and has lived with death for two years.

The village life of the interior region is thus described:

They are a patient people, the villagers of India; they have been hungry these thirty centuries or so, and it has never occurred to them that they have any claim to be filled. They grumbled a little, to be sure: what tiller of the soil ever did else? They could not get enough water from the Government canal, and the Christmas rains had not fallen; and they were poor men. Though not self-helpful, they remained polite, and desired that their lords would honour them by drinking a cup of milk. So two little earthen cups were brought, of the material of flower-pots, and into them was poured milk still hot from the udder. Their lords drank; and then the cups were smashed to earth. They were useless now: the man of meanest caste would never drink out of a cup that had been polluted by white lips. Water was brought, and the man who had poured out the milk washed his hands thoroughly. The landlord asked his manager if he would take milk too: he shook his head, with a smile; for he is a Brahman, and is as much above drinking from a vessel that a lower caste has touched as the lower caste is above drinking after a sahib. They will call you "Lord" and "Protector of the Poor"; they will sing hymns to you; but they smash the bowl you drank from. What could be more eloquent of the land of contradictions?

Mr. Steevens sums up his impressions of British rule as follows:

We have done much good material work; everywhere we have made two blades of grass grow where there was but one. We have been honest and we have done our best. Whatever we have done

LANDING-PLACE, BOMBAY.

or left undone, we have imported into public affairs a new morality. It may not yet have been widely imitated, but that is rather a reason for hope than despair. What there is in native India of public spirit, of unswerving public integrity, of unsparing devotion to public duty, we may set down to our credit; and we may say that if it grows slowly it is the likelier to live long. India

is not only the land of ironies, it is also the land of patience.

The Rev. J. E. Abbott, missionary of the American Board at Bombay, writes thus in The Independent on the beneficent character of British rule in India:

The administration of justice has been a boon deeply appreciated by the great ignorant masses who are the natural victims of those whose power lies in their money or knowledge. The poorest man knows that in the eyes of the law he is equal with the greatest in the land, and that he can bring a suit even

A BURDEN-BEARER.

against the Government itself for damages to life or property. No one can live among the common people and listen to their expressions of feeling without being convinced that their belief in the English rule as a just one is a strong bond that binds the masses to it, and to it they turn with confidence from the oppressions of their own countrymen.

The material civilization that England has brought to India in [illegible] form of railroads, common [illegible], irrigation, postal and tele[illegible] systems, and protection to [illegible]nd property, may not touch their feelings of appreciation as deeply as that of justice before the law. The great masses are so simple in their ways that it would not materially affect their lives if every railroad, post-office or telegraph office were suddenly to become things of the past, but for all that these privileges are appreciated by the lowest, and for the educated classes they have become almost as necessary a part of their lives as such things are among us.

There are instances when the very best endeavours of the Government are met by opposition, due to ignorance and superstition, or the peculiarities of religious feeling. The earnest endeavour to stamp out the plague is a case in point. Sanitary and quarantine regulations, disinfection, compulsory carrying of patients to plague hospitals, and inoculation met with a sullen resistance, which on occasions could only be carried into effect at the point of the bayonet.

The sympathetic attitude of the Government toward the sufferers in the frequent famines is one of the most important factors to be considered in the question of the attitude of the people to their rulers. The Government has freely declared its responsibility to do its utmost to save human life, and with its increased experience and previously made preparation it has saved the lives of many millions from actual starvation. The Government has what is called a "Famine Code," drawn up from the experience of past famines, and embodying rules and regulations in elaborate detail that are to be followed when a famine threatens the land. The Public Works Department also has plans for new roads, irrigation schemes, and the like, ready to be carried into effect. So that as soon as the pressure of famine takes place in any section of the country the machinery of Government sets to work quickly.

ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE.

:amps are opened, and no one lie from starvation who can these camps, where work is ed for those able to work, d for those too feeble. The : of 1897 was better handled hat of 1877, and the famine ıas now begun, though it :ns to be severer than the receiving such prompt fective attention that a proportion of lives will :ued from death.

nust not be supposed ıose who owe their lives Government forget the hey owe, or that the y at large is indifferent heroic and often most :rificing efforts of Gov- nt officials at such of trouble. In the three years ago fifty ı people were seriously d, and three millions of ıt least were saved from actual starvation. The present famine affects thirty millions, and already three millions are being provided with work, a burden that the Government will have to carry at immense expense for eight months at the very least. The people fully understand what their condition would be without the prompt and generous aid of the Government, and the thoughts of the 30,000,000 are today very far from rebellion.

The dread with which the coming months are looked forward to by the famishing millions has its hope only in what the "Government of the Queen," as they affectionately call it, can do for them. These millions may not express their gratitude through the press, for the press has little meaning to them, but any one who lives among the common people and hears the stories they tell of their sufferings

NATIVE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, INDIA.

AT THE VILLAGE WELL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

and deliverance can have no reason to doubt their sincere and grateful regard for the "Government of the Queen."

We here in America have little idea of what a famine means. We have never looked out of our comfortable homes and seen companies of from a hundred to five hundred emaciated men, women and children famishing for food, who would fight among themselves like wild beasts for the very kernels of grain that they might find, and this suffering continuing day by day and month by month, as our missionaries have had to see, and help and save.

Surely, prosperous as we are, tender-hearted as we are, believers [redacted] Master's wish that the hungry should be fed, and bound by the common ties of humanity, we shall not let this opportunity pass without letting India feel that in her suffering our money is hers, as are our sympathy and prayers.

The Government is making gigantic efforts to relieve the prevailing distress. The chief of these are making common roads, railroad embankments, and improving the irrigation of the country. The importance of the latter is recognized, but because of local conditions has not always been found practicable. These relief camps often contain several thousand men, women and children. They receive just enough money to keep soul and body together, but not enough to tempt any one away from his own legitimate work. The Government also establishes

kitchens for the children, and for those too weak to work.

The methods of missionary relief are to help without pauperizing, some of the practical applications of which are the following: Opening of depots where grain is sold at cost price. This not only benefits the poorest, but helps greatly to keep down the price of grain in the market, which at such times the avaricious and heartless grain-dealers run up to exorbitant rates. Another helpful form of relief is

A VILLAGE IN INDIA.

to keep men at their occupations by buying their products at a rate sufficient to support them. Thousands of hand-looms are thus kept alive. For those too weak to work and with no means of buying grain, there is its free distribution, and the temporary or permanent care of children left orphans, or abandoned by their parents.

The Rev. W. F. Oldham writes as follows:

England is strong in the affections of the common people of India. Accustomed to being a subject people for many centuries, the Hindus have never known a hand at once so firm and so kind as that which now governs them. For the first time in a long and troubled history the masses of the country enjoy perfect safety of person and property. Public works on a scale never before attempted—canals, highways, railroads, and telegraph lines, all directly furnished or fostered by the Government—have given marvellous impetus to internal trade and have greatly increased the riches of India.

The petty wars which constantly disturbed the farmer, the bands of armed dacoits who pillaged his granaries, the horde of minor officials who ate up what the robbers left—these have almost ceased. The awful famines which periodically swept the land will also, we trust, become plagues of the past. The ryots of India do not forget that all these substantial blessing

CARPENTRY CLASS, CHURCH MISSION INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

they have received at the hands of the pale-faced stranger, who, if he be (as, alas, he too often is) rude and abrupt in his ways and hasty and domineering in temper, is on the other hand incorruptible as an administrator of justice, and wonderfully shrewd and helpful in practical legislation.

There is a class in India that is restless and whose language is sometimes almost incendiary, and that is the student body, who, educated principally in the Government schools, in literary lines, with very little ability for initiative enterprise of any kind, and having neither business ability nor mechanical skill, unceasingly clamour for office under the Government. This is but a very small fraction of the Indian population, and its noisy declamation, which subsides the moment the smallest Government billet is had, must not be taken too seriously.

And even if the people of India were discontent with England's rule, which they are not, they could not, as yet, find sufficient coherence among themselves for either successful revolution or stable government after the revolution succeeded. India is not inhabited by one, but by many peoples. Nations as diverse as those in Europe are included under the name Hindu. The slender, wily Bengalee is farther from the manly, stalwart Sikh of the Punjaub than the Greek is from the German. In language, too, they are cut off from each other. Thirteen distinct languages with numberless dialects divide India into a multitude of camps. Above all, the religious differences of the people hopelessly divide them. Over sixty millions are Mohammedans, and between them and their Hindu neighbours the most bitter hatred now and again blazes into overt acts of violence. One of the constant problems of the Government, particularly in the large cities, is to keep the Hindu and the Mohammedan from flying at each other's throats. If England were forced out of India by an uprising to-morrow, the next day would see India in the throes of a bloody civil war in which Mohammedan and Hindu would fight each other desperately.

The Indian Mutiny was not an uprising of the people of India; it was a partial rebellion of an over-

A BAND OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS.
Photograph taken at a Convention, Termangalan Station, India.

pampered native army. Hence, it was not very wide in its scope, and was, after all, easily stamped out. Had they proved successful, the rebellious soldiery would, inevitably, in a little time, have divided into two camps, Hindu and Mohammedan, and these two would have turned against each other.

The only power with whom there could possibly be serious collision is Russia. Semi-Asiatic herself, Russia has steadily pressed east and south, absorbing immense territories. To-day she is the greatest of all the Asiatic powers in the vastness of her territory. Seeking an outlet to the ocean she presses China on the east and towards India on the south. Doubtless the Northern Bear looks upon India as an immense beehive stored with honey. But with a loyal country behind her, if England will remain in India and not seek to press up towards the Russian outposts north of the Himalayas, seeking some scientific frontier will-o'-the-wisp, she need not fear the paws of the bear. Aided by the vast resources of the land, her fleet along the Indian shores, her army reinforced to almost any extent by admirable Indian soldiery behind the mountain barriers of the north, she would be invincible.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs and the Rev. S. F. Huestis, Methodist Book Stewards in Toronto and Halifax, have kindly consented to act as treasurers for a special Methodist Famine Fund. Three years ago our Church in Canada sent through this channel alone about $7,000. The sums contributed will be administered by the Wesleyan missionaries in the famine regions of India, who can make a dollar go as far as possible in the succour of the famine victims.

There is nothing we cannot overcome;
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls down punishment that is not merited.
Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The great eternal Will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine;
Sure lever of success for one who tries.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

OUR BELOVED QUEEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

UST OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen of these realms is
the only great monarch
as stood before her peo-
e to eye, and heart to
in all the sympathies of
in all the events of com-
e, which are the same to
and to peasant; a woman
women; yet also in the
offices of princely action, a
an like few statesmen—
oller of the tides of empire,
r among the nations, High
lor of Europe and the

Her Majesty has dis-
nerself consciously and un-
asly to us all with that per-
nposure which in a monarch
same time perfect modesty,
hese positions, so that we
now more of her than we
f many of our near neigh-
and it is not on ignorance
sentiment or any kind of fictitious popular enthusiasm that our national pride and glory in our Queen are founded. She has given us her royal confidence throughout all the maturer years of her life, opening to her people in a great and touching humility the dearest secrets of her history; and this in no poor and formal record, but in words warm from her heart, the greatest sign of love which one friend can give to another.

The Queen has thus made of her people her friend in the truest sense of the word. We cannot be mistaken or led away by false report, because we know better. Were there backbiters, they are disarmed; the whispers of the backstairs die away; there is no place for them where there is the fullest affectionate confidence between two parties, by whom all has been said, the one in the ear of the other, with mutual tears and smiles. There is not one of us who may not say with respectful reverence, "We know our Queen." From time to time out of her royal seclusion there comes a message, eagerly received, eagerly read by millions. And what is the exclamation from every side? "It is so like the Queen!" She has permitted us to know her so well, that we almost know what she will say in moments which require such a communication. The touch of character, of nature in all, is from the royal friend whom we know.

So far as we know, no such personal intercourse exists between any other monarch and his subjects. There never was a time when sovereigns were more active, more prominent than the present. Absolutism, thought in our hopeful time to be dead and gone, is up

again, and stronger than ever. For all we know, the will of one individual may at any moment be so exercised as to render futile the wisdom of the world. And even when no such misfortune is to be apprehended, there can be no doubt that the office of a king or emperor tells for much more in the world than it did sixty years ago. Then we seemed on the verge of a universal constitutionalism; now the old forces have rallied, and a great part of the earth's surface is absolutely controlled by one man here and there, raised high above the blank of multitudes. But we know none of those who has possessed himself of the heart of his people. The Emperor Franz Josef is a man whom the whole world appreciates and admires, and whom many hearts have bled for in his many and great sorrows—poor Emperor, poor father, stricken so often; but it cannot be said that there is between him and his distracted empire anything of the great friendship we have described. The Queen stands unique in this, as in so many other ways. Her people is her first friend.

There are two specially picturesque and touching points in the life of a sovereign—neither of which comes very often to lend variety to history—and these are the moment of first youth and the moment of old age.

The Queen has had the remarkable fortune of including both in her great career. And never was a youth more calculated to draw all eyes. A gallant young man upon a throne is always interesting and attractive; but a girl in that position touches every heart. The contrast is so strange between her soft youth and the tremendous position she occupies at the head of the fortunes of a great nation, its greatest men bound to consult her inexperience, to explain to her the mysterious devices of State, to carry her consent and approval with them, she who but the other day sat in judgment only upon the costume of a doll, or anxiously brooded over the illness of a pet bird: it is more piquant and at the same time more affecting than almost any other position in the world. So far as we know, this experience is unique in England.

Queen Elizabeth was still young, but quite experienced, and knowing very well how to take care of herself before she came to the throne; and Queen Anne was middle-aged, in fact and in sentiment, and as humdrum as the dullest of matrons. Mary of Scotland, indeed, was young enough, and her position was even more picturesque, and for a little while as touching as that of any royal child; but yet the bloom had already been taken from her youth before she began to reign. Queen Victoria was but a girl in the fullest freshness of eighteen, all bloom and naturalness:

> "A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
> And sweet as English air could make her, she."

And we are glad to think that her Majesty had delightful prickles about her when she was first Queen. She sent her confused and disturbed ministers spinning, and waved her flag, and defied the world—once, and for a moment. She was deeply sorry for it after, but so were not we. It made the prettiest episode, delightful as the waywardness of a child whom we would not love half so well if it had not a mischievous impulse now and then, for once in a way. That part of her history is far off, but not forgotten. It will be one of the lights to which our children's children will turn in after ages, making the seriousness of the great record bright. "Tell us of the blue-eyed Queen who rode with her cavalcade through the Windsor

, and made grey London with gay processions and g looks; who loved her fairy , and blushed and told her : of her love, and was the :st of brides."

ıdreds of years hence, as .s youth endures, that will be ll of the young reader unex- .ly lighting upon, in the his- ıat is so grave, a sunny chap- the romance he loves.

l now comes a more inter- situation still, which also all hearts, though in so dif- a way. There are no words how touching is the aspect old monarch, one who has :d all the duties and exercised : best influences of so high a and who goes down into the ›f years steadfastly, with a carrying the lamp of life gh all the shadows—" I have t a good fight, I have kept the '—one who has reached the r verge, and whose life after ıines with an even completer ıce than that "light that was on sea or land "—the glow which illuminates the before him of the youth. ps no individual is ever con- of how well he has done in :e, or how entirely he has d out the promise of its early -just as the artist can never ıce himself that he has made ›st of the beautiful blank can- ı which he began his picture. if the Queen should feel ng of distrust on this point, ıy be sure she is the only per- her great Empire who does More than the most sanguine for her in her youth she has :d in her age. The engag- ›ung creature who ascended a :hat damaged throne in 1837 :verybody hoped, destined to it and gild with the light of oung presence; but no one then have prophesied how she was to add, not only to the greatness of her own immediate crown, but to the ideal of monarchy everywhere, by adding to all the images of power the conception of a sovereign who should be first in duty as in place, the most diligent, the most unwearying, with an ear open to everything that concerned her people, and a mind as completely devoted to their business as that of a man to his trade on which his daily bread depends.

Talk of working men! there is no artisan who has worked harder than the Queen. She has sought no eight-hours day, no limit of labour, no additional recompense. The State has never been troubled either with complaint or resistance of hers. A constitutional Queen with a perfect right to throw all responsibility upon her ministers, with whom indeed it rests, she has laboured with energy as unfailing as if the whole weight lay on her own shoulders, and as the Queen is never out of office she has had none of those intervals of rest which come to every Prime Minister, not much desired, perhaps, on their parts, but no doubt a great boon to Nature, which cannot be overworked without harm—except in some sovereign cases, like that of the lady whose life we are at present discussing. There is something whimsically illustrative of this in the plaint of the poor footman at Windsor reprimanded for falling asleep when he ought to have been on the watch to extinguish the lights. "Why should she sit up so late?" said honest John Thomas, much aggrieved, and feeling the wrong to be all on his side.

These sixty years have been full of many changes of every kind; they have shaken every throne in Christendom—except the Queen's; and made something like a revolution in every nation—except this. All kinds of refugees have arrived on our shores, from kings to the

squalid slaves of dynamite; but for many years past scarcely so much as a local riot has disturbed the calm of this island. Three different constitutions have prevailed in France; Germany has been altered from her foundations; Italy has gone through changes even more complete. Other kingdoms have risen and have fallen; our kindred realm of Hanover has disappeared altogether. And we, like our neighbours, have changed; but in our case it has been by the methods of peace, without the intervention of a soldier or the firing of a gun.

Those who saw the Queen's first procession to Westminster to receive the crown, would have deemed many of the alterations which have taken place impossible except by revolutions which would have torn England asunder, and for ever disjoined the monarchy from the people. And who could have believed that amidst all the progress of democracy and the enfranchisement of the mob, the question to-day would be how to make the Queen's procession long enough, to lead it far enough to content the eagerness of these very mobs to see her pass, to catch one glimpse of her as an occasion in their lives? A fear of the people was in the minds even of wise men for many years after the Queen's accession; but now the only thought is how to join the greatest number to her train, how to make an opportunity for the approach of the poorest, for the multitude, for the slums, to take part in the joy of her Commemoration. Not the nobler ways of the metropolis alone, not the West End nor the great channels of communication that lead towards Palace and Parliament, the centre of State; but far off into the heart of the smoke, over the great bridges and the pale haze of the river, to those narrow and dingy lines of street that never have had any share in the glories of State pageant before. Through all these common unadorned ways the Queen will pass, that no part of her vast London may be shut out from the sight of her, so far as human possibilities go. Could any one have foreseen such a thing sixty years ago? or that the anxious object of every official concerned should be how to widen the area most effectually, and to carry the Queen most completely into regions where fashion never passed, nor any external beauty nor interest lies; to visit her subjects in their homes on her great day, the day of thanksgiving and rejoicing for all the blessings of life.

Soldiers will line the streets; what for? To show them too, no small part of the pageant, and add to its stateliness and beauty—not that one bayonet is needed to protect the Queen. She takes the defenders of the Empire with her to show to her people with something of the same pride with which she will show her guard of princes, her heirs, her children—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, born on the other side of the world, yet every one with his tie of kindred to England, to Scotland, to Ireland, to Wales, and above all to the Queen. Her Majesty is the final symbol of union, elastic as the air, yet stronger than iron, which binds these Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Celts, together. She has put a girdle round the earth more real than the fairy girdle of the poet, more potent even than that of Science, which takes her message, her command in the breathing of a minute to the most distant point of empire—for not even the delay of a minute is required in calling forth the one cheer of a universe for the Queen. It will burst forth spontaneously, simultaneously from the Antipodes as from England; for love and kindness go quicker than electricity, and enthusiasm grows all the greater because it is

husiasm which encircles the

triumph is altogether and
y way one of the most noble
evating description. It is
victory or conquest, though
things occur to us in the
l course of the large national
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ustained by good laws, by
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ıles which make nations
Much no doubt is in these
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reigns, and every wrong is
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; inspiration is in the char-
of the first person in the
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ul, and attentive sovereign,
interest, sympathy and un-
ıding towards all her people.
ery great number, indeed by
e greatest number of the
's subjects have been born
her rule and know no other;
ıost of the old people among
ıember only, as the first of
childish recollections, the
so thrilling to all who heard
irst hand, of the accession,
disturbed slumbers of the
naiden running in with her
ıg face, half smiles, half
scarce believing to hear her-
ddressed as Queen. But
ɔf the fathers and mothers,
l as the children, have been
ı the Victorian age, and have
no time when the Queen
ɔt the head of the State, and
there were not murmurs all
l the world that a female
ign was the finest of institu-
This fact adds a touching
ırity, a tender respect to the
tion which surrounds her
There is no division of
The next sovereign who
the British throne will not
his exemption from all con-
and comparisons. But there
is no one to compare with the Queen. She stands alone, embodying all that her people know of the royal office, a terrible test for her successors, but a unique grandeur for herself; she is "The Queen" without rival or emulator in the world.

Such a position is not, however, easily achieved. It is one that costs blood and tears, the life-blood of sorrow, renunciation, and that patience which is more terrible than either, which holds the soul through long years of loneliness and weariness, unsupported by excitement, unbroken by events, which have to be worked through like any prisoner's pain and often without the pity that other sufferings call forth. The Queen has not been exempted by her high estate from any of those blows to which we are all subject. She has had the sound health of a vigorous constitution, which is, however, by no means exempt from many personal sufferings, though it gives strength to bear them without complaining; and now that she has reached her sixty years of rule, that strength enables her to overcome many infirmities whenever duty calls, but does not the less make these infirmities very real, and not smaller, perhaps greater, than those which usually accompany her age.

Be sorry for her, O people! be glad for her! her heart has never failed to throb for you, her voice has never been silent in your times of trouble. Remember how her own heart has bled, how many sorrows have come with the snows of nature. Love that has wept and been widowed; that has mourned for children and lost friends; and now feels the grasshopper a burden; yet comes forth with blessing and greeting to say God save you, while we all cry, God bless her, our lifelong friend and sovereign! —Good Words.

COMFORT FOR ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.

(IAN MACLAREN.)

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."—Isa. xl. 1, 2.

I will make one little change in the translation, taking the words of Dr. George Adam Smith, "Speak ye to the heart of Jerusalem." "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God! Speak ye to the heart of England, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished."

Had the Hebrew prophets no other claim upon our regard we ought to hold them in everlasting respect for their patriotism. Israel was their people, and for Israel the prophet thought a man might well lay down his life and die. Israel was also God's people. The strength of Israel in every time of trouble was the Lord of Hosts. According to prophetic idea, the nation had been separated from other peoples, and safeguarded round about, and trained in a special manner, and made the instrument of the Divine will. And the prophet's interest was not confined to the sacrifices of the Temple, nor to the coteries of pious people, but swept into its heart everything that concerned the welfare of the community. Why should not our faith go further afield and have a more generous range?

We also carry in our hearts, not only as citizens but also as Christians, this England which God gave to our fathers, and has continued in its glory unto their children. Why should we not take our courage in both our hands and, looking at the history of the past and comparing it with the history of the present, recognize in our own people another Israel called of God in a special manner, set apart by God for a special mission, and gather into our soul all the promises of God, and also make our boast in Him as the prophets did? This, as I take it, was the high note of patriotism in the writer of "Piers Plowman," in Wycliffe, that Reformer before the Reformation; in Latimer, with his crude English speech and popular sympathies; in Sir Thomas More, too, that public soul; in Cromwell, our chief of men, in that eminent servant of God whose life and labours, whose glorious and triumphant death you celebrate to-day; in Thomas Carlyle also, and in John Ruskin.

These men carried the sins of England on their shoulders; they felt the sorrows of England in their hearts; they dared to believe that God was the God of England in as true a sense as He was the God of the Twelve Tribes, and of the Two Tribes of Israel. And England was as dear to them, and other men of the same great prophetic spirit that I could mention, as ever Israel and Judah were dear to Amos and Isaiah. What did they depend on the Hebrew prophets, for this great conception that God had called the nation, and had a great work for that nation to do? They depended on the facts of history behind them creating in their soul an irresistible conviction. And I ask you whether the right arm of the Most High has not been as conspicuous in English history. From

* A sermon preached at Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, on the anniversary of John Wesley's death, Friday, March 2nd,

perils in past centuries has
: delivered this country when
ole world was against us and
ıt to confusion! Had not
elped us in the sixteenth cen-
hen there had been no Eng-
ıtion to-day! Had He not
us at the beginning of this
y, then England had been a
ce of France. Is it not a
cialism of faith, or is it not
ı of unbelief, that will find
n the Judges and not find
n the battles of the Penin-
War? Pitt and Wellington
ıs distinctly servants of God
ory as Jephtha and Samson,
: those old fighters of the
s did a great service to civil-
ı and righteousness by sweep-
ıt of power the decadent Am-
: stock, so surely at the be-
g of this century we were
ıg and making for righteous-
ı Europe and in the world.
, and if we admire the He-
poets who celebrated the
of their little country, its
and its hills, its woods and
ıins, from Dan to Beersheba,
l we not also pay a tribute to
ets God has given us when
rouse our spirits, and when
nagnify this great and beauti-
ıuntry which God has made
eritage.
ı say that Israel had a special
ın. And are any man's eyes
ıd that he cannot see the mis-
ıf England? Have not we
ıurrounded by the sea, our na-
character formed, for pur-
that we can recognize?
nation has ever planted so
colonies, explored so many
ıwn lands, made such prac-
contributions to civilization,
ıch an illustrious example of
/? Within our blood is the
s for government, the passion
ıstice, the love of adventure,
he intelligence of pure faith.
Lord came of the Jewish
and therefore that people
must have a lonely place, but when it comes to the carrying out of those great blessings, physical, political, social, and religious, which have been conferred upon the world by the Cross and the pierced hand of the Lord, I challenge any one to say whether any nation has so extended them within her own borders, or been so willing to give them to the ends of the earth as God's England.

When I strike so high a note I do not forget England's sins, for against the Eternal we have sinned, and in our own generation by inordinate love of material possessions, by discord between the classes of the commonwealth, by a certain insolence which has offended foreign peoples, and also by hideous sins of the flesh. Our sins have been great, and it becomes us to acknowledge them, as, I hope, during this winter we have been acknowledging them with broken and contrite hearts. Does our sin destroy our calling? Does our sin break the Covenant which the Eternal made with our fathers? No people ever sinned against God like Israel, for there was no commandment they did not break, there was no insult to the Eternal which they did not offer. And I declare between the sin of Israel and the sin of England, God's chosen people of ancient and modern times, there has been the similarity which arises from the sin of people in the same position. Both boasted themselves overmuch against other peoples. Both were intoxicated with prosperity. Both depended upon it instead of utilizing and conserving the favour of the Most High.

When we desire to confess our sins where do we go? We go to the confessions of the Hebrew prophets. And when we ask mercy for our sins, what are the promises we plead? The great promise of mercy declared by the Evangelical prophet and now sealed by the life

and death and resurrection of our Lord! If God broke not the Covenant He sware to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob till He had accomplished all things which He had promised to do for His people, that were not yet accomplished, neither will He, neither has He, broken the Covenant made with our fathers and to which we also have set our hands.

Because the Hebrew prophet believed that his people were God's people, he had the courage to speak plainly to them. He is not a traitor to his country who on occasions points out his country's sins. He is not a friend of his country's enemies who calls his country to repentance; he is the traitor who, placed in any position of influence, either in the Senate or in the Pulpit, will not point out the errors of his nation, for it is he against whom the charge will be made that he hath "healed the hurt of the daughter of his people slightly." When Israel sinned there was no voice so loud as that of Isaiah or Amos, but, oh, they delighted not in the work, any more than their God delighted in judgment. If God sent them with a rod they took the rod and they gave the stroke, but the stroke fell also on the prophet's own heart, and he suffered most of all the people. When the people repented and turned again to God, when they brought forth works meet for repentance and showed humility, oh, there was no man so glad as the prophet, there was none whose feet were so beautiful upon the mountains bringing the Gospel of Peace! He that rebuked then lifted up! He that had stricken bound the wound!

When the prophet takes up the work of consolation he has no bounds, he makes the comfort of God to run down the streets like a river. It is not enough to say it *once, but* twice must he sound it, till, like the news that spread through London yesterday, the Comfort of God shall run like lightning through Jerusalem. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," saith your God. Yes! and when he takes to comforting he is not to be bound by theories of theology or arguments of the schools. He is not going to ask questions—whether a man can expiate his sins, or whether a nation can win repentance. He flings all this kind of argument to the wind, for he has come out from the presence of the Eternal, who does not keep accounts like that, and he cries, "Speak ye home to Jerusalem; her warfare is accomplished." Accomplished! More than that! This man declares that God hath now repented. It was His people repented first, now He is repenting. They repented of their sins; behold, God has begun to repent of His judgment! "I have," he makes the Eternal say, "I have been overhard with these people, and I have punished them more than they have deserved. Go and comfort them. Comfort them royally. Give it out with a lavish hand—they have received double for all their sins."

When the prophet speaks in this fashion he is not referring to material prosperity, for the words were spoken to the exiles in Babylon. And when I am speaking here to-day, in this place of such sacred associations, I am not directly or specially alluding to the great victories with which God has been pleased to crown the cause that we believe to be the cause of liberty and of righteousness! The prophet was speaking of a blessing greater than any material prosperity, and he comforted the exiles there not because they were victorious, but because they had repented and been reconciled unto God. The comfort I preach today is not based on arms. It is

, as I take it, and I am sure I ght, on the nobler spirit which ıas given England during the ess of this war. We sinned, ccording to our sin was our hment. We have repented. :clare it without doubt. ıgh our churches and through ıomes, and individually, we laid the lessons of the Eternal art; we have repented, and ding to our repentance shall e blessing of God. Did we overmuch last autumn? Ah, ıe boasts have been paid two- in the blood of brave men, ı the humiliation of our fame. end out our soldiers with a fast heart, but in a far nobler

On every hand are signs ɔentance. We have had great ses, but I ask you whether ınd ever lost heart. Never. ıave not said we were be- l; we have not turned and ɔur rulers; we have not called generals who were doing best, and broken their hearts.

And we have not whined ercy from any quarter. And ıer nations had joined in we l have asked no mercy. The of European nations joining ainst us would have made us nan from John o' Groat's to wall. It was all that was d to bring this England to ıeight. We know that no is master of circumstances. now the ablest man may fail, what we are grateful for is the Romans in their best were grateful for, when they out and met a beaten general said: "We honour you be- you did not despair of the ıonwealth." Thank God! the ken tradition of our generals statesmen is honoured, and ıas been fulfilled through the of this trouble. I do not we are a large people and are foolish people in a large ı—I do not say there have not been peevish complaints, shrill, high-pitched, shrieking voices—I do not say there have not been ungenerous criticisms, but I do say that all that has been but the spume on the surface of the water, and that throughout our homes—and a minister knows the homes of the people, and the tone of the homes is more than the cries of the agitators—through the homes of our people there never has been a nobler spirit, a more unboasting courage, more unfaltering confidence in God. And therefore with that before me I say: Comfort ye, comfort ye my people; speak ye home to-day to the heart of England!

There are many of us who are afraid, and we had some reason—that the lure of gold, so dangerous a snare for every people, had something to do with the beginning of this war, and against that some of us lifted our voices. And if it is ever again to complicate and disgrace our policy we shall lift our voices with yet greater intensity. That is a question upon which people differ, and I am not going further into it, but I say with confidence now that whatever a few men—whether they did or not I am not judging—whatever a few men for reasons of profit had to do with fostering the beginning of this war, it is not for gold that England is fighting to-day. No! When England rises in a body, any such intriguers or speculators disappear; and England rose, and England fights to-day for that which has been dear to her from the Commonwealth downwards, for Liberty, for Righteousness, for Equal Rights between man and man, for lasting peace in a fair province of God's world, and for the ancient unstained glory of the English name. Wherefore, Comfort ye, comfort ye my people; speak ye home to the heart of England.

Some of us were also afraid in past years that our people, through their great commercial prosperity, and through certain social influences, were growing soft and losing their moral fibre, and some of us considered that nothing would so cleanse the nation as a great war. We dared not pray for such a thing, for, ah me, the widows and orphans! But we felt if a war should come it would cleanse England. And the war has come, and now the mass of our people are coming out of the furnace strong and refined. Has our army ever stood higher in bravery, in patience, in confidence than to-day, from that old man that went out stricken in his own heart and at the age of seventy, to lead the arms of England to victory, down to the lad who would be in the front line of fire, and when one arm was disabled, shifted the bugle to the other hand and blew till he fell?

Did you ever expect to see the day—I did not—when from homes of affluence at the West End and from humble homes in the East End, from the castle and from the cottage, young men, uncompelled, would arise and go forth, counting all things but loss, for their country's sake. When the prize has to be divided, the prize of popular esteem and honour, it can go neither to the Castle nor can it go to the Cottage; it must be divided between the two, for the princes of Israel and the people thereof have gone willingly to the death for their country's sake. If the prize is to be given to any persons in especial, it must be given to the Women of England. I know of what I speak, having men going out from my own people. Wives have given their husbands, and mothers their sons, without complaining, for [redacted]land's sake. You may find [redacted]laints in public newspapers [redacted]nd there—not many—you hear none from the women who are making the largest sacrifice.

It was only last week, travelling in a railway carriage, I saw a Reservist's wife and the mother of two Reservists, most respectable, nice people, whose husband and sons had been called out from happy and prosperous homes. They spoke about the war. Did they complain? No! They read letters from the husband and the sons, and they quarrelled as to which was the best General, and who would be first at Pretoria. It did an Englishman's heart good to be in the carriage, and to see the spirit of our people.

Yes, and in the great homes from which men who are heirs to ancient names and great fortunes have gone out, there is no complaint. No, and in the lowly homes there is no complaint. There the wife will read a letter from her husband at the front—not very grammatically composed, but there are better things than grammar—and not very eloquent, if you please, but eloquence of mere words is a poor business—but powerful, to the melting of the heart and the raising of the spirit, because of that private soldier's unfaltering confidence in his General, his unconscious indifference to danger, and his unspoken loyalty to his country. And because we have been so strong as that, I declare I am reminded of Milton's words—"I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Wherefore, Comfort ye, comfort ye, because she hath played the man—comfort ye, comfort ye England, speak ye home to the heart of England.

A while ago our colonies, separated from us by vast distance, and living amid different circumstances, appeared—I only say appeared—to be a little cold in feeling, and perhaps the mother was a little negli-

of her children. You never ell what people feel till the of trouble comes; then you a man's heart; then you can ate his latent affection. When ınd was in trouble, and before ay of her need came—for that came in the sense of despera- ınd despair—before the day of ed came, her children thought ıeir mother, and girded on swords and came to her aid. have fought in the same field home band, the distant band, ll of one blood. They have led their blood together, and lare that what they have done, the men of the Northwest of la on to the men of New nd, will never be forgotten by ınd.

Covenant has been made be- ı England and her Colonies, he Covenant has been sealed blood. To-day, England and olonies are one. They revile, nations of Europe—with ex- ıns—they revile us, but it does ıatter what the outside world if your own family is true. would do this and that, but d not care, and we do not care ', when old England stands her children round her and ord of ancient prophecy ful- to Israel spiritually is fulfilled ıgland literally to-day—"Lift ine eyes round about, and see how they gather themselves together. Thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." We have had our discipline, and the fruits of chastisement, the peaceable fruits, remain and are to be gathered. We have learned humiliation, we have learned where our trust is, we have learned that the fear of God in the hearts and homes of the people is the greatest power in a nation. We have found out who our friends in the world are; we have found out who our enemies are—and we are not going to forget. We have learned that this great Empire is one which God has given us, and must be preserved so long as it is His will. We have found out that the riches of courage, of manhood, of steadfastness, and of loyalty which are in the hearts of English men and women, and God has fulfilled to us another promise—"For a small moment have I forsaken thee. With great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with loving-kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer."

Comfort ye, comfort ye England; speak ye home to the heart of England, for the Covenant stands between God and England.—Methodist Recorder.

IN THE SWEET MAY MORNING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

m the sod, with his perfect lay,
he lark at the break of day,
Swift-soaring and singing,
In liquid notes ringing
raise for the fair young month of May.

in the meadow he leaves behind
st warm rays of the sunbeams kind
Kiss open the daisies,
Who, adding their praises,
to and fro in the soft May wind.

Toronto.

Under the hedge, on the shady side,
Sheltered and shy, the violets hide,
While sweet from their breathing,
More praises are wreathing
Out on the air of the glad May-tide.

All through night has the pond been gray,
But it shimmers, now, at the opening day,
In colour replying
To the sweet breeze, sighing
The fairest of all the months is May.

THE PROBLEM OF RACE AND POPULATION.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ONTARIO.

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.,

Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

I.

My subject deals with Canada and her people. Race and population refer to the nature or kind of people and the number of people that are to be Canadians in the future. If you ask me for a text upon which to build my address, or a foundation upon which to base my remarks, I will offer you this:

> " Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land."

This should be sufficient to call forth the best thinking of which one is capable, this should arouse one's brightest hopes and aspirations. If failure follows, the fault will lie, not with the text, but with the student or the thinker.

In discussing this subject, I do not set myself up as an authority —perhaps I can tell you nothing new, nothing but what may have occurred to you many a time (for one can hardly think of a citizen of this country not giving thought to our future), but perhaps I may be able to present some thoughts in a new light.

There is an old saying that " the child is father to the man." This is as true of the people collectively as of the people individually. What Canadians are to be is largely a question of what Canadians are to-day, and it seems to me, therefore, that we should first glance over the past history of our people? Written history may be interesting and attractive from a literary standpoint; it is valuable to us, however, just as from it we help ourselves in the present in the direction of our public and private life, and use it as a guide for future action.

Time will not permit our reviewing the history of the growth of all the provinces, therefore I propose to deal principally with our own province. In studying the people of Ontario we are also studying the people of Manitoba, for, as you know, that province is largely an overflow from Ontario. This is very well illustrated in the statement recently noted in our daily press that every member of the new Government of Manitoba was born in Ontario. I think the same can be said of the Government that preceded it.

Just as I write this there has come to hand No. 8 of the interesting little Quarterly entitled " Educational Review Supplementary Readings." It is published at St. John, N.B. If you are interested in studying the source of the people of Canada you will find one of Dr. Ganong's entertaining sketches of the source of Maritime Canadians in this number. It is entitled " The New England Movement to Nova Scotia " (1760-1770).

The story of the war of the American Revolution is full of interest, and is even yet the subject of much discussion as to whether the revolutionists were justified in refusing to pay taxes when they had not representation, and whether the loyalists who preferred the British flag and British laws were justified in their action. At this remote day we can find much to admire in both. Whatever may have been the mo-

that prompted the loyalists, nust be credited with laying undation of this province, and rly growth and the continued ıpment of Ontario are con- g proofs of the importance ılue of their work.

foundation of a province is of as much importance as the ıtion of a building. Ontario ıot upon sand, but upon solid and her stability is assured. material later entered into the tructure. A foundation with- ɔuilding is of no value, and a ıg without a foundation is veakness, a menace to all con- . We shall be acting fairly ıstly if we give due credit e United Empire Loyal- f the latter part of the ɛnth century, and due credit o the British settlers who l the sea in the first half present century.

ɔ were the U. E. Loyal- f Upper Canada? They ı people of mixed blood. were some descendants of the ʾuritans and Quakers. There lso large numbers of Dutch t, principally farmers from New York, who settled in numbers in the Bay of district.

t strange things happen in rld! A century and more ago ere people of Dutch descent ɛferred privation and hard- ıder British rule to the so- freedom of independence. people of the same ancestry hting against the British in Africa to maintain their in- ence. The day will doubt- ne when the South African ill admit that the protection ɛedom of British rule are ble to that for which he is ghting.

aps it will be interesting to ur reference to the early Dutch Loyalists fuller than would otherwise be necessary, owing to the present South African troubles. The important part played by these people in settling the townships along the St. Lawrence, on the Bay of Quinte and in the Niagara district may not be generally appreciated. We have become so familiar with the names that we do not realize how much Dutch blood there is in Ontario. Here are a few names of the early settlers. Major Peter Vanalstyne was the leader in charge of a large band of Dutch New York farmers who settled the township of Adolphustown. When he came he could speak only broken English. To his name we add Vandyke, Van Every, Vandeusen, Vandewater, Van Slyke, Vandebogart, Van Blaricom, Van Valkenburg, Van Horn, Van Tassel, Van Vlack, Van Cott, Van Nostrand, Van Clief, Van Wagner, Van Skiver, Vanderheyden, Van Luven, Van Norman, Vanderlip, Van Camp, Van Wyck, Van Allen. Other names, such as Schermerhorn, Sleuter, Von Kochnet (now Van Koughnet), Wanamaker, Lampmann, Schmitt, Snider, Osterhout, Outwater, Ostrander, Hough, Huycke, Huff, Hoffnagel, Pruyn, Bogart, and scores that are familiar, may be traced back to either Dutch or German ancestry. If we look into the old homes of Niagara or the Bay of Quinte we shall find furniture and kitchen utensils that are of Dutch rather than of New England origin. Many of the farm implements also were of Dutch make, as Dutch harness and the Dutch plough.

One more reference. The French bateau of the lower St. Lawrence and the Ottawa gave place to the Durham boat as a means of conveyance by water. The word Durham is an Anglicized form of the Dutch Durm, a boat introduced from the

Mohawk. It was a long, flat-bottomed, square-ended boat, rigged with a mast and sail. It was partly decked over; cleats were nailed along the side decks, against which the men braced themselves as they poled up the rapids.

These Dutch settlers were sturdy, resolute, industrious men and women, and formed a very important part of the foundation of our province.

You may have perhaps noticed the similarity of many of the Boer words now frequently occurring in the war news to some of our common English words; for instance, Volks (folks), Veldt (field), Staat (State), Bloem (bloom), Uit (out), Vaal (valley). These, of course, point to a common origin. But we have some words that are peculiar to the Northern States and to Ontario, that have come to us from the New York Dutch and that are suggestive of the influence of this people upon our life. I will give you only a few: Boss, the head or manager of a band of workmen; bush, meaning the woods, as The Queen's Bush; stoop, the verandah or platform alongside of the house; and span, a team of horses. The word neck (or nek) is peculiar to New York, New Jersey and South Africa.

This, perhaps, will be sufficient as indicating the influence exerted by the New Netherland Dutch in the early settlement of Ontario or Upper Canada. They were most numerous in the townships around the Bay of Quinte, though a few were to be found in the Niagara district, and we may perhaps even mention the Dutch Ryerson or Ryerse family that settled in the Long Point District. In "Case and his Contemporaries" we find mention of several settlements where services were conducted in Dutch for many years. For example, reference may be made to the Bowman settlement, seven miles southwest of Hamilton. Dr. Carroll says: "The settlement was commenced in 1793, and was composed of the U. E. Loyalists, mostly of Dutch descent, from the Mohawk Valley in the State of New York and from New Jersey." He mentions such names as Smith, Bowman, House, Horning, and Spears. In the same district he says Bowslaugh and Cline "could preach better in Dutch than in English."

We find also some Germans among the U. E. Loyalists, in addition to the disbanded Hessians. Perhaps you know the story of the Palatines. The people of the German Palatinate had suffered for years—their country had been a common fighting ground for the French on the West and the German States on the East. They had endured terrible persecution, and had fled, some to Holland, some to London. It was in the days of Queen Anne. Public sympathy being aroused, they were housed, fed and clothed. At first it was proposed to settle them in Ireland and in the manufacturing towns of the north. Then it was decided to send them to America to settle in the pine forests that they might produce naval stores. Some Mohawk chiefs who were at the time in London on a mission were taken to see them and they offered them a home in their country across the sea, the great Mohawk country. This was gladly accepted, and they came out in 1710 to New York State. A large number also came and settled in Pennsylvania. For three years they suffered persecution and privation before it was discovered that the pine of the north was not pitch pine. The British Government and the New York Governor were disappointed. On up the Hudson and Mohawk the Palatines gradually moved until they came into the pro-

land of the Mohawks. It is arkable fact that the descend- of some of the German Pala- cared for in London and the idants of the Mohawk chiefs n London offered them a home ir country beyond the sea, l down in 1784 side by side banks of the Bay of Quinte. Germans from Pennsylvania metimes miscalled Pennsyl- Dutch. They were not Dutch use the term, that is, Hollan- but they were Deutsch, as the ins called themselves. If one over the names of the pioneer s along the front from Pres- Long Point he will be sur- at the many German names. of them have been more or nglicized, but when you trace back to their original form, nds true German spelling. g the pioneer Methodist ers of Upper Canada was stus Shorts. His mother l him in her arms across New State to Niagara, guided h the forest by a friendly In- His ancestors were Swiss Kurtz, or Courtice. In ng the name the English was the English equivalent was d just as some of the French ians adopt English equiva- hen becoming citizens of the States. Van Koughnet is ification of the German Von et; Buckner is a modification ghner; Dedrick of Dietrich. any years Matilda Township St. Lawrence was known as German Settlement."

owing in the wake of the Loyalist Germans came a stream of German settlers, ound homes in York, Peel, , Haldimand and other coun- It is, of course, well known art of Waterloo County is by a body of industrious, ssive Germans, who still re- eir original language.

Perhaps two facts may be added before we pass on to the next section.

The beginnings of the Methodist Church in Ontario are due to Palatine Germans. A small number settled in Ireland near Limerick, and through the visits of some of John Wesley's travelling helpers they became Methodists. They came to New York and founded the first Methodist church, still in existence on John Street. They later moved north to Washington County and just before the war came to Montreal. Later on they came to Upper Canada and settled, some on the St. Lawrence near Prescott and some on the Bay of Quinte, forming in each place the nucleus of a future Methodist community.* The German Loyalists who came to the Bay of Quinte district direct were principally Lutherans, and we have records of their building churches in that district in the early years of this century. The original German Lutherans of that district, however, soon turned to the other Protestant bodies, some becoming Presbyterians, but most of them Methodists. Just outside of the town of Picton there is still in use an old Methodist church, known as the Conger Church. It preserves its original form, square in shape, with a four-sided roof meeting in an apex. If we turn to the picture of the old Lutheran church erected about 1730 at Newburgh on the Hudson by the German Palatines, we will see that some of the early church architecture of the Bay of Quinte dictrict was German in style—square with a four-sided roof.

The next element to be noticed among the U. E. Loyalists is that of the French Huguenots. Paul Revere the soldier, Freneau the

* Among them were the German names Heck, Ruckle, Schweitzer, Detlor, Dulmage and others. Paul Heck's German Bible is in the library of Victoria University, Toronto. —Ed.

pioneer poet, and Lanier his successor, Thoreau the naturalist, Tourgee the novelist, and Chauncey Depew the orator and financier, all trace their origin to French Huguenot ancestry. There are many others, also, whose names might be mentioned, as Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and President Garfield. Historical research has even attempted to prove that Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, was also of Huguenot extraction. If so, her love-making may be of increasing interest to us.

There were several Huguenot settlements in the Atlantic States, but the one that concerns us most is that at New Rochelle, near New York. A number of Ontario families can trace their ancestry back to that interesting settlement.*

But Dutch, German and French blood did not flow in the veins of all the Loyalists. There was also a generous sprinkling of good old Quaker folk, who traced their ancestry back through the New England States to old England. One of their strong settlements was in Dutchess County, on the Hudson. This county probably contributed more settlers to Upper Canada than any other, and the presence of the Quakers may have had something to do with it. Some of them laid aside their prejudices and fought on the British side, but most of them came to Upper Canada because of their hatred of strife and their desire to live in peace under the flag that had so long been their protection.

The first meeting in Upper Canada was organized in 1798 in Adolphustown, at the home of Philip Dorland, who had been refused his seat in the first Legislature of Upper Canada because he would not take an oath. Their first meeting-house, erected in 1799, still stands on Hay Bay, not far from the first Methodist Church erected in 1792. From Adolphustown as a centre, the Quakers crossed into Prince Edward County, and spread eastward into Frontenac and Leeds. Lutherans and Quakers were prominent among the first settlers of Adolphustown a hundred years ago. In 1891, according to the census, there were two Quakers in Adolphustown and not one Lutheran. In Prince Edward County there were six hundred and eleven Quakers.

Most of the U. E. Loyalists who settled around Niagara and on the Bay of Quinte were Protestants. In Sir John Johnson's Royal New York Regiment were a large number of Scottish soldiers, most of them Protestant but some Catholic. The former settled on the St. Lawrence in the counties of Stormont and Dundas; the Catholics made a small settlement in Glengarry. Soon after came a large accession to their numbers, the Glengarry Fencibles, with their gallant and devoted leader, Father Macdonell, afterwards the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.

The story of Bishop Macdonell and his Highlanders is full of interest. Born in 1762 in Invernessshire, he was educated for the priesthood. He went back to minister to his own people and found them in dire distress because of their small holdings being turned into sheep-walks. He arranged with Glasgow manufacturers for their employment, and came down from the Highlands with seven or eight hundred stalwart labourers. Soon after occurred the French

* I have not space to enlarge further upon this, but if you are interested in this subject I would simply refer you to two records that are available in our public libraries. The French Huguenot family of the Secords, and the French Huguenot family of the Ruttans are to be found recorded in the publication of the U. E. Loyalist Society, issued in 1899 at Toronto. These two may be [illegible] as representative of a class much [illegible]merous than is generally supposed.

onary troubles, and a stag-
followed in the great work
of England and Scotland.
Macdonell then formed his
's into a Catholic regiment,
h he became chaplain, and
rvices were offered to their
. They saw service in the
l Islands and in Ireland.
peace came, the Glengarry
es were disbanded. Pre-
this bands of Highlanders
t for America at various
ne settlement being made in
Carolina, another in Prince
Island, and in 1773 another
ıd gone, as already stated,
Iohawk Valley at the request
Wm. Johnson, and at the
the Revolutionary War had
tled along the St. Lawrence.
Macdonell naturally looked
he sea for a future home for
, and, after many difficulties
have not time to mention
e find these fighting High-
located on grants of land in
ry County.

da owes a great debt to the
ıders of the St. Lawrence,
otestant and Catholic. They
rn fighters, and in the war
they all stood true to their
ıtation of fighting to the last
honour of the Motherland.
ıe war was over, these Scot-
ghlanders of the St. Law-
layed an important part in
ing our great lumbering
, in the building of our
ıes of railways, and the con-
n of our canals.

o these Dutch, German,
English, and Scottish pio-
we add the few original
Canadian settlers to be
ı the West near Detroit, and
the extreme east, we have
ıabitants of this province
he war of 1812 broke out.
were as yet but few Irish
; these were to come later in
ımbers.

The people were of mixed origin, but they were true to British rule and true to their adopted country. I need not tarry to recall the war of 1812. The devotion of the people may be well understood when it is considered that Upper Canada was saved, although the fringe of settlement at that time numbered in all only seventy-five thousand persons.

The various nationalities that went to the making up of the pioneers of Ontario were so well blended together that a definite Upper Canadian type was produced. If one enquires into the genealogy of any of the older families in the frontier counties of Ontario, he will be surprised at their composite nature. Here and there some striking national characteristic will be noticed—cases of what is called *atavism.* My attention was recently attracted by the painstaking, plodding industry and intelligence manifested by a man engaged in a certain piece of work, his method and his manner attracted me as being out of the ordinary. My curiosity being aroused, I enquired of him as to his ancestry, and found he was German — Pennsylvania Dutch — that explained a great deal. So one may find an interesting study in working back some of his acquaintances to Dutch, French, German, or British sources.

I have referred thus somewhat fully to the early settlers for two reasons: First, because they were the first settlers, and long removed beyond the personal acquaintance of the present generation; and second, because I wished to show that a large amount of what some call foreign blood came into this province and has been absorbed, to the great advantage of the province. This is one of the striking characteristics of British rule—to take in peoples of varied nationalities and of most diverse habits and pecu-

liarities and turn them into patriotic Britishers.

Following in the wake of the 10,000 U. E. Loyalists came many of their friends and relatives who had not taken a determined stand or who had not been harried out of the country. From these additions and from natural family increase the 75,000 of 1812 became 84,000 in 1817 and 157,000 in 1825.

At this time the great stream of British immigration set in—England, Scotland, and Ireland all contributing. The causes of this movement were many. At the close of the war of 1812-14 many officers and soldiers settled down with their pensions in the new land that they had fought for. These were troublesome times in labour circles. There was failure of crops and there was the alluring prospect of free homes. Once the tide of emigration was directed thither, it grew of its own attracting force.

This movement was at its height in 1842 when the first census was taken, just after Upper and Lower Canada had been united into the Province of Canada. The population had grown from 157,000 in 1825 to 487,053 in 1842. By 1848 it had reached 725,879. I will give the population at the next five censuses for comparison.

1851.....	952,004
1861.....	1,696,091
1871.....	1,620,851
1881.....	1,926,922
1891.....	2,112,989

The present census population will probably be between 2,250,000 and 2,500,000.

The nativity of our population in 1851 may be of interest:

Canadian born, not French	526,093
Canadian born, French ..	26,417
Irish	176,267
English and Welsh	82,699
Scottish	75,811
United States.....	43,732
Other Provinces and Nfld..	6,498
Other Countries	14,487

In the year 1851, "Canadian," it should be remembered, refers to only Ontario and Quebec—Upper and Lower Canada.

Space will not permit further details of this direct British immigration. It has only lately ceased. Many of these sturdy pioneers are still living, and doubtless often repeat the story to the grandchildren, a story that a generation hence will be again repeated and so handed down, for it is one full of interest.

Some historical aspects of this question I have taken up elsewhere, and perhaps I may be allowed to make the reference. The account will be found in the Appendix to the Report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for 1897, published in 1899, pp. 130–139.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK FOR AFRICA.

BY BISHOP C. C. PENNICK, D.D.,

Formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, Liberia.

'he African, that wonderful, :ed fraction, that mysterious un- wn "X" in the problems of ıanity, the dark dweller in the ey of the shadow of death, that : which has till now responded ittle and sluggishly to the woo- forces that have called into ndid development other races, ıt is his outlook? The answer ns almost self-evident. He st rise or fall in proportion to final ability to awake and re- nd to the call of life and con- ons of living that the twentieth tury shall demand of him. The stion what to do for and with African, will call forth the best ıght, and wisest planning, and ngest doing, yea, and it may be most sacrificial living, that the ırch has known for centuries.

What nation, so far, has pre- :ed the best results toward tak- up the pagan African, arresting downward tendency, stimulat- him with strongest hope, and ıtering him in greatest numbers with best equipment to realize hope, and become his best self his greatest possible man ng men? We ask what na- ? For outside of national co- ration very little lasting pro- ıs has been achieved along these s, though many precious lives e been offered, and, it may be, tyr-crowns have been won, by ıted scouts, or scouting parties nissionaries, whose light shone htly as they lived, suffered, and ught.

t. Paul left his life's work al- t entirely in a civilization which as a nursing mother. So must ica have a nurturing civiliza- ; as it were, an organism, ugh which the forces of Chris- tianity will move, and eventually, it may be, create an African civilization all glorified with the life and saving power of Christ. Where can she look for this? Summing results, what nation has met this great need with widest hand and strongest and most successful application? The answer is, undoubtedly, "England." It would seem that the English have made more of the African than all other nations put together. Whatever gain her commerce has reaped from her colonies, and how hard the conditions may have been made that reaped this gain, it cannot be denied by intelligent students of the situation, that through the administration of English law, and under the protection of English government, the native African has advanced in greater numbers, and more splendid development, and penetrated further into the land of power and hope, than he has under the rule or sway of any other power.

Look at the Boers. Here is an experiment; where a branch of the white race have succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of climate, and made themselves a very strong, hopeful, and vigorous people, right in the heart of the "black man's" land. More than this; they have moved along the line of intense religiousness; their Bibles furnish their diplomatic language, and their hymn-books their battle songs. Yielding to their demand, the tropics are pouring out food for man and beast, and they seem firmly rooted in the soil of their adoption. What phenomena does all of this furnish, throwing light on the future of the African? Looked at from a distance, there has little

light or progress come to the black man from his Dutch neighbours. Lessons of honest, hard work, and content with simple modes of life, are probably being woven into the lives of the blacks about the Boers; and it may be that the lessons of a civilization so crude and simple may serve these children with the first primary steps short and easy enough for their untried feet to take, and by which they may advance better than by a higher civilization with its intricate and complicated divisions of labour, walled with many labour-saving machines.

What the French, the German, or any other nation or nations may make of the African when once he is under their tutorship and government, is a problem far more difficult to solve than was that of penetrating the "Dark Continent" in exploration or opening the road to its material wealth. That the strong nations of the earth must press into the resources of this long unworked continent, all know, who think. The development of these very nations calls for contributions that Africa alone can furnish; every increased pulsation of life within the rest of the world drives the circulation with quicker throb into Africa's sluggish veins; she can, she must, awake, arise, live.

If one would realize a little of this difficulty, let him but look into the experiment of developing the negro in the United States since his freedom. How to advance him until his intelligence and skill shall enable him to keep stride down the coming years with the white man already ahead of him by a thousand or more years, is what is confounding the philanthropist and clouding the horizon of hope before the black man himself. Yet, whatever difficulties this array of conditions may present, it seems certain that the black man must meet them. Hiding in the obscurity of the "Dark Continent" will not long [redacted]ct him, nor defend him against the inevitable consequences of failure to see and take his place in the developing forces of time.

So far the Anglo-Saxon man has come nearest furnishing the conditions for rising which the African seems able to grasp, and the English form of government has proved the most efficient for restraining, guiding, encouraging, recognizing, and assimilating the powers of the negro. It has gone deeper into the wilds of the continent and into the degradations of the race, and made from the crudest material the greatest number of best citizens (so far as we can see) of any of the nations. Of course, in making this statement, we leave out any account of the negroes that were once slaves within this or other countries, and raise no question about slavery in the long past having been a powerful factor in training lower civilization into the laws of the higher.

I would not for a moment in all of these statements and considerations forget Christianity. But I would insist upon pressing home upon the minds of men the fact, that God for the most part has used, and does use, nations, as transmitters of the forces of Christianity in forming nations. All real progress of races requires a government as truly as a creed; and it is Christianity working through Christian governments, that God does use for the making, moulding, and training of races into factors, fit and powerful, for the future's progress. Therefore we do believe that God will use, for the moulding and developing of the African, the government or governments who have advanced in the science of ruling nearest to the ideals of the Christ; and that just in proportion as the Africans respond to these ideals, they too shall be grafted into the great body of Christian life and living, and as they refuse they shall die.—The Missionary Review of the World.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

BY LILIAN E. JORY.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

I.

a well-known fact that the
t of our British poets have
n appreciated by the age in
they lived. Could Shake-
or Milton or Goldsmith or
come back in spirit to this
rld to-day, great would be
urprise at the fame which
natchless works have won.
: days of the immortal
peare no play was worth
:han a few pounds. We
Robert Burns, the greatest
)ttish poets : "At last the
eart of Burns failed him—
him because his salary as
ıan, which had never ex-
seventy pounds a year, was
reduced to half that beggarly sum, because he was so distressed for money that he was obliged to solicit a loan of a one-pound note from a friend."

Samuel Johnson tells us, when nearing the close of his career, which had been one long struggle with poverty, that he had won his fame "when most of those whom he had wished to please had sunk into the grave, and he had little to fear or to hope from censure or from praise."

Should not we Canadians profit by the history of the British literature of the past? Why should some of our most gifted poets die without enjoying the fame that they have fairly merited, with the consciousness that their life-work is unappreciated and a fear that that work has been wasted, in that it has failed to leave its impress upon their own times?

Already, in Canada, we are responsible for one broken heart, the result of neglect and lack of appreciation. The brilliant, talented Isabelle Valancy Crawford, whom Mr. Lighthall, compiler of the "Songs of the Great Dominion," places among the first of our Canadian poets, died in Toronto in the year 1887, before her poetical work was half appreciated. Her little book of poems, "Malcolm's Katie Old Spook's Pass, and Other Poems," was published just two years before her death, but failed to attract the attention which it deserved, and there is very little doubt but that her early death was hastened by the neglect of her work. She was proud and sensitive, and

many of us do not realize what neglect means to such a nature. Miss Crawford's poetry has an originality of style more striking than that of any other Canadian poet. There is nothing artificial about it. It seems to have been as natural for Miss Crawford to write verse as to breathe. Notice the rugged strength in her poem, "March," which reminds us of an old Norse saga:

"Tell what will bind thee,
Thou young world-shaker;
Up vault our oceans,
Down fall our forests.

"Ship-masts and pillars
Stagger and tremble,
Like reeds by the margins
Of swift-running waters.

"Men's hearts at thy roaring
Quiver like harebells
Smitten by hailstones,
Smitten and shaken."

And then note the tender grace and beauty of the contrast in the following lines:

"Past the horizon,
In the palm of a valley,
Her feet in the grasses,
There is a maiden.

"She smiles on the flowers,
They widen and redden,
She weeps on the flowers
They grow up and kiss her.

"She breathes in their bosom,
They breathe back, in odours,
Inarticulate homage,
Dumb adoration.

"She shall wreathe them in shackles,
Shall weave them in fetters,
In chains shall she braid them,
And me shall she fetter."

"Malcolm's Katie" is an exquisite idyl of true love. The sonnet, "O Love will build his lily walls," introduced as a climax to this idyl by Miss Crawford, is the finest introduction of a sonnet into a long poem known, with the exception of the many instances of this in the poems of Tennyson.

Some of the friends and admirers of Miss Crawford are now collecting funds to erect a monument to her memory. But this will not give to her country the work she would most certainly have accomplished had not her life been cut off in its prime.

While speaking of work that has not received the reward which it deserves, we must not forget to mention the name of Charles Heavysege, author of the drama, "Saul." When this drama came out, in 1857, and a copy of it fell into the hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Heavysege was pronounced the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare. The North British Review of 1858 spoke of "Saul" as follows: "The work is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." Yet Heavysege, who was originally a carpenter, then a printer and a journalist, lived a life of drudgery and poverty. He borrowed the money for the publication of his third edition of "Saul" from his friend, George Martin, and was never able to repay it. "Saul" unfortunately was not a financial success.

Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion" is an excellent collection of Canadian poems, but what Canadian school-boy or school-girl is familiar with it? or with Steadman's "Poets of the Victorian Era," and "Poets of America"? We have also an anthology of later Canadian verse by Wetherell, and one by Roberts, and we believe that Dr. Theodore H. Rand has prepared one which is to be entitled, "Treasury of Canadian Verse." The poetry of Roberts is a study in itself, so is that of Scott, Lampman, Bliss Carman, and William Wilfred Campbell, and the Hellenic poems of Roberts have obtained for him a growing recognition in the ranks of general English literature. His volume, "Orion, and Other Poems," published in 1880, won for him the

ıition of the best critics in ıngIo-Saxon literary world, he friendship of Matthew ı, Edmund Clarence Stead- and other distinguished men ers.

Steadman gives Charles G. berts a place in his "Poets of ictorian Era," and writes of s follows: "Of a few rising ı-Canadian poets, Roberts, ıthor of 'In Divers Tones,' to be foremost. His verse ıghtful and finished, and con- ı hopeful expression of the sentiment in a land so long ıe child of the nations."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

s foremost of Canadian poets to be no mean critic, then, ıer Canadian verse, and we ıat he writes as follows of his ıporary, Bliss Carman:

that irrepressible outburst of in- ıal energy which has of late won ıada a measure of recognition in ld of letters, Mr. Carman's work yed a large part. The character- f the Canadian school may perhaps ıed as a certain semi-sophistic wor- nature, combined with freshness of vision and keenness to interpret the significance of the external world. These characteristics find intense expression in Mr. Carman's poems. And they find expression in an utterance so new and so distinctive that its influence is already active in the verse of his contemporaries. There are two terms which apply pre-eminently to Mr. Carman. These are lyrist and symbolist. His note is always the lyric note. The lyric cry thrills all his cadences. If it be true that poetry is the rythmical expression in words of thought fused in emotion, then in his work we are impressed by the completeness of the fusion. Every phrase is filled with lyric passion. At its best, the result is a poem which not only haunts the ear with its harmonies, but at the same time makes appeal to the heart and intellect."

Why should Roberts be obliged to seek in New York what he has failed to obtain in Canada, a true and just appreciation of his work, and the remuneration for that work which will enable him to devote his life to literature? Why should the soul of a Lampman, beating like an imprisoned bird of the wildwood against the bars of its cage, cry out:

"Oh, for a life of leisure and broad hours,
To think and dream, to put away small things,
This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts;
To wander like the bee among the flowers,
Till old age find us weary, feet and wings
Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts."

Mr. Lighthall gives it as his opinion that the best poetry in American magazines is written by Canadians.

Why should not Canadians become thoroughly familiar with the works of Canada's most gifted sons? Who shall say that we may not possess a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Burns, a Tennyson?

Though our greatest poets are yet young, much of their work bears the stamp of genius of a high order. And why not? We are descended from the nation that produced a Chaucer, a Milton, a

Shakespeare, a Tennyson. We cannot but inherit their imperial spirit. Our national spirit has been developed by the deeds of heroes as noble as they who fell upon the field of Waterloo or Balaklava:

"Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel,
Attests in burning song and psalm,
How here thy heroes fell!

"O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks, but iron front,
The battle broke in vain!

"Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

"On soft Pacific slopes, beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall,
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide,
Thy sons await thy call.

"They wait, but some in exile, some
With strangers housed in stranger lands,
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

"O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams!"
—*Roberts.*

The mingling of such a variety of different races in our Canadian population results in a great variety of national characteristics for poetic delineation. There is the silent, meditative, despondent life of the red men: that dying race whose "pathetic passing" has been sung by Frederic George Scott in his "Wahonomin":

"Back westward, northward, ay,
Up to eternal winter 'neath the stars,
Our path must be in silence, till the snows
And sun and wind have bleached our children's bones!
The Red must go! the axe, and plough, and plane
Are not for him. We perish with the pine,
We vanish in the silence of the woods;
Our footsteps, like the war-trail in the snow,
Grow fainter while the new spring buds with life."

Then, again, by Charles Mair, in his drama, "Tecumseh," and in "The Last Bison":

"All vanished! perished in the swelling sea
And stayless tide of an encroaching power,
Whose civil fiat, man-devouring still,
Will leave at last no wilding on the earth
To wonder at or love."

Then we have the gay, free, careless life of the French-Canadian habitants, with their merry old chansons: "En roulant ma boule," "Gai le Rosier," "Marianson," etc., and the Saxon force, the Celtic fire of which Roberts speaks in his "Canada," and which flash forth and ring out in the poems descriptive of early settlement life. Some of the finest of these are given us by Miss Crawford and Alexander McLachlan. The last-named poet has been called the Burns of Canada, and we are glad to know that, unlike the great Scottish poet from whom he derives this title, his genius has been recognized and rewarded to some extent by his fellow-countrymen. Canada is second to no other country in that rich and varied scenery that inspires the poetic fancy. Lofty mountains, "with their sandals of daisies and turbans of drift;" vast prairies, those

"Gardens of the desert,
Unshorn fields boundless and beautiful
For which the speech of England has no name;"

magnificent and stately forests, ablaze in their autumn "coats of many colours," of which McLachlan sings:

"See how the great old forest vies
With all the glory of the skies,
In streaks without a name;
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,
And temples lit with crimson fires,
And palaces of flame!
And domes on domes that gleam afar,
Through many a gold and crimson bar,
With azure overhead;
While forts with towers on towers arise
As if they meant to scale the skies
With banner bloody red;
And in the distance, far apart,
As if to shame man's proudest art

ral arches spread;
yonder ancient elm has caught
r 'yond the reach of thought
is hoary head.
ery object, far and wide—
ry air is glorified—
ct dream of bliss!
greatest painters never could,
et in inspired mood,
e aught like this."

great inland seas have a poet
ir own, William Wilfred
ll, who has given us his
l "Lake Lyrics," which
ggestive, in their rhymic
of the ceaseless ebb and
the waters, their swish
ebbly beaches, and their
g of rocky shores:

re miles and miles of water,
rob like a woman's breast,
glad harmonious motion
ppiness caught at rest,
heart beat under
with its own glad rest,
and beating forever
d to east and to west."

again,

mpid, mighty, restless lakes,
irrors underneath the sky;
nmed in woods and mists where
wakes,
h murk and moon, the marsh-bird's
cry.
ever on through drive and drift
blue and grey, through hush and
moan,
aseless waters ebb and lift
ores of century-crumbling stone."

river St. Lawrence, with its
nd Isles, has been sung by
our earliest Canadian poets,
Sangster, and that cataract
ler, the mighty Niagara, by
Kirby.

many varieties of climate in
adian Dominion add to the
d varied beauty of its
scenery—snow and frost in
egions—glittering icicles—
tracery upon our window-
great, sparkling, frosted
dazzlingly beautiful in the
sun—illuminated palaces
Then, again, peach-bloom, acacia and sycamore trees, and roses in midwinter—surely ours is the land of the poet's dream!

The Canadian poetry of to-day is distinguished not only by its culture and finish, but by its high moral tone. Our greatest poets seem to have studied the analogies existing between the mind and the common things upon which it looks; to have pondered well the deep lessons of life, lessons of time and change and sorrow; to have had visions of the spiritual through the material, the eternal, beyond

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

the frail, perishable things of sense that we can see and touch and feel here, and grasp and cling to as though for us they were the whole of life. Our poets of Canada, therefore, are worthy of their great mission—to open the eyes of men and women that they walk not through this great Palace Beautiful asleep.

Of this great mission sings one of the purest and sweetest of our singers, one who has but recently

left us, and whose voice now mingles in the harmony of the "choir invisible":

"Not to be conquered by these headlong days
But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's attitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this:
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,—
This is to live, and win the final praise.
Though strife, ill-fortune, and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
With agony; yet, patience!—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity."

(Lampman.)

[We take the liberty of adding to Mrs. Jory's sympathetic article a few extracts from a couple of our Canadian poets, who portraits we present.—ED.]

The refined and delicate features of Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald are an index of the refinement and delicacy of her song. Miss Wetherald's poetry reminds us of a clear-cut cameo relieved in exquisite beauty against the more sombre background. For the background is somewhat sombre, and a pervasive pensiveness characterizes many of her poems. They are specially marked by a deep sympathy with nature and keen interpretation of her various moods. The very first poem furnishes the key-note to her dainty volume—"The House of The Trees, and Other Poems."

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood. . .

"Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

A pensive vein is shown in a delicate [redacted] on "Pine Needles."

"Here where the pine tree to the ground
Lets slip its fragrant load,
My footsteps fall without a sound
Upon a velvet road.

"O poet pine, that turns thy gaze
Alone unto the sky,
How softly on earth's common ways
Thy sweet thoughts fall and lie!

"So sweet, so deep, seared by the sun,
And smitten by the rain,
They pierce the heart of every one
With fragrance keen as pain."

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The close observation and the beautiful figures of the poems, "A Midday in Midsummer," and, "A Summer Rain," strike us as very delicate and beautiful.

"The sky's great curtains downward steal,
The earth's fair company
Of trees and streams and meadows feel
A sense of privacy.

"Upon the vast expanse of heat
Light-footed breezes pace;
To waves of gold they tread the wheat,
They lift the sunflower's face. . .

"The weeds and grass on tiptoe stand,
A strange exultant thrill
Prepares the dazed uncertain land
For the wild tempest's will.

"The wind grows big and breathes aloud
As it runs hurrying past;
At one sharp blow the thunder-cloud
Lets loose the furious blast. . .

Then comes a momentary lull,
The darkest clouds are furled,
And lo, new washed and beautiful
And breathless gleams the world."

The music and love of nature of the llowing lines have nowhere been sur-ıssed in our Canadian verse:

How far we roamed away from her,
The tender mother of us all;
Yet 'mid the city's noises stir
The sound of birds that call and call,
Wind melodies that rise and fall
Along the perfumed woodland wall
We looked upon with childhood's eyes;
The ugly streets are all a blur,
And in our hearts are homesick cries."

The pervading pensiveness be-›mes too poignant in the ex-ıisite sonnet on "October."

O warm, outspoken earth, a little space
Against thy beating heart my heart shall beat,
A little while they twain shall bleed and burn,
And then the cold touch and the gray, gray face,
The frozen pulse, the drifted winding-sheet,
And speechlessness and the chill burial urn."

Dr. E. Jakeway, of Barrie, ıs written a number of patri-ic poems, reciting heroic epi-›des in Canadian history. One of the ost striking of these records the daring tploit of Laura Secord, a brave Canadian oman who, during the war of 1812, alked alone through the wilderness from ır home on the Niagara River to the ritish post at Beaver Dam, a distance of venty miles, to give warning of the in-ısion of an American force. In conse-ıence of this courageous act nearly the hole of the invading party were captured. he Prince of Wales, when in Canada, sited Laura Secord, then a very old lady, and gave her a handsome present. The first and last stanzas of Jakeway's stirring poem are as follows:

On the sacred scroll of glory
Let us blazon forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen of fame;

CHARLES E. JAKEWAY.

So that all the world may read it,
And that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the honour of her name. . . . .

Braver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded,
Than the march of Laura Secord through the forest long ago;
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By the band of Beaver Dam of all that well-appointed foe"

Like this clear sunshine, let Thy love
Shine down on me to-day.
Shelter my soul, thou brooding Dove,
Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness on the earth,
No glory in the sky,
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
Except when Thou art nigh.

Thou art in all that Thou hast made,
Oh, let me see Thee there;
Dear Lord, be Thou my Sun, my Shade,
My Saviour everywhere.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

GEORGE MÜLLER: A LIFE OF TRUST.

BY JOHN LATHERN, D.D.

HENBURY COTTAGES, BRISTOL.

According to Robert Hall, it is a homage due to departed worth, whenever it has become so conspicuous as to render its possessor worthy of attention, that an attempt should be made to perpetuate some reflection of its living lustre. Then, surely, George Muller, of Bristol, founder of the Ashley Down Orphan Houses, ought to have some fitting memorial, and an adequate record of his witness to a prayer-hearing God.

Dr. Pierson's volume is, therefore, a welcome and valuable contribution to the literature to which it belongs. An autobiography, entitled, "The Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller," written by his own hand, and an account of missionary tours prepared by his wife, supplemented by annual reports, afford abundant material, all the more valuable because it is the story of Mr. Muller's life and life-work, minutely complete, and stamped by his own individuality.

For two reasons the life of George Muller, Bristol, was undertaken by Dr. Pierson: that the facts might be set forth, not so much with reference to chronological order, as for the sake of lessons to be furnished, illustrated by spiritual principles; and because, in the second place, no man so humble as he would ever write of himself what after his departure we might need to know, and thus glorify God in him.*

Following marked periods, as far as space in this sketch may permit, we have:

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS NEW BIRTH OR CONVERSION, 1805-25.

This period of twenty years is in

* Mrs. Lathern's own home was in Fredericton, N.B., but five years of her early life were spent at a boarding-school in Bristol, West of England. Miss Müller, the only daughter of George Müller, afterwards Mrs. Wright, was a pupil of the same school, and between them a close intimacy grew up, such as school-girls form, kept up later by means of correspondence. Mrs. Lathern frequently heard George Müller preach. She with her friend was a visitor at his parsonage and noted many signs of straitened circumstances and of rigid self-denial. Often their walks took the direction of Ashley Down, the site of the Orphan Houses, on the Clifton side.

After reading Dr. Pierson's "Life of George Müller," my wife's remark was: "I believe it all, both in regard to Mr. Müller's personality and the remarkable facts which find record, and I do not think that any of the statements made in the book are too strong."

nain a record of flagrant sin, some glimpses of more credit- work as a student. It forms a ground of deep shadow, and for important lessons would be a pleasant thing to read. inly the great saintliness at- d to by George Muller was he product of evolution, de- ned by heredity or environ- . It was rather, as em- zed by his biographer, the me of a revolution as marked complete as any of which the s of salvation tell; from the rsion of Saul of Tarsus until

is not merely, as in other cases, young Muller was borne down mptation or was swayed by onate impulses. His career twenty years of age exhibited depravity and an utter dis- d of moral sense. He be- an expert at cheating, lying, thievery. On the night of nother's death, her boy of four- was reeling through the ts drunk. On the eve of con- tion he was guilty of gross scandalous sins. Appointed ollect dues from his father's rs, he spent the money in a lulent manner, concealing the that the debts had been paid. ixteen, accomplished in crime, ound himself, for cheating, in n's cell.

en when he began to prosecute earnestness and success his rsity studies, he was at the time leading a false and lulent life; forging what he wards called a whole chain of

We have no satisfaction in ng the course of these years, in sin, and the story might been passed by but for the ing way in which it brings into the abounding grace of God. t now we come, in a way ely to have been anticipated, to w experience. On a memor- Saturday night, November, 1825, George Muller found him- self with a few friends met for reading the Word of God and for spiritual fellowship. That was the turning-point of his history. He breathed a spiritual atmosphere, and was deeply moved. After singing a hymn, a brother knelt in prayer. Such a scene of kneeling before God in prayer he had never before witnessed. An indelible impression was made upon his mind. Now it could be said of the Halle student, "Behold, he prayeth." The Holy Spirit breathed sweet peace and rest into his soul. That Saturday night was the part- ing of the ways for George Muller, and never in after life did he cease to magnify redeeming grace.

As in the case of Luther, Wesley and others, whose hearts have been strangely warmed, that fact held in it the germ of all that fol- lowed in marvellous sequence. Over a life of extraordinary con- secration and the Orphanage movement, otherwise inexplicable, it throws the luminous light of heavenly law.

FROM CONVERSION TO LIFE-WORK, RUNNING OVER A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS, 1825–35.

In the closet and in the com- panionship of believers, George Muller came to find at once the secret of holy life and service. At the date of his conversion, he was engaged in a literary work, which was expected to prove remunera- tive. The manuscript was com- pleted, but never published. He saw that it would not be for the glory of God, and it was burned. This act of self-denial is noted as a decisive step towards a course of implicit surrender to the Spirit of God: a feature which became con- spicuous in his spiritual life, and always evidenced in its outworking the courage of his convictions.

Another marked step in his pre- paration for extraordinary work

was the discovery of the preciousness and uplifting power of God's Word. Up to the hour of his conversion he never read the Bible, had not even a copy in his possession. It became to him now a revelation of God in Christ Jesus, and filled his life with purest love. From a few comprehensive passages, such as, "God so loved the world," he obtained his first deep insight into the philosophy of the plan of salvation. The centre of theology he found in the Atonement, the blood and righteousness

suffered to go into Bithynia because Macedonia in its need was waiting for his ministry. The discipline of disappointment proved to be a salutary one.

George Muller preached his first sermon in 1826. He "got through" a painful memoriter effort, and was asked to preach again in the afternoon. But he had no second sermon. He must keep silent or trust to the Lord for help. The Beatitudes of Jesus, as given by St. Matthew, were read, and a simple exposition attempted.

MULLER'S ORPHANAGES, BRISTOL.

of Christ. The reading of missionary journals kindled a new flame in his soul, the inspiration of spiritual enterprise.

An application for employment was made to the Berlin Missionary Society, but not accepted. Disappointment followed in regard to other fields of foreign work. His whole after life, as shown by Dr. Pierson, proved that God had for him an entirely different plan of life, and he was to receive a commission for wider witness for the Lord Jesus. St. Paul was not

Soon his heart was enlarged, and his lips opened to purpose. An unction of the Holy One rested upon him, and his preaching was with power. Here was another mark of gracious guidance. This was the true way to preach, and he kept the same line to the end of his ministry. That service gave direction and tone to pulpit and pastoral work. From henceforth he began to be known, not as an eloquent man, remarkable for chasteness and balance of speech, or any splendid colouring of style,

s ranking amongst the sim-
and most Scriptural preach-
the land.

)ut the same time there came
:r experience, most significant
influence upon his distinctive
ork. He resided for a few
ıs in the Halle Orphanage.
institution, founded by
ke, was a standing monument
d's answer to prayer. The
was not lost on Muller. It
y to trace a relation between
and Bristol. A pattern and
of work, and a sense of the
of dependence on prayer, as
ht before him in the Francke
ın Houses, were unconscious-
ing shape in his mind.

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l to outcast Israel. In more
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for a mission to the Jews.
ınexpected difficulties came
block the way. Another con-
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ecame an important factor in
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:oss at Antioch were called of
Ioly Ghost to special work.
: it not be wrong and un-
ıral, aside from Divine plan
ırpose, to wait for his fellow-
:o assign for him a field of
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as he then believed, he was
ı to a mission to the Jews in
)n. But soon the link was
:d which bound him to the
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ing up to what he regarded
vine guidance, loyal to con-
ı, counting no cost, he must
ıte conditions of service. He
ed to labour for no Society,
without salary, and on con-
of following his own meth-
ıd of choosing the field where
ord might seem to direct.
y such a man would cause
e in any definitely organized
)rise. It cannot be matter
ıarvel that the directors of
London Mission to the Jews
felt it inexpedient to employ those missionaries who were unwilling to submit to their guidance in respect to appointed operations. But George Muller's case was an exceptional one. He was being led along a way that he knew not, called and qualified to do a great and special work for God and for the Church of God.

Early in 1830 Mr. Muller became the minister of a congregation at Teignmouth. Some misgivings with which he began the pastorate at that place soon ripened into a conviction that he ought not to receive any stated salary. Support must be voluntary. At the same time, he reminded his people of their privilege and duty to minister carnal things to those who serve them in things spiritual; another way of putting the salary question, but proving in this case to be influential and far-reaching in its issues. The step then taken meant the acceptance of voluntary poverty for Christ's sake. Henceforth he must know both how to abound and to suffer need. But to this path of self-sacrifice he steadfastly and joyfully adhered. He had cast himself on the care of God.

He came to understand the secret of prayer, in direct dependence upon God. Nor did his life of trust ever in the end prove to be an illusion or mistake. In fifty thousand cases he calculated that he could trace distinct answers to definite prayers, as well as multitudes of instances in which God's care was not distinctly traced. No demur need be made to the biographer's statement, that if few men have ever been permitted so to trace down to the smallest matters God's care over His children, it is because few have so completely abandoned themselves to that care.

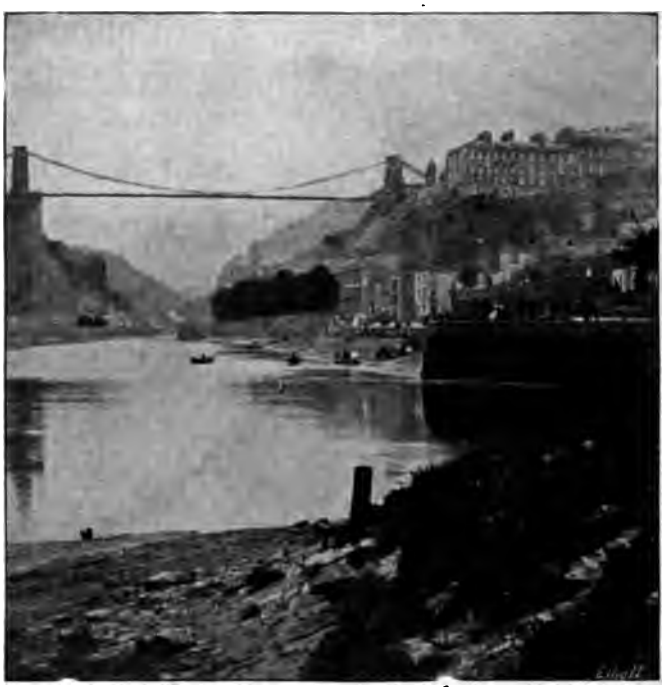
A settled habit of Mr. Muller's life was never to contract debts, either for personal needs or for the

Lord's work. This decision was reached on what he regarded as personal grounds. He and his wife agreed to suffer starvation, if need be, rather than to buy upon credit.

In close relation to this law of life was the resolve not to regard any money in his hands, entrusted to him for specific work, or designated to a definite use, as any longer his own, not to be used even temporarily for any other end or object than that for which it had been given or set apart. Thousands of times, in the course of half a century, he found himself in financial straits, when a diversion of funds in his hands for a time would have brought immediate relief, and an easy solution of pressing financial difficulties. But from the straight line of definite and determined principle he never swerved, and was thus saved from the thorny path of new and cumulative embarrassments.

LED BY GOD INTO A NEW SPHERE.

The third section of George Muller's life, dating from 1835, and running on to 1875, a period of forty years, embraces the actual working out of the special mission which crowned his course. By a series of manifestly providential events he was led to a pulpit charge in Bristol. With that commercial city of the west of England for the long space of sixty-six years, his name came to find an inseparable association.



CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BRISTOL.

After much preparation, valuable as discipline, in December, 1835, he took his first formal step for opening an orphanage. It was a day of small and feeble things, and

t to be despised, few dreamed of the magnits to which so slight a would lead. Hitherto prayed for money or for the project. But, enıy Scriptural promises, ı applicable to the case, k God into partnership. asked for a thousand money for a building, uitable helpers to take ıe orphan children.

gift in money was one ıomewhat later came an ıelpers. Two persons ıo give themselves to work, and that without hey believed that if the were of God, He would ir needs. From that gh all the expansion of ise, there was never a ıpetent and consecrated Money began to flow in g purposes. A house led. Helpers were at ıt where were the or-Not one had offered. r of the house had never ıe Lord to send orphans. : led to deep humiliation , and to earnest suppli-he next day there was nt for admission. In a from the date of that prayer, there were orphans in the house, xpected. Seven months ond house was opened, ıpril, 1837, there were ıns in the two houses. houses were opened at in the same street.

, the pillar of cloud a new direction. It a crowded street to an ous and breezy suburb. ng of the first Orphan Ashley Down proved to ıal event, and like a pilcould be seen from afar. nt and prevailing prayer offered for funds, one ıounds was received towards a new erection. Mr. Muller was led to Ashley Down for a suitable site, and several acres of land were secured. A house was at once erected at a cost of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, for the accommodation of three hundred and thirty orphans.

The work was undertaken with a limited amount of money in hand, no personal property to fall back upon, but with strong faith in God, and the sense of an inexhaustible treasury to be drawn upon at need. George Muller had a strong assurance that the orphanage work was of God, and that God would so manifestly vouchsafe all needed supply as to make it clear that he was but an instrument for working out the Divine purpose. That Bristol Orphanage, crowning Ashley Down, was to be God's house. When opened, all necessary funds had been forthcoming. Faith in God had found ample warrant for continued exercise.

Believing that he was being moved by the Holy Ghost thereunto, Mr. Muller attempted still greater things for God. He felt a strong desire that instead of three hundred, a thousand orphans might be provided for, that they might receive spiritual instruction and training for industrial life. But such an extension would involve an additional expenditure of thirty-five thousand pounds—one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—and an annual outlay of forty thousand dollars. But the all-sufficiency of God was an unfailing resource. A potent and ever-present consideration was that an enlarged undertaking, monumental in Christendom, beneficent and unselfish in its aims, wholly dependent upon God, would afford a correspondingly brighter witness to the Hearer of Prayer.

On January 4, 1851, an offering of fifteen thousand dollars was received, the largest up to that date. This was Mr. Muller's encourage-

ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, BRISTOL.

ment to go forward. In November, 1856, the second new Orphan House was opened on Ashley Down, having a capacity for four hundred additional orphans, and with still a balance in hand. Prayer brought new helpers as they were needed. Orphan House No. 3 was opened November 12, 1862, with over fifty thousand dollars in hand for current expenses. November 5, 1868, was signalized by the opening of the Orphan House No. 4, and January 6, 1870, by that of Orphan House No. 5. Still a balance of several thousand pounds remained in the Lord's treasury for general purposes. Thus the orphanage work received its complete outfit.

An illustrative page of Dr. Pierson's volume shows to good advantage the site and the spaciousness of the five Orphan Houses on Ashley Down. The magnitude of these buildings impresses every visitor. There are over two thousand inmates. The houses are built of stone, being substantial and made to last. The stamp of utility is everywhere seen. There is no ornament. In buildings erected as

itable foundation, there could
expenditure for mere archi-
l display. Do the annals of
ian enterprise show any-
more wonderful than the re-
of those five Ashley Down
n Houses? May they long
to the greater glory of God
e weal of humanity!

are not to suppose that Mr.
achieved the great results
life without ordeals of faith.
d experience of frequent and
ged financial straits. The
needed for the support of
nds of orphans was fur-
at certain periods from day
, in a way to test faith in
Dependence was for daily
Often there was not enough
d or funds in hand for one
But to the glory of God it
ified that not once had the
promise failed, nor have the
is ever gone hungry or
any good thing.

at may seem more remark-
hrough all these years there
ever, in published report or
ive of the Lord's dealings,
peal for aid. Helpers were
rmitted to make known the
ned condition of the Orphan-
whatever the exigency might
At a time of urgent need, the
annual statement was with-
est it should be regarded as
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by generous men with means
urse, if the Orphan Houses
n need of funds, Mr. Muller
ed to give information that
have brought immediate and
needed succour. He wished
here should be one only re-
, prayer to God.

ce fails to summarize the de-
f George Muller's missionary
the narratives of the Lord's
gs with him, or the multi-
s duties of his protracted
ate at Bristol. Mr. Muller
t the advanced age of eighty-

His departure was a trans-lation rather than death. He was not, for God took him.

An objection was raised in the early history of the Ashley Down Orphan Houses: "What if you should succeed in housing and feeding a thousand poor waifs, what would become of the institution after the founder's death?" The reply was, "My business is with all my might to serve my own generation, by the will of God, and by so doing, I shall best serve the next generation, should the Lord Jesus tarry."

It may be well to close with an extract from The Review of Reviews, which shows that during the last year, "in answer to believing prayer, and without a single application to any human being for pecuniary help," the sum of nearly thirty thousand pounds, close on to $150,000, had been received; four-fifths for orphanage work, and the rest for other objects of the institution.

"The original workmen, Mr. Muller and Mr. Craig," says Dr. Pierson, "are both gone, but the work goes on; and Mr. James Wright and Mr. G. F. Bergin are carrying it on upon exactly the same lines as before, and with the same experience of blessing. It has thus been demonstrated that the work was independent of even the striking and positive personality of that really great man—George Muller—that it was founded not on a man, but on a method; not on a person, but on a principle, and that God is the same God to all those who follow the same Scriptural and spiritual laws which the Divine Master has both framed and published as His spiritual code. There has been a true succession, and hence a continued success. These brethren, upon whom has fallen the mantle of this Elijah, have stood by the waters and called on Elijah's God and expected continued interposition of His power."

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

BY HATTIE E. WOODSWORTH.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Carlyle says, "All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world; the soul of the world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these."

One of the world's great men, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, has been the very soul of the great social reforms of Britain during the nineteenth century, and the promotion of these reforms was the chief object of his life. Of the masses of England he was the darling, the hero, respected, beloved, and venerated, for his supreme aim was to ennoble the life of his fellowman. For this end no sacrifice was too great, no task too difficult, nor, on the other hand, was any service too small and insignificant. Honours of State, luxuries of home, personal ambition, time for literary and scientific pursuits, all these were set aside that he might the better serve his generation.

When a young man he wrote these words in his journal, and they are the key to a life of marvellous usefulness: "I have been considering my future career. The first principle, God's honour; the second, man's happiness; the means, prayer and unremitting diligence."

Not from his father or his mother did he receive the inspiration of his life, but from a lowly domestic in the family, who taught the little child to love the Saviour. "The greatest man that England has ever produced," says one, "was this Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, and he was brought to Christ by a humble, unlettered servant girl."

An incident occurred when he was a school-boy of fourteen that led to his definitely deciding upon a philanthropic career. One day he saw a noisy party of four or five drunken men carrying in a roughly-made casket the body of one of their comrades for burial. No mourner was there. He was about

d in his last, long resting-
th horrible indignities. At
t young Ashley exclaimed,
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he man was poor and
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ıed to make the cause of
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ɔw on the funeral pile of
band.
30, at the age of twenty-
married the daughter of
Earl Cowper, a woman of
ıutiful and noble character.
y years, in times of diffi-
d discouragement, in times
y and hope, she was a con-
ıpiration to her husband in
t life-work. His friend,
ranville, referring to this
ays: "He was a singularly
ing man. He had that
presence and those manly
ɔks which, I believe, help
more than we sometimes
nd they helped him when
eavoured to inspire his
fellow-countrymen with his
ture."
rst great evil claiming Lord
attention on his entering
ent was the appalling con-
f pauper lunatics. There
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that lunacy was in some
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to the walls of dark cells,
en only straw to lie upon.
ere submitted to the awful
ent of revolving at great
n a rotary chair. Some
ıained in wells, and the
ıade slowly to rise until it
reached the chin. Life was for them lamentable in the extreme.

Parliament of 1828 passed a bill providing for the appointment of fifteen commissioners to investigate the condition of these unfortunates. In the following year Lord Ashley became chairman of the commission, and in this office remained for fifty-seven years, until his death. He was devoted to the cause of these unhappy fellow-creatures, and through his untiring efforts great reforms were effected in their behalf.

The condition of the workingman, during the early part of this century, was one of cruel oppression, of ignorance, and low morality. The factory system initiated little children, sometimes not more than five years of age, into the horrors of a life spent amid the bewildering din of machinery, and in the harsh surroundings of never-ending toil. Large numbers of children were drafted from the workhouses of London, Edinburgh, and other great cities, and placed in the mills as apprentices, where, at the discretion of sordid overseers, they were worked unmercifully and brutally treated. Child jobbers went through the country buying up children, only to sell them again into the slavery of the factory. Poor little creatures! There was for them no court of appeal, no chance of escape. When at last their apprenticeship was ended, after long years of weary toil, averaging fourteen hours a day, they were legally freed, only to find that they had not been taught a trade, as was promised, and that they had to enter again upon the hated life of their earlier years.

Some attempt had been made to better the condition of these unfortunate operatives, and the great work of factory legislation had already begun, when Lord Ashley

was requested to espouse the cause of the factory people. This would mean, he well knew, sacrifice, opposition, unpopularity. He consulted with his noble wife, vividly portraying the dark side of the picture. "It is your duty to go forward," she said, "and the consequences we must leave to God."

Thus encouraged, he entered upon the work, making a careful study of existing conditions. "I made it an invariable rule," he said, "to see everything with my own eyes, to take nothing on trust or hearsay. In factories I examined the mills, the machinery, the homes, and saw the work and workers. In collieries I went down into the pits. In London I went into lodging-houses, and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action and their actual wants. I sat and had tea and talked with them hundreds of times."

After fourteen years of hard work, years of difficulty, opposition, and disappointment, his efforts were rewarded. Legislation was secured, which brought new hope to thousands of factory operatives, hitherto sunk in the depths of ignorance and despair.

In his "History of Factory Legislation," Mr. Philip Grant says: "The sacrifice made by Lord Ashley can only be appreciated by those who best understood the pecuniary position of this noble-minded man. He had, at that time, a large and increasing family, with an income not equal to many of our merchants' and bankers' servants, and a position as the future representative of an ancient and [illegible]cratic family to maintain. [illegible]cal power, patronage, social ties, family comforts, were laid down at the feet of the factory children, and freely given up to the sacred cause of which he had become the leader."

The miserable lives of the poor, abused little chimney-sweeps appealed to the great loving heart of this noble man. Little fellows of from four to eight years of age were forced by cruel masters to climb up long, narrow, winding passages to clear away the soot. Bruised by the hard walls, often half-stifled with gas, their skin choked with soot, they frequently became victims of a loathsome disease known as "chimney-sweep's cancer." For these poor little creatures Lord Ashley devoted himself, nor did his efforts cease until a bill was passed forbidding the employment of climbing boys.

For another large class of working people, those employed in the mines, his practical love and sympathy were manifested. Children who should have been playing in the glad, free sunshine, or studying in the school, were forced down into dark and dangerous underground passages, and allowed to come up to the sunshine but once a week. Many a sensitive little creature, unable to resist the terrors of a living grave, lost the power of reason, and became a pitiable idiot. Women and boys and girls did the work of beasts of burden. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, if indeed life still remained, did they toil amid the horrors of earth's depths. But these poor toilers Lord Ashley claimed as his brothers and sisters, and for them the day of hope was at length to dawn. In his speech in the House of Commons, asking for an investigation of these things, he says: "I have been bold enough to undertake this task because I regard the objects of it as beings created as ourselves, by the same Maker, re-

ed by the same Saviour, and
ied to the same immortality."
ain, after long anxiety, was
erseverance rewarded, for a
vas passed excluding women
hildren from the coal-pits.
ien, in 1851, Lord Ashley's
r died, and he became Earl of
esbury, he wrote: "And now
r a new name which I did not
; and enter on a new career,
ı may God guide and sanctify!
can by His grace make the
ıame attain but to the fringes
is honour, and the welfare of
ind, I shall indeed be thank-

that same year he took his
in the House of Lords. On
ıg the House of Commons,
Robert Inglis spoke of him

**ıring the last fifteen years of Lord
's parliamentary life he has been
tically the friend of the friendless.
form of human suffering he has, in
ce in this House, sought to lighten;
ıt of this House his exertions have
uch as, at first sight, might have
i incompatible with his duties here.
found time for all, and when ab-
om his place on these benches he
ıjoying no luxurious ease; but was
in the chair of a Ragged School
ıg, a Scripture-readers' Association,
oung Men's Christian Institution."**

r years the problem of how to
m the ever-increasing number
ıifs and vagrants in the great
ɔpolis had been before the
of Lord Shaftesbury. So
s he knew, nothing was being
in this direction. But his
rs were to be answered. One
in the year 1843, he read in
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ield Lane Ragged School for
ers and funds, in support of
rk carried on among the very
providing them with religious
ıction. He immediately re-
and from that day became the
of the Ragged School move-

ld Lane, where this work was carried on, was one of the worst districts of London, the resort of the most notorious evil-doers. Into its dens of iniquity Lord Shaftesbury penetrated, impelled by an intense love for man, though blighted and degraded by sin.

Under his direction were established—

"A free day-school for infants; an evening school for youths and adults; a woman's evening school to teach housekeeping and other domestic arts; industrial classes to teach youths tailoring and shoemaking; a home for boys; a night refuge for the utterly destitute; a clothing society for the naked; a distribution of bread to the starving; baths for the filthy; Bible-classes, through which about ten thousand persons were brought to know the gospel story; a school missionary, who scoured the streets and brought in the wanderers; and a Ragged Church for the worship of God."

A Ragged School Union was formed, and to this union in seven years after its organization one hundred new schools were added.

Day and night the needs of the Ragged School children were upon Lord Shaftesbury's mind. He aroused public opinion on their behalf, revealing a condition of things of which people had never dreamed. He visited the schools, sought the people in their miserable homes, and won their confidence and love.

For the children he had a special love, perhaps because his own soul was so pure, his trust in the heavenly Father so simple and childlike. He used to say that the greatest compliment he ever received came from a little child. One day, while standing at a street crossing in the heart of London, he spied a little girl wishing to cross, but afraid to go alone. Anxiously she had looked in the faces of one and another, then, with a trustful smile, slipped her little hand into Lord Shaftesbury's, saying, "Will you please carry me over?"

The effect of his work in connection with the Ragged Schools cannot be estimated.

"The Refuge and Reformatory Union, which was an outgrowth of the Ragged School movement, ultimately came to have five hundred and eighty-nine homes, accommodating fifty thousand children! Three hundred thousand children were brought under the influence of the society. . . In that army of lawless, ignorant street arabs was the embryo of an English Revolution, which in development would have turned the peaceful kingdom into a battlefield of terror and bloodshed."

By means of Lord Shaftesbury's emigration schemes, hundreds of boys, to whom he was indeed a father, were sent to a new land, there to gain an honest livelihood far away from the temptations of their old environments.

"A class of people in whom he took a lively interest were the costermongers. The highest ambition of a coster was to own a donkey and truck; but the little capital necessary must be obtained from money-lenders who charged an exorbitant rate of interest. Lord Shaftesbury became for them a sort of banker, loaned them money at a low rate of interest, encouraged them to deal as they would be dealt by, organized a Barrow and Donkey Club, and, that he might himself become a member, bought a barrow and donkey which he loaned to those who were unfortunate. Happy and proud was the man to whom these were entrusted.

"He styled himself 'coster,' delighting to make them feel that he was one with them. He told them to write to him if at any time they had grievances that he might be able to redress. 'But where shall we send our letters?' asked one. 'Address your letter to me at Grosvenor Square, and it will reach me,' he replied; 'but if after my name you put "K.G. and Coster," there will be no doubt that I shall get it.' Truly it was a strange combination, Knight of the Garter and Coster."

The home-life of this great man was singularly happy and beautiful, and the sympathy of his family for their noble father in his labours for the suffering was to him a source of true joy. In 1872 came the great sorrow of his life, the death of his wife, who for so many years had strengthened, encouraged him, and been his true helpmeet amid opposition and discouragement. In his journal is the pathetic record of his grief:

"Minny, my own Minny, is gone. God took her soul to Himself at about twelve o'clock this morning. She has entered into her rest, and has left us to feel the loss of the purest, gentlest, kindest spirit that ever lived. O my God, what a blow! But we bow before Thee in resignation and sorrow. She whispered to me, 'None but Christ.' What do I not owe to her and to Thee, O God, for the gift of her? But now to-night will be a terrible event. For the first time I must omit in my prayers the name of my precious Minny."

To have accomplished any one of his great reforms would have made Lord Shaftesbury a benefactor to the race, but that one man should uplift and ennoble the lives of so many classes of his fellowmen, shedding upon them the light of his great, loving soul, is nothing less than marvellous. Thousands upon thousands of his own generation rose up to call him blessed. "The statute-books showed that his service had benefited a population of two million and five hundred persons." But God alone knows how many lives he saved of which the statute-books know nothing.

What was the secret of his success? Faith in God, and untiring devotion to his cause, faith in man, and a burning love for his fellowman in his distress. At one time he wrote: "Let no one ever despair of a good cause for want of helpers. Let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants."

Though in his work he had met with much antagonism from public men of note, "many who had bitterly opposed his work in his earlier years became his warm ad-

mirers in the later part of his life," and his eightieth birthday was celebrated as a national event.

His sympathies were broad as humanity. The Jews found in him an influential friend. For the heathen Chinaman, subjected by the Christian Englishman to the accursed opium trade, he pleaded with marvellous power, pleaded that from the fair banner of his country that foul stain might be removed. Wherever a human soul was in need, there did his love go forth to help and heal.

A short time before his death he said to a friend: "I feel old age creeping on, and know I must soon die. I hope it is not wrong to say it—but I cannot bear to leave this world with all the misery in it."

But the time for his reward was at hand. In October, 1885, he was released from a life of service here, to a fuller life of service in the world beyond. The heart of a nation was moved to tears. From rich and poor, from the great and from the lowly, from the throne and from the humble toiler's home, were heard the words of loving gratitude and sorrow.

"As the funeral carriages passed into Parliament Street, a sight was seen which will never be forgotten while this generation lasts—deputations from the Homes and Refuges and training-ships, from the costermongers' society, from missions and charities, each with their craped banners emblazoned with such words as these, 'Naked, and ye clothed me,' 'A stranger, and ye took me in.' As the procession passed, the deputations fell in, and marched towards the Abbey.

"Rarely, if ever, had there been such a company assembled in Westminster Abbey as on that day. Royalty was represented, the Church, both Houses of Parliamen, diplomacy, municipal power, society, were represented. But the real importance of that enormous gathering, filling every inch of space, lay in the spontaneous homage of the thousands of men and women representing all that was powerful for good in the whole land. The Abbey was full of mourners. Never before in the memory of living men had there been brought together, at one time, in one place, and with one accord, so many workers for the common good, impelled by a deep and tender sympathy in a common loss. For no other man in England, or in the world, could such an assembly have been brought together."

Truly, such a man as Lord Shaftesbury is one of God's greatest gifts to suffering humanity. The following contemporary tribute expresses the universal esteem in which he was held:

Never a nobler nobleman lived
Than this man, whose choice was the servant's place;
The times have been rich in men, but his life
Was beautiful, grand, and of highest grace.

Toronto.

HEROES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Not on the field alone,
With the wild sounds of war about him blown,
Is the high valour of the hero shown!

Not where the very air
Is stunned with quaking din and gashed with glare
Till death seems sure and life a dull despair!

But it shines clear as well
Where fever works its slowly wasting spell,
Firing the veins as with the heats of hell.

Then pour not all the praise
On those who faced the fearsome battle blaze,
But weave the others their just crown of bays!

—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

COLLEGE RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN.*

BY MISS G. KENNEY, B.A.

Higher education for women may be said to have conquered among Anglo-Saxon people at least, in the face of much prejudice and many jealous fears. We have but to note the attendance at the universities, from English and American colleges, where they count up to tens of thousands, to India, where even the Hindu women are taking degrees. Our own universities, scattered through every province, are largely attended by women. There are college-bred women to be found nowadays in nearly every town and village of Ontario, and of every State in the Union. Isn't it true that when women students win victories at some celebrated seat of learning like Oxford or Cambridge, Chicago or Cornell, as they have done, we all feel a thrill of pride as though the success belonged to us personally. Nor do we need, as Canadians, to be less proud of our college girls than American or English folk of theirs, because, wherever they go for post-graduate work, they carry off more than their share of honours.

Because of their constantly increasing numbers, therefore, the influence and power of college women cannot be lightly estimated. A trained intelligence is always a power. The question follows as to whether their influence and power for good has increased in proportion to their advance in intelligence. No subject deserves more careful consideration, to ensure the future well-being of Church and State.

Co-education has followed on the admittance of women to share the higher studies. I confess to holding those opinions which maintain that there is no form of college education which stands comparison with co-education, provided that residences are associated with university halls. I would have both men's and women's residences, if possible, but the latter as an imperative necessity.

One of the reasons, probably, why I have this strong belief in the necessity of a residence, arises out of my own experience. It sounds very egotistical, I know, but I hope you will pardon me if I explain. I continued at the Ontario Ladies' College, which stands in such close relations to Victoria, where I was a student, during my first two college years, only coming to Victoria at the beginning of the third year. It is hard to analyze the influences that form character, harder still where it happens to be your own, but I feel surely that while I am indebted to Victoria for a great intellectual stimulus, for which she shall always have affection and gratitude, it is just as true that any love I have for what is noblest in conduct, any desire for spiritual attainments, what knowledge I possess of human nature and the motives which govern human beings, were all discovered and developed at the former institution.

I find myself every day using the intellectual training I received in these halls along the line of the practical ideas I gathered from association and intimate relationships during three years of resident life among a hundred or more students of widely different character and disposition, yet all with a like aim and object. May I speak for a

* A paper read before the Barbara Heck Association, Victoria University, Toronto.

ent in this connection of one has lately left us. I refer to Mary E. Adams, who was n to many of you, I doubt not. to live in the same building her, day after day, was to re- influences which shall last many an old Whitby girl all ife, keeping her constant to of a womanhood in which intelligence shall be, and was, rfect union with gentleness, ar, and truth.

ave thought that this im- ive necessity—as it seems to of resident college life for n has two causes: first, owing r conceptions and present sys- f education; secondly, the na- of woman herself, her prac- work in the world, and the ntionalities and prejudices we inherited, and which it still ins to be seen whether we sur- r or not.

is a common complaint that a rsity education fits a man well h to enter the professions, but a poor man at least for any- else. Whether this criti- is wholly just or not, it cannot nied that the studies pursued the methods of pursuit lie ly outside of the practical. It obably true that a large ma- of college men do enter the ssions, and it must be acknow- d, I think, that our curri- ns succeed better in turning cholars and critics rather than or reformers, individuals med with other people's ons rather than men of strong cter, theorists rather than of action. I do not venture neralize with regard to men, are affected by different con- ns; but the danger exists, I re, in the case of the average ge girl, that although she enter niversity with a well-balanced al development along three moral, social and intellectual, eaves it with a great advance made in the last, and no adequate gain in the other two directions. This is the natural outcome of the unchecked tendencies of a system of education which looks upon the mind as an enormous storehouse to be filled up, rather than as the possessor of unknown powers to be drawn out; of a place of life which means all work, all one kind of work, and no diversion aside.

College training cannot properly be understood to mean simply intellectual development, yet sometimes we seem to have fallen unthinkingly into this error. It may be that our poverty has made it impossible to live up to the highest; howbeit, we must agree that the culture which we seek in college halls, results from and in harmonious growth of all the faculties—intellectual, moral and spiritual—at one and the same time, and in its true sense is not the product of text-books merely, and lecture-rooms and examinations, but of higher thoughts and an earnest life, and of "real relationships" with those around us. A graduate must not only have acquired knowledge, he must know how to apply it to the needs of society as he finds it, he must be fitted to live, not as a hermit, but as a man among men.

What, then, should be the significance of a university training to woman? It was anticipated that the development of her intellect might destroy those home-making qualities which are so essential a part of what has been called "distinctive womanhood." But far from tending to obscure the fundamental idea of woman as the centre and radiating influence of the home, it must be the aim of the college to contrive that every advance in knowledge and philosophy should but illuminate and deepen its importance. Can the college accomplish this? Surely it can, but not without closer contact than lectures and occasional gatherings

afford. The conditions which must bring success to its endeavours are involved in a sentence from a wise address by our Chancellor. "College life implies," he said, at the sixtieth convocation of Victoria, "a common life, under a common rule, in a common house, in a daily fellowship of work."

Conclusions such as these have always been in the thought of those most interested in the education of women, and in other lands, the movement for admittance to college halls has always been accompanied by provision for a residence such as we desire for Victoria; or else, so vital was this matter felt, that separate universities were established, with lecture-rooms and professoriate and students all practically under one roof, as at the great women colleges across the line, Bryn-Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith's.

When Victoria once became part of a great city, with her students and professors scattered far apart, this need of a "common college life under a common rule," became urgent. More than ever, attending lectures and living in one room in a boarding-house made up the sum of four years of a student's life. With identity lost in the rush and unconcern of the city, there was nobody else's pleasure or displeasure to consider, nobody else's will to interfere, there was almost no point of helpful contact with the wider interests and activities of the varied world around them. Isolation from the give and take, the bear and forbear of the blessed home life, from social intercourse which rubs off one's angles and gives sympathy and an understanding of our common human nature, are serious losses at the formative period of life.

Just as serious is the cutting loose from church ties, which in the most of cases happens. Such concentration on intellectual attainments, removing them out of their just perspective to the many other honourable activities which make up living for the most of us, might be expected to turn out blue-stockings and intellectual snobs. I do not speak either of that danger of going to the other extreme and ending in Bohemianism, one with no respect for the just restraints of custom and society.

It is proven by statistics that two-thirds of college women go into teaching after graduation. It is doubtful, I fancy, whether two-thirds of them obey a call to teach. Apart from the necessity of earning their living and adapting the means that their education has made the simplest solution, I cannot but feel that some proportion of them do it because of their helplessness and uneasiness in home life and society, brought about by their long exclusion, except rarely, from any form of either. What a danger here! It will bear emphasis to insist again that we want women educated to broaden and sweeten home life and society, to appreciate and to know how to take advantage of the privilege of bringing new life and vigour to those realms which have always belonged and must always belong to women, instead of to shirk their responsibility.

Moreover, aside from doubting the truth of an education which makes home irksome to many, how many qualifications teachers need to fit them for their responsible work, in addition to the mere intellectual standing. Dr. Thwing, one of the best-known American writers on college questions, himself the president of a university, says in an article on "College Women": "The American schoolroom needs good manners, good breeding, instruction beyond the text-book and the lesson, and more than all, it needs culture and sympathy in the teacher." It is main-

tained that the college class-room and the meagre college life that circulates around it cannot of themselves supply these things. Hence the need of a residence to focus and concentrate what is best in college training, and gather around it other modifying and humanizing forces.

It is plain that such a residence cannot be simply a superior boarding-house, although that might not be one of its least attractions. Speaking to a college friend the other day, I asked her what she thought on the subject and the wherefore. "Of course I believe in a residence," she replied somewhat vigorously; "you don't suppose I lived four years in a boarding-house without coming to that conviction." I fancy there are few university girls in Toronto who could not relate laughable experiences, as they are now, very amazing and harrowing as they were at the time, of searches for a suitable abiding-place. How often they were told, "No ladies are wanted."

If you have never had an experience of it, you have no idea how tiresome one room may become, in which you have to live, sleep, and study. There is no space to expand, to spread one's self, as the boys say. There seems such a lack of fresh air about the average college girl's life, going from lectures to her room, and from her room to lectures. She lacks proper society, she lacks proper physical exercise. Afterwards, you have to fight strenuously the desire to have no one interfere with you, to do exactly as you think fit without a thought of how it affects others. For years that was your moral training, nobody did interfere with your plans or purposes; it was your business to see that no one did. It doesn't exactly prepare you for the surprises, the trying eye-openers that come later.

My ideal of a residence means care for the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual. It means a comfortable building, with a study in connection with each sleeping-room if possible, at least united to every two rooms. It means a reading-room, parlours, and reception-rooms. It means a dining-room which may be used for the purpose of a concert hall. It means a gymnasium.

It means a place where friendship can thrive, and noble thoughts and ambitions engender others, where characters may bud and expand, preparing for service in the cause of truth and love when the time of preparation ends. It means a place where something may be learned of sympathy with and understanding of human nature, from the close contact with many different types, a place where all that is best in university life, where all that is best in city life may leave its impress. It means an atmosphere of happiness and joyousness and useful ideals, preserving the best traditions of a home-making womanhood. It means an intellectual centre, a religious centre, a social centre, where Methodist womanhood may find its highest expression, and exert a quickening influence in course of time from one end of Canada to the other.

I think there is nothing that the world has to offer which a college-bred woman would take in exchange for her training. As things go in Ontario, it may seem more a selfish boon than an unselfish giving out to others, but nevertheless it is priceless. What we ask is, that while women are so benefited themselves, that they be given the opportunity to learn at the same time how to use their gifts in the service of home and church and society.

Ottawa, Ont.

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUD PETITT.

CHAPTER II.

AWAKENING.

The examination was over, and Tirzah packed up the books in her garret, with a sense of relief, for the heat of midsummer was upon them, that intense heat that is felt in the northern latitudes of our inland provinces. She had no fears of failure, though she had struggled untaught and alone in her little room (for Beth-aven school did not, of course, aspire to the dignity of matriculation work) since she knew she had answered every paper almost perfectly. Having no like minds to compete with, her standard was perfection, nothing less.

Mrs. Holmes, an old neighbour, dropped in toward the middle of the afternoon to while away the hot hours with "a bit o' talk."

"I jist give my floor a lick an' a promise," said she, "and then I thought I'd run down and see how that goose o' your'n was comin' on that you sot on turkey's eggs. Jussira sot fire to the brush heap near our'n this spring, and burnt the nest up slick and clean.

"Jussira's that hard-worked now," she rattled on without waiting for a reply, "I wonder how his old bones hold together."

"That wuz a sudden call for young Hobbes, wuzn't it?" said Granny Hurst, when she could "get a word in edgeways."

"Yes, I jist thought there wuz somethin' a-goin' to happen. Ye know that big clock o' our'n? It hesn't run fur this ten year'n more. Well, that very mornin' it went off as nice as you please, and struck twelve. And ses Jussira to me, 'Jemimy,' ses he, 'you're a-goin' to hear o' somebody a-dyin' now, 'fore long,' an' right he wuz, too. Of course, I never went in fur believin' in signs, but there's some things ye can't help but see now, like when ye keep a dead body over Sunday there's sure to be two more die, an' when——"

Tirzah did not stay to hear the end of the conversation. She seized a book and fled to the quiet of the hills. What she called "the clack of tongues," always wearied her high-strung nature. She made her way to a little nook she had always called her own on the hill back of the garden. A group of fir trees had grown up in a horse-shoe form, and the tangled grass growing tall about their roots made a perfect screen. As a child it had been her play-house, and the old board seat had remained there for years.

The afternoon was unusually hot, and it seemed difficult to fasten her attention on her reading. She sat gazing through the opening in the fir trees down upon the village in the valley upon the little white church where the Methodist minister preached once a fortnight on the rounds of his circuit. An accident had befallen him on his last round, and so, on the following Sabbath afternoon, young Walter Gray, the village schoolmaster, was to take his place.

Tirzah thought of it with a certain amount of interest. She went every fortnight to please her grandfather, but the drowsy voice of old Mr. Dewit would have made her sleepy if she had not been of too restless a nature to have a tendency to sleepiness. But they were sure of a rousing sermon from young Gray. He had often dropped in and given Tirzah assistance and encouragement at her studies during the past few months. There was, of course, no thought of love in it. Tirzah Auldearn had no time for the dreams of love and domestic joy that fill the minds of so many girls. She had other ambitions. She was an Auldearn, and must work her way up to the heights where her father had lived.

Yet she found Walter Gray interesting, nevertheless. It was not so much what he told her about himself that interested her, as what he did not tell her. The Grays had moved there last Christmas. Mrs. Gray was a widow, perhaps near sixty, a slender, dignified lady, with luxuriant snowy hair, always dressed with the same elegance and beauty, the little white curls clustering about a face still fresh and smiling. She

was certainly a contrast to the Bethaven people, with her polished manners and cultured English. The widowed mother, the son and a young invalid daughter, Nellie, fair and frail and sweet, constituted the household that was installed that Christmas Eve in Rosevale Cottage. They came from Western Ontario, spoke little of their past, and seemed content to live their present humble life, out of keeping with their surroundings though they seemed.

Young Gray himself was not less interesting than his mother. Tall, vigorous, and of fine physique, with dark hair brushed smoothly across an intellectual looking forehead, a complexion clear and fair, almost effeminately fair, and those grey eyes that one so often meets in men of deep thought, but eyes where the thoughtfulness was tempered by a feeling tenderness—a love that went forth to all mankind. In fact, he was one of those rare people from whose mere presence in a room a good influence seems to emanate, like fragrance from a flower. Neither was it a merely passive, sentimental goodness, for there was all the earnestness and vigour about him that makes strong men. She was puzzled, too, by the great breadth of his culture, the wide vistas of knowledge that seemed quite familiar to him.

Although he did not seem to have the slightest intention of being a minister, yet she knew they might expect something well worth hearing on the morrow. Perhaps, too, in a blind way, she hoped for some personal blessing herself.

Her reveries were suddenly interrupted by a quiet step pacing to and fro, just in the shadow of the firs outside. She peered through the branches, and saw Walter Gray himself walking up and down, with open Bible, a meditative look in his earnest eyes. She did not make her presence known; a holy hush overcame her; it was so like that Divine Teacher of old going apart to the hills and mountains to be alone with God. He sat down at length just beside the firs, his head bowed over the Bible on the grass as if in silent prayer. Instinctively she bowed her own. There was something about this man she honoured. He had helped bear her burdens. She would that she could help bear his.

They remained for a long time silent with bowed heads, only the outline of the fir trees between them. Never dreaming that a human sympathizer was so near, occasional fragments of prayer escaped his lips.

"Oh, God, thou knowest how unworthy I am of this holy work? How weak and helpless all I can say, unless thou dost come thyself, dear Lord, with the power of thy Holy Spirit. Thou alone knowest how unworthy is thy minister. O God, I have sinned—sinned so greatly against thee. Thou hast given me so much. I have done so little. There have been whole days, sometimes, when I have almost forgotten that we are here to gather others into thy kingdom. O merciful God, forgive, and help me to be daily more in earnest about the harvest of souls."

Something almost like a sob choked his voice, and in the long silence that followed, Tirzah sat with head still bowed, wondering why another should be so penitent over "some days" in which he had half-forgotten his Father's vineyard, while she had forgotten it every day, or, at best, remembered it but rarely. Again the prayerful voice broke the silence.

"O God, thou alone knowest the needs of each one who will be there to-morrow. Oh, come to that church as thou hast never come before. Bless poor Indian Jim, and bring him out to-morrow, and, O God, use thy Word to make him understand the way of life. O Father, do hasten the day when he shall be saved. Father, he must be saved. Thou hast said. Thou hast promised, and, O Lord, I know it must be in accordance with thy will."

There was such earnestness—such pleading, beseeching earnestness in his voice as he continued. Tirzah could imagine such a tone in a prayer for some brilliant worldly success, or for the life of some dear one in danger. But she had never thought of any one being so eager for the soul of poor old Indian Jim.

"And, dear Saviour, bless poor little lame David, give me some message that will make him contented with his lot, and something that will cheer poor old Mrs. Perkins, and put it into the heart of Jack to come, and, O Father, let there be something said that will turn him from the drink. Only thou canst save him. I leave him with thee."

These poor villagers that Tirzah

had thought so uninteresting, what a value they each had in his eyes! Then the voice grew very low after a long silence.

"And, O Father, bless her—bless her abundantly. O Father, let her see thine ideal of her. Give her a vision to-morrow of what thou wouldst have her be. And when thou hast awakened her with thy Spirit, if it be thy will——"

Something inaudible followed.

"Thou knowest how I love her, but thy will be done."

The slender girlish form quivered slightly. What if he knew that some one had penetrated into the most sacred things of his life, the sacred things he meant for God alone. She almost held her breath during the silence that followed. Then there was a movement as he rose and closed his Bible. What if he should find her there? She would almost die of shame. But no, he was going away, down the hill, leaving her to her reveries again. She had fresh food for reverie now. Who was she, for whom he prayed? Tirzah had thought of him as her friend, not as some one else's lover. It could not be any one in Beth-aven. There was no one there whom she could think his equal, except Margrete Clifton, and she was on the most distant terms with him. And yet it must be some one there, for she remembered he had expected her to be present to-morrow. Yet she could not imagine him loving a girl like Molly Brayley, the village beauty, or Susie Brant. But what did it matter to her? Yes, it did matter in a way. She honoured him, reverenced him. His love for an ignorant, uncouth girl could not but lower him in her eyes. Somehow he did not look quite the same to her now.

The next Sabbath broke beautiful and glorious. It was natural she should feel an interest in that sermon, she who for one sacred hour had been so near the heart of its author. It was pleasant to watch his face as he preached with that light upon it, not a sermon of philosophical knots, though he was deep enough for that, but simply the old sweet story in a way that fascinated every listener. It was a sermon typical of the preacher—a humble sermon. It was plain he had reached that altitude where he realized his own littleness, as well as his wonderful possibilities. Tirzah felt a personal rebuke in almost every sentence. It was so different from her own proud, self-sufficient nature.

She could not help thinking of it next evening, as she sat strumming on her guitar all alone on a little knoll, quite near her fir-tree nook. It was just sunset. Oh! those sunsets of the north country! Who can behold their glory unmoved, tinting rock and woodland and wave, with crimson shadow and touch of gold?

The hill-slope lay at her feet, its patches of clay and rock studded everywhere with blueberry bushes (for Algoma is the land of the blueberry). The little stream went murmuring on through the gully, and the village was cradled in the hush of the coming twilight; the breeze had lulled itself to rest, and out yonder lay the Kanata, calm and still as a mirror, the little rocky islets seeming mere black specks in the distance; even the loon's plaintive cry had a softer note in the stillness.

It was all very restful; and her vivid imagination fell to picturing the homes below at that hour. The smoke-wreaths were curling upward from many of them, as they prepared their late supper. There was a young husband from the mines entering one, his dinner-pail in hand; a babe was sitting on the door-step of another, awaiting papa's return. At a third, she could fancy the young mother kneeling at this very hour beside the cot of her little ones to say with them their evening prayer. And love was at the basis of all these? After all her ambitious dreams, she would have given something to have tasted this love that was the common lot of others.

And he—she checked her thoughts with a sigh, and her voice broke out in a plaintive, old-time love song, as her fingers touched the strings. A slight sound startled her. It was Walter Gray looking down upon her with a pensive smile. She started up with a sudden flush of anger. She felt as if he had read her most secret thoughts.

"Encore! Encore!" he cried, clapping his hands, and laughing in a most provoking way at her embarrassment.

"An open-air concert up here on the hill! Horribly selfish of me not to go back and tell all my friends and neighbours, isn't it? Do please give us another."

It was impossible to be angry looking into those eyes, with their honest mirth and expression of gentlemanly and respectful admiration. So she only smiled, though the crimson lingered on her cheek.

"No, I can't play now. You've frightened my muses away into the wooda."

He pleaded again, but she turned the conversation skilfully to his sermon of the day before.

"It was splendid—excellent," said she. "You've missed your calling. You ought to enter the ministry. Why don't you ?"

"I don't think it is the place God meant me to fill. Of course, I feel in earnest about saving others. But we should all feel that. We are all ministers. We don't need more ministers in the pulpit. It's better ministers in the pews we need. A man may have as divine a call to any other place as to the pulpit, don't you think ?"

"Do you think, then, you are called to the school-room ?"

"I think I am called through it. Whether God means me to stay there or not, time will tell."

"But even preaching would be a less humdrum life, and, 'fess up, now, a school-room is a tiresome place, isn't it, especially for a man ?"

"That would be a nice motive for entering the ministry, wouldn't it ? Because I couldn't be content with something else."

He was seldom sarcastic, but there was a curl of sarcasm on his lips just for a moment.

"Besides, I don't know that it is humdrum. Life is glorious wherever it is, simply glorious ! I wonder why we don't sing that hymn oftener, 'Oh, life is good !'"

There was a wonderful light in his eyes as he watched the little golden clouds flocking toward the west.

"Still, I think teaching is a rather effeminate profession," said she.

"Perhaps so. Yet I think it's a pity the 'schoolmaster' is going out of date. There were some fine characters among them. There is a good deal interesting, too, in watching the young minds change and unfold. Of course, though, I am not experiencing the worst of it. If I had to board in one of those places where the children confront you at breakfast-table every morning before they are washed, where they mix cake in the kitchen wash-dish, etc. I'd—well I'll not say what I'd do, I'd just do it.

"It's a different thing, though, when you have your own home," he continued, "and a mother like mine. Mother's my sweetheart, you know. I have never seen another woman like mother."

"Well, for my part, I'm heartily sick of it. The work's tedious ; the places are poky ; and the people are the pokiest of all. I don't see how you stand it."

"'There's nae earthly happiness like a day's duty wael wrought,' he quoted, in her ancestral Scotch, and as to the poky people, there's many a hero among them if you only keep your eyes open. I often think of the battle some humble old farmer has fought, and feel ashamed of myself. Greater men than I have lived just such obscure lives in little country-places. Even Christ was only a Nazarene." And he turned to her with a smile that she had never seen on the face of any other man. Little did she know of the conflict through which he had passed to reach that height of calm.

"But, after all, when you have taken your university course, Miss Auldearn, I am afraid you will still have to be contented with the humdrum duties of every day. Even in a high-school teacher's life there is a good deal of humdrum."

"For a while, perhaps, but 'where there's a will there's a way.' Why should I not, in the course of a few years, make my way to Europe. I could study then for a university lecturer. I should like that above all things."

"You are very ambitious. That was my ambition, too," he continued, in a subdued tone, "and if father had lived, it could easily have been."

That little chord, "if father had lived," was so like her own case it awakened her sympathy.

"I took half a course in Science in Victoria University myself."

"Did you ? How strange you never spoke of it before ! I don't believe any one in Beth-aven knows it."

"We are a reserved family. I sometimes wish we were less reserved. I believe it would add to our happiness to be less so."

"And yet," and her lip half-curled in scorn, "after taking half a course you

are content to give up and bury yourself here."

"You see, I have mother and Nellie to support, and the doctors recommended Algoma air for Nellie. I came here, and have the satisfaction of seeing her improve. I should be a brute to abandon my post in such a case, even if it were to work my way through college."

He spoke calmly enough, but the flush on his cheek showed that her words and tone had stung, though she did not notice it herself.

"You are not a superstitious girl," said he, perhaps merely to change the conversation.

"Why ?"

"Entertaining yourself in Witch Hill ?"

"This isn't Witch Hill. That's Witch Hill back there, that round hill, where you see the smoke rising from the trees. It's old Witch Barnum's smoke. Isn't she a terrible old creature ?"

"Poor old soul. She must be very old, isn't she ?"

"Very. She was an old woman looking just about like she does now when I was a little girl. I remember I used to hide my head under grandmother's apron when she came around begging and telling fortunes. She must have a wonderful amount of strength. They say she walks miles and miles, telling fortunes."

"It's a sad life. Her son ran away to sea, didn't he ?"

"Yes. He was hanged afterward in New York State. It was after that she took to fortune-telling, and people began to call her the Witch of the Hills. But this hill-top is called Parson's Lea. It was here my father and a few old Scotchmen, the owners of those manors, stood when they chose the site for the church and the manse. See what a splendid view you have of them from here ?"

"It is a sacred spot to you, then."

"Yes," she continued, in a more solemn tone. "And it was here on this hill father is said to have first seen my mother. She was gathering a bunch of wild roses for a little girl in her Sunday-school class. See, there are wild roses growing here yet !"

There was a feeling silence between them for a few minutes.

"He was a noble man. The old settlers still speak of him with reverence."

[redacted] you know, Miss Auldearn, I have wished sometimes you were more like your father. Forgive me for saying it. But I think God has an ideal Tirzah Auldearn."

Then, in a moment, the meaning of his prayer flashed through her mind. It was she, herself, Tirzah Auldearn, he had prayed for. And he had said —he loved her. A strange thrill, something between delight and pain made every nerve quiver. She did not hear the message. She was all absorbed in the messenger. It takes a brave lover to rebuke the coldly self-centred life of his loved one. And, far from resenting it, she honoured him.

"Good-night, Miss Auldearn." He touched her hand a moment, and the blood went in warm throbs from her finger tips. They parted in the deepening twilight, and the world looked strangely different, as she turned again home. That look in his eyes had breathed a sweet unrest into her soul.

She sat alone by her garret window that night, and the moon rose, full and silvery, above the pines. Was there a softer haze in its light ? What was it made everything look all new and changed ? What was that sweet restlessness that seemed to fill her spirit—a restlessness, and yet a rest, as of floating beneath still skies on quiet waters. In moments, too, there came a childlike contrition. "I wish I were good like him," came in a childlike fashion from her lips. But it was always the messenger, never the message, that filled her spirit. Some wakeful bird warbled a few notes from the wood ; then the night was still again. She was no longer thirsting for fame ; her thoughts were on that little white cottage down the hill, with the canary in the window, and the vines clinging about the porch ; the cottage where Walter Gray lived with his mother and invalid sister.

And yet that was an ideal life to him, humbly and peacefully to go about doing good, like his divine Master of old. It was sweet, after all, this quiet life of little things ; it had never seemed so sweet before. She saw the frank eyes gazing into hers again, and felt a manly hand touch her own. She had indulged so many dreams. Why not this ? It could do no harm, just for a little while, she told herself, and there crept over her a sweet sense that she was no longer alone, that a human soul had passed near her—yea, and

ed her in passing—a human soul understood her, even though it altogether different from her -a soul that was nobler and bethat stirred within her some ;ht of the living, breathing Christ though she failed to grasp the upheld. In her waking moments e night, and in the first flush of , it came back to her, this consness of something new and ; in life.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOLF CHASE.

› following Saturday Grandpa Granny Hurst, hitched up the old and went "to have a visit" with d neighbour until next day. So h, left to herself, went off on a ıg expedition. It was just like h Auldearn, to go alone, instead ing one of the village girls—quite ›eping with her character. The she sought was a lonely one, a two miles back in the forest; ıad been there several years bewith her grandfather, and an lse seized her to return. She ›o restless for change of scene. was a little foot-path she had to ᴡ at first, for about a mile, then ɡged, narrow road, leading from ıdian settlement to she knew not ıer. But it was a beautiful spot › she stopped, a tiny lake, like hite-rimmed basin, with its th, sandy shore, and not far her resting-place, the music of ɜam falling in a cascade over the ›n rocks.

›eautiful spot—aye, and a wild

Most girls would have been tened. For, on that mountain ıite, big bruin often stretched his paws, and the wolf's dread could be frequently heard were any one there to hear it. But ras a mountain child. The crash ıe thunder-storm—the silence of wilderness—these things dis-ɜd her not. Nay! they had her companions from babyhood. wonder, then, that she sat down ıe bank, feeling perfectly secure. was but an indifferent angler, gh, so much so, that the fish ran with the bait. It was only fun of it" she wanted. It must been late when she reached the , or else she had dreamed longer she thought, for it only seemed a little while till the golden tint above warned her that the sun was sinking low behind the mountain. She rose with a start to make her way home.

It was such a queer old road, almost unused now since they had cut a better though longer one nearer the lake. There was little probability of her meeting a passer-by; the stillness was unbroken save by the scampering of the chipmunks in the branches overhead; the air was filled with the fragrance of the flowers, peeping through the bushes and the underwood, and the whip-poor-wills were calling in the distance.

A beautiful spray of pink flowers among the bushes caught her attention at last. It was some unknown variety, and she stooped to pluck it, when she caught a glimpse of something white under the brushwood. She parted the bushes a little farther, when, oh, horrors! a skeleton, bleached and whitened where the skin was not dried to the bones. A pipe and tools lay beside it. Some poor old Indian, in all probability. She shuddered and drew back with a sensation of faintness, then hurried on her way.

Why had she been left to discover it? Why not some sturdy woodman, with stronger nerve? The poor fellow had been murdered, probably, and was hidden there in the brushwood. A nervous dread of something seemed to take possession of her, and the way grew strangely long. It was so monotonous, too, just trees, trees, trees on either hand, wild cherry and birch, pine and poplar, and the crooked little sassafras—variety enough to be sure, but wearisome by constant repetition. The road, too, wound in and out in such a confusing fashion. The roadway in some places was almost overgrown with bushes. There was a great profusion of pigeon berry, but its clusters had not yet turned scarlet. She pulled a bunch of wild cherries from a branch overhead, but she could not eat them.

That gruesome sight back there had sickened her. Was it the remembrance of that, too, that made her shiver? or was the chill of the Algoma evening descending already? Yes, the gold had changed to a sombre lavender in that narrow strip of sky between the branches overhead, and the darkness was gathering in the underwood. She wished she were home. It was so foolish of her to stay so late. If only she could hear the echo of a

woodman's axe, the tinkle of a cow-bell, or any other homely sound!

But, nonsense! Her dauntless nature was playing the coward to-night. And she trudged on, but her feet grew weary. Surely the way was long. Could it be—and she paused and looked backward—could it be she had passed the turn where the path led to Beth-aven? Should she go back a little way and see? But no, the turn might be only a few yards ahead, and she might go half-way back in vain, so she kept on her way.

Hark! What was that? She paused again. Something like the bark of a dog! Her face blanched. There it came again! A low, long-drawn howl! Horrors! The wolf! The thought lent wings to her feet. She darted wildly on down the long, narrow passage-way between the trees. On! On! On! Ever on! No pausing! No looking backward. Nay, death was behind! She did not heed the briars that tore her skirts as she passed. Her face blanched, her hands outstretched before her! She did not seem breathless. She did not even seem to breathe. Like some pale spirit fleeting through the forest!

Then once again she paused. Hark! Silence! Silence that almost seems alive! But list! Yes, there it comes again, that low, long-drawn howl! Forward for life! O God—O God, give strength!

She had no idea how long her wild race had lasted, when a sudden stumble over the rugged end of a log threw her prostrate on the ground, one ankle turned under her. She tried to rise, but a sensation of faintness overcame her. Oh the pain in her foot! It took but an instant to realize she had a badly sprained ankle. Another attempt to rise, and she succeeded in limping a few steps farther. But it was useless now. All hope was past. And she fell back helpless on the mossy bed by the road side.

Darkness had gathered in the forest, and the stars were shining overhead. She was too exhausted to be anything but calm now, as she lay there helpless and alone—lost in the wilderness—aye, and a dreadful death perhaps bearing down upon her. The silence made her wonder. Why did it not come again, that awful howl? But she never doubted for a moment that death was coming, that terrible death, as she lay there gazing upward into God's sky.

The thought of the living God came to her strangely, but she could not fix her mind upon it; her thoughts had dwelt too much on other things to turn to the hereafter, even though that same hour might bring her to the judgment throne. She thought instead of the old home, how her grandparents would return to-morrow; the door would be closed, and when they entered they would not find her there. They would think she had gone to a neighbours for a while, but when night came on, and she returned not, then the search party would come out, and they would find—what? Only a mass of bones, gnawed and broken. Or perhaps they would not find her at all, and she would be left to bleach and whiten like the poor Indian in the brushwood.

But she did not dwell on the picture. Her mind seemed to have reached a quiet stage; she could hear the clink of the dinner pot as Granny Hurst put it on the stove, and wondered where the lass had gone to, and if she would be back for supper. But why did not that horrid sound—that howl—come again? She almost longed to hear it. She would know then how near the end was. Then came a queer sensation of falling between slimy walls that widened as she went down, down, down!

It might have been but a moment, it might have been hours, before the neighing of a horse and its hot breath over her face awakened her. Some one was lifting her tenderly, and placing her in the buggy. She moaned faintly as her eyelids half-parted in the dazzling brilliance of moonlight.

"Why, Tirzah—Miss Auldearn! What—what ever is the matter?"

Was it a dream, or was that really Walter Gray's voice? He made her as comfortable as possible, without further questioning, then, half-supporting her, picked up the lines.

"Get up, Nanny!"

And they were whisked briskly over the old forest road. A twinge of pain in her foot aroused her.

"Where are they? Are they near us yet?" she asked, in a frightened whisper.

"Who? What?"

"The wolves!"

"The wolves!" he repeated.

"Yes, they are out! I heard one howl and another answer, and then I ran for life."

"Why, that is strange! I didn't hear anything of them. But where were you when you heard them?"

"I was coming from the Grey Mountain back of Owen's Woods."

"The Grey Mountain! Ah, that's it. I just turned into the road up here by the one coming from Onora. But how ever did you come to be this far out of the way?"

"Oh, I ran, and I think I must have missed the path somewhere."

"The path to Beth-aven? I should say you have, by a good two miles. Poor girl! What a fright you have had! Surely they are not on chase now, or we'd hear them howling. Perhaps it's just as well to hurry out of this, though. Get up, Nanny! Go along!"

"Was that last hour, then, only a horrid nightmare? Only one or two prowling wolves, and she had imagined them being answered by a whole pack.

"I suppose exhaustion made you faint," said he.

"Well, no, I—I sprained my ankle. I tried to take a few steps, but the pain was so intense I fell, and I suppose I must have fainted."

"Humph! It's a pretty serious sprain to disable you as soon as that."

And he stooped to place her foot more comfortably. She noticed then for the first time that he was in his shirt-sleeves. He had wrapped his coat around her. The night was chilly, but she did not need to fear for him; he was strong and rugged, in spite of his almost delicate fairness.

A few moment more took them out of the forest on to the lake-shore road, and there was no longer any fear of danger. But it would not have distressed her now, if there had been, there was something in the presence beside her that soothed and quieted her, as a mother's voice in the night lulls her frightened babe. Once a sudden jolt moved her foot, and she moaned softly. He leaned over her pale face a moment, and she almost fancied she felt his warm breath on her cheek. A thrill—a delicious thrill—almost a tremor—as she leaned back, pale, exhausted, but happy. They were silent, but there was a tenderness in their silence as they passed on through the soft radiance of moon and star.

Now and then the fragrance of some mountain flower floated to them, or the cry of some bird, startled from its nesting-place. She was not anxious for the ride to end; she was anxious about nothing; only calm, in the sweet present. Then they came to the narrow passage over the cliff by the lake. A slip of the buggy-wheel would have plunged them into the water, sixty feet below. But she felt no fear.

"I suppose your grandparents are very anxious about you, by this time?" said he.

"Well, no, they went up to Mr. Wilson's. They are not coming back till to-morrow."

"Oh, then, we shall have you at Rosevale Cottage," he said, with poorly concealed pleasure.

It seemed perfectly natural to her, though she had never been there except to call. Yet she took it all as a matter of course when they stopped at the pretty, white cottage, and he lifted her out and took her in to the parlour couch.

"Well, my dear, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Gray's pleasant voice, when Walter had brought her into the room. "A sprained ankle and a wolf chase! Poor child, she has been half frightened to death." And she proceeded with gentle hands to bathe and bandage the injured foot.

"You must make yourself at home with us, my dear," she continued, and there was something so motherly in her manner, Tirzah did not find it difficult.

Walter came back in a few minutes with Nellie leaning on his arm, a fair, slender girl. Some spinal weakness prevented her from moving about much, and the traces of suffering on her face made her seem much older than her eighteen years.

"It is very unfortunate to have had such an accident so early in your holidays," said she. "You may get over it, though, sooner than you think."

"It looks like a bad sprain," said Mrs. Gray. "You will have to be patient, my child."

But Tirzah felt too comfortable to complain, as she lay there among the cushions, with those three pleasant faces for companions. Mrs. Gray looked unusually beautiful that night as she sat sewing in the shaded lamplight.

"How nice it would be to have a mother like her," thought Tirzah, as she watched her graceful movements.

Then, during a lull in the conversation, she gazed about the little

lour, with its dainty knick-knacks, its cosy cushions, and funny rugs.

"By the way, I've forgotten my plants!" said Walter, springing up and going out to the buggy.

He brought in a rather mixed collection that he had gathered away up by the Indian settlement.

"See what a lot of odd ones I have. Botany is a splendid recreation, and there are so many rarities here."

"Why, look, Walter, there's one with flowers just like this in the backyard," said Nellie.

"Well, never mind, little sister, it's more precious now since I drove so far for it. That's the way we mortals are built, you know."

He seemed extremely happy among his withered treasures, and entertained them with accounts of the different plant families, that were quite as good as fairy tales. Then the stars underwent a study as he pulled back the curtains, and told them interesting things of the different planets. Truly, Walter Gray, the scientist, was not less interesting than Walter Gray in the pulpit.

Tirzah had a new revelation of him as one to whom the heavens were unveiled by night, and the fields and the flowers by day. The little leaf, the tender grass, the glittering water-drop, rock, stone, and star were all alive with interest for him. The very cobweb, shining in the moonlight, became quite interesting, as he talked. Tirzah was sorry when the evening ended.

But it was almost as pleasant to rest with Mrs. Gray's good-night kiss on her lips. Everything had come about in such an unexpected way. She thought of her own little garret, but she had no desire to be there. She was quite content as she lay, a flood of moonlight streaming through the parted curtains upon her bed. It seemed as if the world of realities were left behind, and for a few short hours she were living in a dream. Her foot gave an occasional twinge of pain, and then she fell into a quiet sleep.

The birds, twittering in the old cherry-tree outside, awakened her to a sunny Sabbath morning.

Mrs. Gray's delicate touches had left on the breakfast table all those impresses of refinement that Tirzah so much loved. The brown toast looked so tempting, and the coffee was delicious. Tirzah could not but feel content in the atmosphere that surrounded her. Walter sat at the head of the table, giving an occasional nip to the Maltese cat that purred beside him. After breakfast they had family prayers, after which Walter helped her into the cosy old chair by the parlour window, and having placed a little velvet stool beside her foot, then returned for a few minutes to the dining-room. He did not notice the parlour door swing open behind him, and Tirzah heard him saying in his cheeriest tone:

"Now, my dear little sweetheart of a mother, I'm going to carry the dishes out."

And he plumped a kiss in true boyish fashion on her still rosy cheeks.

"Hush! Nonsense, Walter, you foolish boy! Did you ever see such a fellow, Miss Auldearn?" she asked, looking pleased, nevertheless.

"Oh! Beg your pardon! Didn't know I left the door open," said he, as he proceeded to assist his mother with a deftness that showed some experience in culinary duties.

As Tirzah became better acquainted with the family during the day, she found herself wondering more and more what might be their history—this gentle, refined family, settled there in such a remote spot. Little pieces of furniture, and little ornaments everywhere suggested other circumstances. Perhaps Tirzah betrayed in some way her interest. At any rate, Walter became more confidential that afternoon.

It was just after dinner, and they were in the parlour alone, when he noticed her eyes fixed on a large photograph on the wall.

"That is my father," he said, with a reverential look. "He had just held a chair in Cornell University for a year when he died."

"Oh, indeed."

"I was just a little fellow when he died, Nellie and I. His life had never been insured, and his worldly goods amounted to little, but brave mother shouldered the burden of raising us. She taught in a ladies' college in New York State for fourteen years, and we two grew up among the girls in the boarding-school on something the same footing as the parrot in the dining-room cage, and the kittens that the girls fondled and kicked by turns. You can understand my admiration for poor mother. She has been both father and mother to us. She actually tried to put me

through college. I, of course, worked myself during vacation. But her eyes failed a year ago, and Nellie grew worse, so it was my turn to take the burden."

The clock struck three, and he rose hastily to start for Sunday-school, leaving her to think over the story he had told—the mystery unravelled.

Grandpa Hurst came to take her home that night, but it was some time before she could move about freely again. She had applied for a situation in a night-school in Toronto during the coming winter, but had received no reply as yet. She was not anxious, however. In fact, she had come to think with sorrow of the day when she must leave Bethaven behind and follow a new path into an unknown future.

Could she do it? The place had suddenly grown sweet to her—very sweet. She would sit by her garret window in the moonlight, and her eyes would rest at times on one little light, sparkling there at the foot of the hill. It was only a dream, she told herself—a sweet, fleeting dream. The time had not yet come for love. She meant to climb the mount of her ambitions, and when she had reached the height there was time then for love—love that would befit the height and rank she craved. But not now—not to-day. She had no thought of being a village schoolmaster's wife. This was only a maiden fancy. A few weeks more, and she would shake it off and forget it. Aye, she must forget.

THE QUEEN.

BY LIONEL JERVIS.

Enshrined in the royal minster, in the temple of silence and rest,
Lies buried the past of the nation in the graves of her bravest and best:
Princes and warriors and statesmen sleep in their sepulchres side by side,
Men who have lived for England; men who for England have died.

By right of her lofty lineage, as a trust from the mighty dead,
They placed in her hand the sceptre, the crown on her fair young head;
In the blush of her sunny maidenhood she came as our Island Queen
By sovereign right to the proudest throne that ever the ages have seen.

Yet hers is a costlier sceptre, hers is a grander throne,
Hers is a diadem richer than of gems and of precious stone,—
Which treason shall never threaten, which the tempest of war may not move;
'Tis the loyal heart of her Empire; and she reigns by the right of love.

On every shore and in every clime where the flag of the homeland flies;
Through Canada's vast dominion, 'neath Australia's sunny skies;
In African desert and forest, and afar on the barren main,
She has fettered the love of our hearts to her heart with the links of that golden chain.

In the kingdom of death and darkness, in the realm of eternal snow,
'Neath the pallid light of the sunless night, the aurora's shifting glow;
In the desolate frozen wilderness, where the wolf and the ice-bear rove,
The heart of the dauntless explorer beats warm for his Queen with love.

In the kingdom of death and sunshine, in the land of jungle and brake,
Where crouches the ruthless tiger, where rustles the deadly snake;
In the land of the plague and the earthquake, in the land of carnage and strife,
Every acre of which has been purchased at the cost of an English life.

The hatred of race and the hatred of creed, which is bitterer still, are gone:
Briton and Indian, Gurkha and Sikh, in loyal devotion are one:
One prayer for the weal of the Empress goes up to the throne above,
For Mussulman, Buddhist, and Christian are one in that bond of love.

Who is the skilled magician, by the spell of whose potent wand
Shoulder to shoulder those erstwhile foes as brothers in battle stand?
Their valour and faith the blazons of many a victory prove,
And their Queen is the royal enchantress; and her charm is the spell of love.

VICE-REGAL CHAPEL, DUBLIN.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

)ueen's Birthday will be celebra- year with an enthusiasm with t never was kept before. Even antry of the Jubilee and Diamond pale before the love and loyalty ;et our venerable and beloved n as she goes on her message of ion and kindness to Ireland. manly tact and sympathy have the Irish heart as nothing has ndred years. The Celtic soul, Scotland and Ireland, delights to)ression in a personal loyalty. he devotion of the Highlanders to rts, and the Irish to their native ns. A thousand times better than and repression is the touch of that calls forth for the sover- the love and devotion of the art. The simple tribute to the amrock and the honour paid to wned harp thrilled the soul of ishman from Montreal to Mel- from Toronto to the new British Bloemfontein.

ery rare disloyal utterances of a concilable Nationalists but em- more strongly the general enthu- Miss Maud Gonne, the mercenary f the Nationalist, or rather An- Irish faction, has felt she must thing to earn her pay. In the ress of Paris she therefore wreaks upon the venerable sovereign won the world's homage as "the)manly of queens and the most of women."

ueen has made the ancient city n for the time the capital of the Empire. The royal progresses, functions, the pomp and pagean- ie Court emphasize the Queen's tion of the valour and fidelity of h soldiers on many a foughten Ve have pleasure in presenting igs of some of the principal s of the ancient capital.

arge and pretty square of St. 's Green, with its cluster of trees itiful greensward, is surrounded of the finest buildings in the the centre is the fine equestrian f George II., and on the north bronze statue of the late Earl of n.

y College is an imposing struc- lt of Portland stone in the Cor- style. Not even Oxford has as l wealthy a foundation. At the there are two fine bronze statues mith and Burke.

The Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland, is in College Green, just across from the college. As I strolled through the historic old building I asked a servant if he would like Home Rule again. "Some might, belike," he said, "not I; shure, what's the differ?" which cheerful philosophy I did not seek to disturb.

On the site of the present venerable Cathedral of St. Patrick a place of worship was erected by the patron saint of Ireland in A.D. 448. The present building was begun in 1190, and has recently been restored by the late Sir B. L. Guinness at a very large outlay. In the chancel there is a tablet to the memory of Schomberg, a monument to the Earl of Cork, and the remains of Dean Swift and Mrs. Hester Johnson (the "Stella" of his poetry) are covered by two marble slabs. The battle flags, dyed with the best blood of Ireland's warriors, hang above the choir stalls.

On the front of the Custom House, shown in one of our half-tones, are four allegorical figures of trade, commerce, etc. "What are those," asked a tourist. "Oh, those are the apostles," replied the Irish cabby. "But there were twelve apostles," the traveller replied, "where are the others?" "Och, sure," was the quick-witted answer, "the others are inside counting the money."

Passing along the quays of the River Liffey (which runs through the centre of the city) and through various streets, we come to Aungin Street, in which will be found a queer-looking old house, sure to arrest attention by its oddity, but rejoicing in more than its peculiarity of style. In this house the Bard of Erin, Thomas Moore, was born May 28th, 1780. At that time his father kept a grocery store.

"Dublin," says Mr. Haight, "lacks the thrift and enterprise of its northern sister city, Belfast. It possesses a fine harbour in its noble bay, guarded on one side by the hills of Howth, and on the other by Killiney Hill. There are many fine buildings, a noble university, public schools, and courts of law. It is well supplied with places of worship of every denomination, and has several beautiful parks and squares for the recreation of its citizens, as well as museums, art galleries, botanic gardens, and other places of instruction and amusement. It is favourably situated for trade and commerce, and yet Dublin is not a prosperous city."

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

INTERIOR, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

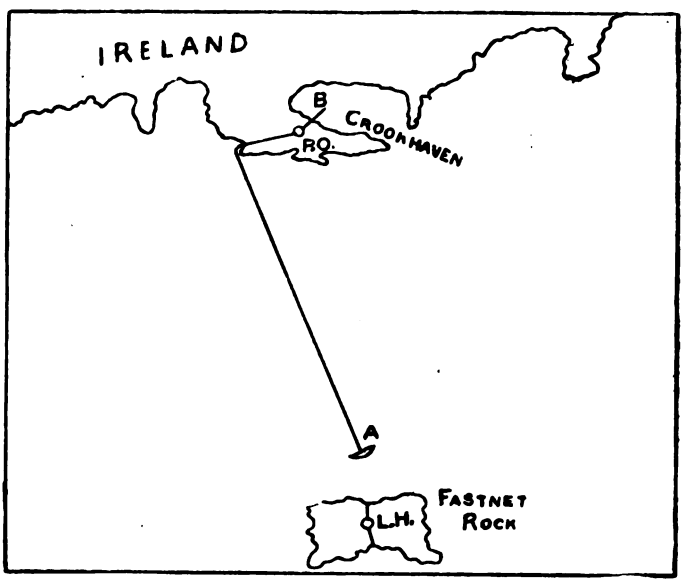
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

At the present time there are three fferent methods in practical use for ınsmitting signals across space without nnecting wires, and it is rather remarkle that, although the principles inlved in each are radically different from ose in the others, they have all come :o actual use only within the last two or ree years. On investigation, however, ı find that each system is the outcome many years of thought and experi-ental research. I shall try to give a ief account of each of these methods.

. Willoughby Smith's Conduction Method.

Very early in the history of the electric copper cable has one end, from which the insulation has been removed, immersed in the haven; and from here it runs through the Post Office, and then west for a mile to Galley Cove. There it enters the water again, and is continued until it is within sixty feet of the rock, where the other end is kept in position by a copper mushroom anchor, A, weighing 5 cwt., and firmly attached to the conductor of the cable. From the lighthouse cables are led to the water on each side of the rock, terminating at both ends in a considerable length of bare copper wire, which is always immersed in the water. To ensure this, holes are drilled in the solid rock to a depth of twenty feet below



ɛgraph it was discovered that the earth ght be used as a portion of an electric ɔuit, and it is upon this fact that the ıduction method is based. The system n operation between the mainland and ı Fastnet lighthouse, which is upon a ren rock eight miles from the south-st point of Ireland. It can most easily explained by means of a diagram (not ,wn to scale).

The rock is 80 feet high, 360 feet long l 150 feet wide at its broadest portion. e Crookhaven Post-office is about 200 ds from the haven. A well insulated low water, and the copper wire securely fastened in them. At the Post-office a battery of 10 Leclanché cells is inserted in the main cable, and at the lighthouse a delicate galvanometer is inserted in the cable which runs across the rock. Now, when a current is produced in the main cable, the current does not pass from A to B (or B to A) in a single line through the sea, but it spreads out into a broad sheet, enough of it passing through the rock cable to be detected by the galvanometer. Upon reversing the direction of the first current the galvanometer is de-

flected in the opposite direction, and signals corresponding to the Morse code can be easily transmitted. This installation has been in successful operation since 1896.

Most people would ask why not directly connect the two places by cable, but an acquaintance with some of the violent storms which sweep round an exposed lighthouse would at once answer the question. Some years ago, during a severe gale, the glass of the lantern of this lighthouse, 150 feet above sea-level, was smashed in, and on the top of the rock, during a winter storm, the men dare not venture for a moment from their hut as they would be blown off like flies. Indeed to keep the rock cable in place, a deep groove had to be cut down the rock face, and the cable firmly held in it by Portland cement.

II. Preece's Induction Method.

Sir W. H. Preece was, until recently, the distinguished engineer-in-chief of the British Postal Telegraphs. In 1884 he found that signals which were being sent by telegraph along wires buried in the earth could be detected on the telephone wires strung on housetops 80 feet above the ground. Messages sent on the telegraph wire were actually read by an operator with the telephone receiver to his ear. Careful experiment showed that the effect was purely due to induction, and after many laboratory tests the investigation was continued on a larger scale by using the lines throughout the country. Between two square circuits of a single turn of insulated wire, one quarter of a mile to the side, and laid on the ground a quarter of a mile apart, conversation could be carried on by telephone. Numerous experiments were made on telegraph lines parallel to each other, and in one case effects were detected between wires along the east and west coasts, near the Scottish border, and over 30 miles apart. In 1895 the cable connecting the island of Mull and the mainland broke down, and a cable-ship could not be obtained immediately to repair it. So an insulated wire one and a half miles long was laid along the Argyleshire coast, and grounded at the ends, and between it and the ordinary iron wire along the coast of Mull messages were exchanged for a week until the cable was repaired. Here the space signalled over was two miles, and about 160 messages were transmitted.

The best results, however, were obtained down by the Bristol Channel. Between Lavernock Point, in Wales, and the island of Flat Holm, on which is a fort, nearly three and a half miles out in the Channel, messages were freely sent. Indeed, the experiments were so successful that the line has been re-erected and made permanent, and has been used for regular daily service for the last two years. On the Welsh coast is a good copper conductor over a mile long suspended on poles and with the ends earthed, while on the island is a wire about one-third of a mile long, parallel to the first, and earthed in the same way. Thus the earth forms one half of each circuit, but Preece thinks that he has positively shown that the effect is in no wise due to earth conduction. A rapidly interrupted current from 50 Leclanché cells in one circuit is broken up by a key into dots and dashes, and these are heard in the second circuit, in a telephone receiver inserted into it, and are easily read as Morse signals.

An attempt to connect Ireland and England by induction was unsuccessful. In England the line wire ran from Carlisle, near the border, to the south-west point of Wales, and in Ireland a wire ran from Belfast to Wexford. Both ends of each were earthed. Then signals were produced in one circuit whilst a telephone receiver was inserted in the other. Signals were heard, but nothing definite. Preece describes it as a "weird, strange, babble of noises that was mysterious and disappointing." To allow this experiment to be made the entire telegraph system of the country was stopped from midnight to 2 a.m. one Sunday in June, 1895.

III. Marconi's Hertz-Wave Method.

The third system which has shown itself able to do "active service" is that devised by Marconi, whose recent brilliant success has provided many paragraphs for the sensational press. Gulielmo Marconi was born in Bologna in 1874, and from early youth has been an enthusiastic student of electricity. In July, 1896, he went to England and showed to Preece the method he had evolved for signalling without wires; and though the former was busily engaged at that very time in perfecting his own induction method, he most cordially received the young inventor, and together they proceeded to test the new method.

Marconi's system is entirely different from the others, and is based on the use of electric waves. At the beginning of the present century—which, by the way,

is still the *nineteenth*—several physicists, notably, Young and Fresnel, definitely established the undulatory theory of light on a firm foundation. According to this theory, light-energy is transmitted from one part of the universe to another by means of vibrations or quiverings of a substance which is supposed to fill all space and which is known as the ether. Shortly afterwards the illustrious Faraday began his experimental researches into the various phenomena of science, in the course of which he made a host of most important discoveries, many of them being the pioneer steps of the great practical advances in science during our own times.

GULIELMO MARCONI.

A distinguishing feature of Faraday's view of natural processes is his attempt to explain what is known as "action at a distance." Newton formulated the law according to which bodies act on each other, but Faraday sought to explain how the action took place. He felt certain that if one body exerts an action upon another, they cannot be absolutely isolated from each other with nothing whatever between them. To test the correctness of his view he placed various bodies between other bodies which were exerting electric or magnetic action on each other, and he found this action much modified. Indeed, he believed the medium between was absolutely essential, that it was the means by which the influence was carried from one body to the other. If a body moves in any direction it must experience a push from behind or a pull from in front, and in electric, magnetic and other such forces this push or pull is due to the medium about the bodies. Somewhat similarly, many people think that in a common water-pump the water rises because it is "sucked up," whereas all the sucking in the world could not bring water forward unless the atmosphere (or other source of pressure) were present to push it from behind.

According to this modern view the *charging* of a conductor with electricity does not consist in pumping into it or heaping upon it so much of a very subtle fluid, but rather in twisting or distorting in some way the *ether about* the conductor, the greater the twist or strain the greater the "charge" which we consider as resting there. When an electric current (to used the old method of speaking) flowing in one coil is altered in any way, another current is induced in a neighbouring coil. To get a mental view of what goes on here we must consider the coils to be immersed in the ether, so that when that portion about one coil is distorted or strained in any way and the strain quickly released, the ether will spring back, but before settling down to its normal condition it will execute a number of oscillations, and the disturbance or shaking-up thus produced in the ether will spread out in every direction. When it arrives at the second coil it will be recognized there as a momentary electric current.

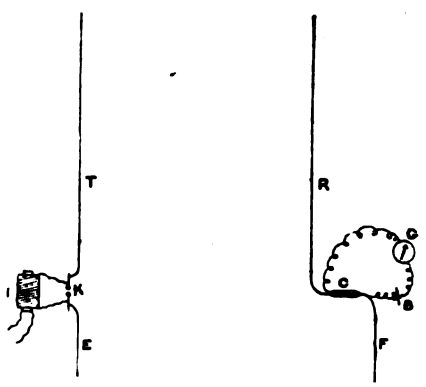
These were the views held by Faraday, and he attempted to measure the time required by electric or magnetic force to travel from one body to another, but he was unsuccessful. After him came James Clark Maxwell (born 1831; died 1879), who carefully studied Faraday's account of his researches and then set about putting them into mathematical language. In a paper published in 1864, an investigation of the electro-magnetic field was given on mechanical principles, and after a masterly analysis the conclusion was reached that electric and magnetic actions should be transmitted with a velocity numerically equal to the ratio between the electro-magnetic and electrostatic units of electricity. Actual measurement of this ratio showed it to be very nearly equal to the number expressing the velocity of light. Maxwell, therefore, concluded that he had demonstrated not only that electric action was due to something going on in a medium, but that this medium was the very ether postulated in the wave theory of light. Thus

luminous action should be considered as a particular kind of electrical action, and this hypothesis is known as the electro-magnetic theory of light.

This work was before the scientific public for many years before any direct experimental proof of its correctness was made. A very select few seemed to appreciate the problem and tried to solve it, but the great discovery was made by a young German professor of physics, Heinrich Hertz. In 1886, whilst experimenting with some lecture apparatus, he noticed a small spark where he had not expected it, and this apparently trivial observation formed the long-sought clue to the whole question. In the next four or five years Hertz published a series of papers describing his researches, in which he showed that the electric disturbances were transmitted in waves quite the same as light and with the same velocity, that they could be reflected, refracted and polarized quite the same as ordinary light-waves. Hertz died on January 1st, 1894, aged 37. His brilliant labours have been continued by a host of investigators in every part of the world, and many improvements in the method of generating and detecting the electric waves have been made.

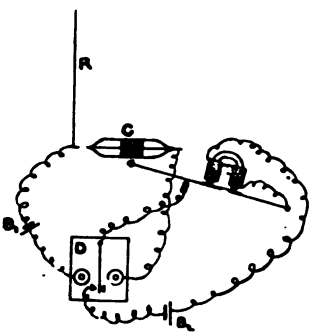
In order to excite these electric oscillations the ether must be strained and then let go suddenly. This is best done by causing sparks to pass between polished metallic knobs, from which the vibrations spread out in all directions just as does light from a candle. The eye, which is so marvellously sensitive to light-waves, is entirely unaffected by these longer waves, but a very simple method has been found to detect their presence. If a glass tube be filled with bits—such as filings or turnings—of metal, and an attempt be made to send a current of electricity through it, the resistance of the metallic pieces will be found to be very high; but if the tube be placed near the source of electric waves the resistance falls remarkably. The particles appear to "stick together," and Lodge, who introduced this for the purpose of a detector of electric waves, therefore called it a coherer. Thus, suppose a galvanometer, a coherer and a voltaic cell be joined in series. Ordinarily the coherer has such a high resistance that the current is too small to affect the galvanometer, but, if sparks be produced near it, the galvanometer needle is at once deflected, showing a reduction in the resistance. A slight tap decoheres the detector, and it is then ready for [illegible] to produce their effect.

At once there would be suggested a method of signalling without wires—at one place have a suitable spark-producing apparatus, and at a distance away have a coherer circuit. The disturbance made by the former will be detected by the latter. This is Marconi's method. Before his work, the space over which signalling was possible was not very great, and in order to increase this distance Marconi introduced several modifications, the chief one being the addition of a long vertical wire to the transmitting knobs and the use of a special form of sensitive coherer. The former I think the essential improvement, and it increased the effectiveness of the apparatus to a remarkable degree. A tall, vertical wire is also added to the coherer circuit, but this is hardly original with Marconi, as Lodge had used the same idea some time before. The coherer consists of a small glass tube of about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch internal diameter, with two silver pole-pieces fitting closely in this, and separated by a space of about $\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch, in which filings of nickel and silver are put. When properly adjusted, the tube is exhausted of air and sealed off. To "decohere" the tube and render it ready to receive new signals a



little hammer is made to strike against it as in an electric bell. In the second diagram is an outline of the essential parts of transmitter and receiver. I is the induction coil which produces sparks between the knobs K. To one knob is attached a long vertical wire, T, and to the other a wire, E, leading down to the earth. C is the coherer at the receiving station. From one end of it runs up a long vertical wire, R, while the other end is joined to earth by a wire F, though I believe this is not very necessary. The signals are observed here as deflexions of

galvanometer, G, joined in circuit h a battery and the coherer. In the rd diagram is shown the method by ich the tube is decohered and prepared other signals. The two ends of the ierer are joined to a delicate relay, D, attery, B, being also in the circuit. ien the resistance of the coherer, C, s, caused by the arrival of the electric ves from the transmitter, the armature :he relay is drawn aside (to the left) l completes the circuit in which the :tric vibrator and battery, B2, is



ced. As long as the waves fall on C, vibrator will continue to tap the tube. s usual to have a sounder, or an in- ument for marking the signals on ver, but by simply listening to the gth of time that the little hammer les against the tube, signals, according :he Morse code, can be read.

The greatest distance over which signals e been sent is eighty-five miles. Dur- the recent international yacht race at w York, Marconi reported the progress 'oronto University.

of the two yachts from a vessel carrying his transmitting apparatus. On his return to England by the S.S. *St. Paul*, messages were sent from the ship to the Needles (off the west end of the Isle of Wight) while yet seventy-six miles from them.

To the student of pure science, who is specially interested in new *principles*, and not in their commercial applications, Marconi's work seems very small compared to that of Faraday, Maxwell, Hertz or Lodge. He is rather an inventor, but as it is the successful inventor who appeals directly to the people, his name has been more prominent of late, and many think Marconi is the sole originator of the new telegraphy. Such a claim, I am sure, no one would more quickly repudiate than Marconi himself. However, when one examines the various improvements introduced by Marconi in perfecting his apparatus, or reads his patent specifications, and especially considers the fact that he has just completed his twenty-sixth year, it must be concluded that his work is most important, and that he has a brilliant future before him.

Before dismissing the subject, perhaps I should refer to a system which has been devised by Lodge, by which signals have been sent over two miles, but which has not yet been fully tested. It is based on the principle of electric oscillations, but in his apparatus they are not nearly so rapid as in Marconi's, and the receiving and transmitting devices are accurately "tuned" to each other, so that the receiver will respond to its proper transmitter and to no other. The effect is somewhat analogous to resonance in sound.

THE DYING CENTURY.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Another Century dies,
In war and blood and pain.
Our longing, straining eyes
Look forth for Peace in vain.
For Christ the myriads fall
Butchered by Turk or Kurd.
Comes there no end? Is all
The hope of men in vain?
Comes not the Lord again
O'er all the Earth to reign,
As spake the Word?

Slow are God's judgments, slow
To man's impatient thought;
Slow-paced the Ages grow,
In vain the goal is sought.
Armed to the teeth to-day
The jealous peoples stand;
Worse blight than of decay,
Worse burden than of war,
The enormous fleets and legions are;
Dumb Terror speeding fast and far
O'er sea and land!

'Tis nigh two thousand years
Since came the Prince of peace.
Return Thou, calm our fears,
Make strife and war to cease.
Thick clouds to-day of doubt
Obscure our faithful sight.
Shine, blessèd Sun, shine out,
The storms of passion still.
Again, O hidden Will,
The wintry Earth fulfil
With Peace and Light.

—*Indep*

SOUTH AFRICA: A CAPE TOWN VIEW.*

BY W. R. QUINAN.

[Abridged from *The Outlook.*]

The British Empire as we know it to-day, with its public conscience, its sense of justice and fair play, its toleration and protection of all creeds, all races and conditions of men; its splendid sons, kings in all but name, who go out to rule inferior races with beneficence and strength, is, as Captain Mahan says, a growth. There has been always a progress towards better things, but not without slips and false steps on the way. England's success as a colonizing power has been due mainly to a wise tempering of sentiment with common-sense. She has not prepared a procrustean bed and compelled her subject races to lie upon it. She has consulted their customs, respected their prejudices, confirmed their laws, and used their methods of administration when these could be made to serve her purpose.

When she took possession of the Dutch Colony of the Cape, about the beginning of the century, England made, on the whole, a good start. Towards their old home government, with its vexatious restrictions and regulations, the Dutch were somewhat disaffected. The greater freedom under English rule tended to remove all sources of irritation, and a wise, conciliatory policy might have produced in time a fusion of the two races into a harmonious people. This wholesome process received its first great check in the early thirties by the emancipation of the slaves and the subsequent legislation to protect them. This act of philanthropy was brought about with dramatic completeness throughout the British colonies by the missionaries and sentimentalists who at that time ruled the English Cabinet. Emancipation was a step upward, but it should have been taken with caution and respect for the susceptibilities of the colonists. The blow fell chiefly upon the Dutch, who were the slave-holders of the colony. These people believed that they had been grievously wronged. They went forth, with bitterness in their hearts, to brave the perils of the wilderness rather than remain subject to England's colonial policy. The name of England to the ignorant, back-country Boer is still a synonym for oppression and injustice. To this period may be traced the beginnings of a race hatred which has been the hidden spring of South African woes. The missionaries have done noble work in South Africa, but it is doubtful if their good deeds are not more than offset by the mischief they unwittingly wrought during this period in alienating the two white races. Their activity in this work had a noble motive behind it—the protection of a weaker race—but it has borne bitter fruit.

The life on the veldt, which fostered a love of independence, and developed individuality, was not calculated to make the Boer a good member of organized society. In the days of the trekkers a certain degree of co-operation for the common defence was an absolute necessity; but when the savages were finally driven beyond the Limpopo, even this organization was lost, and each individual acted as though his immediate family was an independent state. The attempt to organize a settled government was a failure. The Boer would pay no taxes for its support, and would submit to no authority which he himself had created. In 1877 the country of the Transvaal Boers was bankrupt and in disorder from the rivalry of religious and political factions. Moreover, the country was menaced by powerful tribes both on the north and south. To the better-educated part of the people, a sprinkling of whom was English, the only safety seemed to be in annexation and the protecting arm of England. Most of the Boers themselves, if they did not favour the step, gave at least a sullen acquies-

*The author of this article is an American, a West Point graduate, who served for some years in the United States army. He has had somewhat unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the conditions of the South African problem, and this paper was written in response to the request of friends in America to state, for their benefit, the equities of the questions now occupying the attention of the world.—*The Editors of the Outlook.*

cence. The country was annexed by proclamation, and a Commissioner was permanently stationed at Pretoria to represent her Majesty.

The annexation has been condemned by an English historian as "scandalous," and yet so far as the Boers were concerned, it must be regarded, on the whole, as a generous act. The country was bankrupt, disordered, and apparently barren of resources. Its great mineral wealth was unknown. Moreover, the task of subduing the powerful Zulus under Cetewayo, undertaken as one of the preliminary conditions, was a gigantic one, which cost England dearly in blood and treasure, and should have earned some measure of gratitude from the defenceless Boers. In a few months more, under the menace of Cetewayo's organized legions and the pressure of internal disorders, an overwhelming majority of the people would have committed themselves to the step and been bound to support a government established with their consent. No such precaution was taken, and when the immediate dangers had passed, and Cetewayo's power had been broken, a party of opposition sprang up and grew like a mushroom in the night. Kruger, the most dangerous man to English supremacy, after a trip to England to protest against annexation, had accepted office under the Crown, and needed the stipend, because, like most of his countrymen, he was desperately poor. His office was taken from him, and his energies turned against the English.

No steps were taken to meet the storm which was coming, and the country was ablaze with insurrection while the British Commissioner was still sending out cheerful despatches. The war broke out in the autumn of 1880, and took England by surprise. The first news of the slaughter of British soldiers at Bronkerspruit was followed by the siege of the little garrisons scattered throughout the country.

The Governor of Natal, Sir George Colley, with an ill-conditioned force, attempted to relieve the beleaguered garrisons by invading the Transvaal, but the Boers took possession of the northern neck and kept him at bay. In the fighting the British were worsted in every encounter. It culminated in the disaster of Majuba, where a precipitous mountain was stormed by the Boers and a British force of about equal strength annihilated. One of the most brilliant soldiers of the day, Sir George Colley, paid with his life for the blindness of the Pretorian Commissioner.

The subsequent history is well known. It is a curious and interesting fact that the present war has grown directly out of what the New York Herald declared at the time to be the most magnanimous act ever done by a powerful government towards a smaller state. The people of England, and especially the British army, longed to wipe out the stain of Majuba. The army seemed to hold the Boers in the hollow of its hand. Sir Evelyn Wood was within a few days' march of Majuba with an overwhelming force, Buller had already reached Cape Town, and Roberts, who had been appointed to the supreme command as in the present war, was on the way from England. The issue could not be doubted. But at the critical moment the British Ministry cried, "Halt." As Mr. Balfour has said in a recent speech, it was done partly from magnanimity and partly from fear—fear that the whole of South Africa would be set ablaze with the horrors of civil war. We are free to think that it was magnanimity on the part of Gladstone, and fear on the part of some of his colleagues that made them consent to the plan. We in America, with our admiration for the "Grand Old Man," are willing to believe that he made a terrible mistake, but we are not willing to believe that he was swayed except by the noblest motives. We imagine him saying, "We will not conquer this brave people. Our annexation of their country was a mistake. We thought they wished it, but it is evident they do not. We will give them back their internal independence and restore peace to South Africa. We will gain their good will, and in a little while the races will harmonize, and there will be no more trouble in the country."

How has the result justified these hopes of one of the best and noblest men in the world? The brave but ignorant Boers took a different view. They had no means of forming a judgment beyond the narrow horizon of their own experience. They thought that they had fought England to a standstill, and that she had declined to renew the contest for fear of worse defeat. From the case with which they had beaten the

British soldiers under Colley, they conceived a superiority of race. Every Boer was better and braver than a "Rooinek,"* and thus, to a previous sentiment of dislike, was added another even more dangerous to the peace of South Africa: a contempt for the fighting qualities of the rival race.

A common-sense moral can be drawn from this: magnanimity to an enemy, unless he recognizes it as such, is a mistake.

The discovery of the gold fields in the Transvaal, and the rush of foreigners to the Rand, have hastened the march of events by bringing the races into irritating contact, and creating issues upon which agreement was impossible.

The Transvaal became the plague-spot from which spread the disease of unrest to all parts inhabited by the two races. In Cape Colony the Dutch and English have enjoyed for some years the benefits of constitutional government. All are equal before the law, and, but for the Transvaal question, the two races might have buried their differences in a common prosperity. That question has divided them in recent years—though there are many individual exceptions—into two hostile camps. The campaign of Majuba was unfinished. Nothing was really settled by it. It was a chapter in a book, broken off abruptly, leaving the story—the question at issue—in suspense.

The Boers have realized this more clearly than the English, and they have made extraordinary preparations for the coming trial. From a weak pastoral community they have grown in a few years into the greatest military power, in proportion to population, on the face of the globe. The wealth that has come to them through the exploitation of their mineral resources by the Uitlanders they have spent in building forts, in purchasing guns and munitions of war, and in hiring European experts to teach them gunnery and military engineering. It has been a settled belief among the more ignorant that they could whip England single-handed at any time, and without these helps, but the leaders have left no stone unturned to insure success.

England, on the contrary, has been blind to the situation. She has allowed a great military power, intensely hostile to her, to grow up under her very nose. Thousands of rifles, hundreds of modern guns, and tons of ammunition have passed through her ports, and been forwarded over her railways to the Transvaal, without exciting the slightest suspicion or even interest. Feeling secure in her great strength and pacific intentions, or absorbed in commercial matters, she has remained only half-conscious of what was going on. While the leviathan slept, her pygmy antagonist wrought and waxed strong and got ready for the fight.

The policy and plans of the Boer leaders have been clearly disclosed under the searchlight of war. General Joubert's letters to friends in Europe have shown the simple method of hoodwinking the British Intelligence Department. Moreover, when war was declared, and there was no longer anything to be gained by concealment, some of these leaders discussed their plans frankly with Uitlanders, who were late in leaving the Rand, so that there is no longer any doubt as to certain salient facts.

The Boers had determined to repudiate the Convention of 1884, and declare their absolute independence at the first favourable opportunity—that is, when England was embarrassed by some European complication, and could not devote her energies to Africa. If war resulted, the Boers intended to invade Natal, and reduce that province before sufficient troops could be assembled for its defence. Kimberley, with its diamond mines, was also to be wrested from the British and restored to its rightful owner, the Free State. How nearly this programme was carried out in the present war every one knows. That the Boers expected valuable help from their Dutch brethren in Cape Colony is also evident.

However this may be, eight months ago not a prominent Englishman in Africa or elsewhere believed a war possible—for one reason, the odds seemed too great; while every Boer leader in the Transvaal knew that unless England proved craven it was inevitable—but the time was not ripe then. The favourable moment had not come. England was free-handed. The Boers must complete their preparations, as far as possible, and must have water and grass for their ponies,

* A contemptuous epithet or nickname for an Englishman in common use among the Dutch—meaning "red neck," in allusion to the sensitiveness of the Englishman's neck under the African sun.

to enable them to take the field. The autumn would bring these advantages, and likewise gales on the Atlantic to cripple the English transports. So they sparred for time in the negotiations till the proper hour had come, when they had more to lose than to gain by delay, and then threw down the gauntlet.

England had been outwitted once more. She had to accept the challenge and enter upon a contest, the magnitude of which, in the beginning, she had no conception of. She is now paying in blood and treasure for some of her past mistakes. But no one can say that she is not nobly making the sacrifice. She has awaked at last, and not a moment too soon. A little more delay, a little more blindness, and her South African empire would have been lost to her forever.

Whatever may be our admiration for and sympathy with the brave Boers, we must not forget that the present is a struggle between progress and mediaevalism. England's cause is the cause of modern civilization, of all that marks our advance in freedom, justice, and political altruism for the last hundred years. God be with her, for there is much at stake.

THE VANITY OF MUCH SPEAKING.

BY CYRUS H. YOUNG.

A superficial observer would have at once christened Felix Lane as the most religious man in the whole village of Furra. Every Sunday saw him in his accustomed pew in the small brick church, an attentive listener to the truths set forth. At the weekly Wednesday night prayer-meeting in the basement of the church he was a punctual attendant, and whenever other such meetings were held from home to home during the winter months, he was the first and heartiest to give assistance. Many revival services had been conducted by consecutive ministers on that circuit, and in each of these he was a prominent and progressive figure. He could make a longer and more expressive prayer, and could give a testimony or exhortation more eloquent, substantiating his words with Biblical quotations more numerous and apt than any of his church contemporaries.

He was among the first to extend a friendly hand to a new pastor. He contributed quite munificently into the treasury of the church. If a requirement for charity came directly under his eyes he gave to the fulfilment of the demand. In his daily business he was honest and upright, dealing aright to the smallest fraction. Therefore I say, he might, to a man who looked merely over these things, have been termed Furra's most religious character.

And Felix himself believed with all his heart that he was a very godly man. But this does not imply that he considered himself a perfect example before men. 'Tis true he thought that he was leading a blameless life, void of offence before God and man, yet he often said that many of his fellows were better than he. He ever sought to discover any faults that perchance by accident were creeping into his spiritual life, and to this end he made frequent analysis of his daily walk, and it was always untold satisfaction to find, as he terminated his meditations, that his path according to his view was in all straightness. He dealt honestly with all men. He loved his fellow beings and had done wrong to no man. He searched the Scriptures diligently and prayed twice a day to his Creator. Before men he lifted up his Saviour and pointed out the way of life. What else could he do? Surely, surely, he was a righteous man?

But there was one thing that always puzzled him; one thing he never could understand. Notwithstanding the rectitude of his life as it appeared to him, very, very few persons seemed to have any great faith in him. His neighbours listened to his eloquent exhortations, and to his earnest supplications that men might be saved from the wrath to come. But he noticed that few, if any, imputed his efforts to pure and holy motives, and that his seed fell upon barren ground indeed. Believing himself to be one of God's humble children, and one of His instruments for bringing wandering souls to Himself, this state of feeling he never could comprehend.

Perhaps if he had been in the parlour of one of his neighbour's houses one afternoon, he would have heard from the lips

of two young ladies some sentiments that might have directed his mind into a channel where it had never dreamed of moving before. It was the winter season, revival services were in full progress in that village church, and Felix had conducted the meeting in the absence of the pastor on the previous evening.

"It was a very profitable meeting," remarked one of the ladies, Miss Day. "Mr. Lane is nearly as good as the pastor himself."

"Pshaw!" returned the other lady, Miss Black, "I wouldn't give a copper for all his fine words and speeches. What good are they without a force behind them?"

"But Mr. Lane certainly is a good man?"

"Perhaps he is; but if so some of his conduct looks strange to me. Why, just the other day he discharged one of his clerks, a boy, the only support of his widowed mother, for making a slight mistake in an account. The poor fellow is nearly broken-hearted about it, for it's so hard for one in his station to get a job, and if he doesn't get one the people of the village will have to help them, for they're very poor, even though honest and industrious. Now that's just the way he deals with every one else. If people don't come up to his standard he just cuts them off, and still he says he loves them. It's a curious way of showing it, I think."

"It certainly doesn't look reasonable," said Miss Day, beginning to weigh the religion of Felix; "there might be better ways of showing his love."

"Far better; and even in last night's meeting, there was something that hurt me very much. Did you notice anything out of the way?"

"Not particularly."

"Why, didn't you see that not one person said a word to poor Florence Gray, who came forward for the first time last night? She is a nice girl, and pretty, I think, but her parents have hard struggles to get along. Now, it was Mr. Lane's duty, as leader of that service, to go, even if none else did, and speak some words of comfort and cheer to her. But he did not, and I can't help but believe it was because she was so poorly dressed, for he went to every one of the other seekers. Suppose we go now and make her a visit?"

"I'm ready; I would be happy in doing her any good."

So they went, and I have no doubt that they left her, more joy was in Flor- heart than it had known for many

Innocent Felix did not know what argument his life had lent to his neighbours, nor did he seem to realize that the two points noted by Miss Black were in any way derogatory to Christian living, nor that he was every day making similar additions to them, and thereby causing more and more distrust in his neighbours towards himself. "Friends," he said, in the course of his remarks that evening, "I thank God that I am at peace with all men. I love my fellow beings and earnestly strive to do them all the good I can, even as Christ went up and down the land of Palestine doing good. I pray that my heart may be filled with more charity, more sympathy, more justice than ever before, and that I shall never bring scorn upon the name of Jesus."

Perhaps he meant these words, but his neighbours failed to see them verified in his actions.

But a clearer conception of the truth was soon to be revealed to Felix, and he was soon to see from whence proceeded the villagers' small faith in him.

One evening towards the close of these services, he got into a slight controversy with one of the younger men of the congregation over the matter and length of testimonies.

"Don't you think," said the young man, "that when men make such a glowing and lengthy testimony, that they tell of more than they exactly feel?"

"'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,'" replied Felix. "If a man's heart is filled he must express what is there."

"But come a little closer to what I mean; aren't there plenty of men who never do half what ought to be prompted from what they say they feel?"

"Well, to confess the truth," replied Felix, very reluctantly, "I believe there are."

"Then it follows that they are deceiving themselves."

"If they do not act in accordance with what they say they feel in the heart, they are."

"Are they wilfully, then, leading a deceptive life?"

"Oh! hardly; you see it's a hard thing to express clearly one's religion."

"Much more then should their testimonies not be a thoughtless group of sentences, but a studied delivery, and if they cannot express aright, they should not express at all."

"But we are told to let our light shine before men."

"How? by word testimonies and

prayers before men? Oh! no; we are to so shine that men may see our good works, good works to be accented before anything else, and then, and then only, will we give forth a true light."

Felix Lane went home that night thinking as he had never thought before. Was he giving forth the true light; he began to ask himself: Did his daily deeds bear out the exact sentiments he so exuberantly expressed? Did he really feel in his soul all the Christian essentials he so frequently told to his neighbours? Were all his acts keeping time to the spiritual music he professed to hear? Closely he examined the application of these inquiries, and in the end he was compelled to admit that he was among that class of men who were not doing what their profession should, if true, execute.

In the solitude of his own kitchen that night, while his family slept peacefully in the adjoining room, it was impressed upon him for the first time that he said a great deal more than he performed. Taking up his Bible, he opened it and his eyes fell immediately upon these words penned by Israel's wisest king: "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few." He turned over a few pages until he came to these lines: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

That was all the information he needed, and as he closed the book, how mightily he saw his own deficiency! He had read those very words over fifty, yea, hundreds of times, but he never saw their true meaning before. He had deceived himself, he had professed attainments which in reality he had not reached; and thereby the cause of the neighbours' slim faith was plainly shown to him. There in the solemn midnight hour he got down on his knees and pleaded with God in secret, and as his after life showed he was rewarded openly.

A few days afterwards the discharged clerk was back at his post, and numerous other wrongs Mr. Lane had done formerly, believing them just, were remedied. In his religious walk also there was a vast change. His prayers were shorter and more tersely expressed; his word testimonies were of a more humble character, and it was said of him that his deeds stood against his words as two to one. Furra's citizens reposed faith to the uttermost in him, and with true admiration pointed him out as one of the most, if not the most, pious men in the community.

Chambers, Ont.

ENGLAND.

Who would trust England, let him lift his eyes
To Nelson, columned o'er Trafalgar Square,
Her hieroglyph of Duty, written where
The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;
Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies
On Gordon's statued sleep, how praise and prayer
Flush through the frank young faces clustering there
To con that kindred rune of Sacrifice.
O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,
But rough oak, plunging on o'er perilous jars
Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you
The more for tempest roar that strains your spars
And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,
Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

—*Jay Lincoln, in the April Atlantic.*

"If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere;
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best."

—*Samuel Greg.*

The World's Progress.

THE EMPIRE'S MESSAGE.

The Empire's Message.

Proud and erect and strong
  She stands on her sea-girt shore,
Mother of nations and righter of wrong;
And the voices that mocked her—the hate-
    hissing throng
  Are silent and mock no more.

Hushed is the howl of scorn,
  As radiant out of the night
She lifts her face to the golden morn,
And feels the thrill of the day new-born
  That heralds her Empire's might.

Patient and slow to wrath,
  But keeping her watch and ward,
A cry came ringing from South to North,
She heard; and the flame in her eyes leapt
    forth,
And the sunlight gleamed on her sword!

And lo! as her blade she drew,
  From her Empire's uttermost line
The answering swords from their scabbards
    flew,
And her sons cried "Mother! to dare and do
  Our heart and our arms are thine!"

And swift to her side they sprang,
  And a circle around her cast,
And over the battlefield's clamour and clang
Her voice through the world to her enemies
    rang—
  "Ye witness my strength at last!"

And the mother is proud of her own
  For happy, serene, and great,
She knows them her flesh and her blood and
    her bone,
Hate vainly assails her impregnable throne,
  For Love is stronger than Hate.

—*Democritus, in Manchester Chronicle.*

THE LATE GENERAL JOUBERT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,
He had no part, whose hands were clean of gain;
But subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate,
Noblest, his name shall pass from sire to son.

—*Harper's Weekly* (*copyright*).

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y the death of General Joubert the r cause lost its noblest leader, the one ɔic figure of the Transvaal. Joubert French, not Dutch, a man inheriting h of the old Huguenot character and litions. And yet the very epithet ap- d to Joubert by the Dutch shows r low and perverted ideals. He was im Piet" ("Sly Peter,") a man of the cal craft and cunning which the Boers nuch admire. Had he been President ead of Kruger, a different solution the Transvaal question would have n found. If, however, Joubert was ɔonsible, as he seems to have been, the cowardly trick of seeking to drown the hospitals and woman's laager at ysmith, by using thousands of Kaf- to dam the Klip River, it was not a r heroic performance.

The Queen again showed her womanly tact and sympathy by sending a message of condolence to his widow.

TRANSPORTING AN ARMY.

One of our engravings gives a view of the animated scene between decks on a transport ship during that important function, dinner. One of the most striking features of this unhappy war is the ease with which Great Britain carried an army of two hundred thousand men, with all their stores, artillery, waggons, guns, ammunition, with many thousands of horses and mules, from the homeland, from Canada, Australia or Tasmania, across wide seas at the stormy season of the year, and conveyed them into the heart of a hostile country. This is an

ON BOARD A TRANSPORT SHIP.

TROOPS MARCHING PAST TOWN HALL, KIMBERLEY.

achievement which even the grudging acknowledgment of carping foreign critics can neither minify nor deny. Apart from the inevitable discomforts of the sea voyage, these hundreds of thousands of men were carried with an ease and safety, with a sanitary protection and physical comfort, such as were impossible for princes at the beginning of her Majesty's reign.

Britain Vindicated.

It is highly creditable to the people of Great Britain and the United States that they are anxious to be satisfied as to the righteousness and justice of the British in this unhappy South African war. A very necessary and important education has been going on on this subject. The testimony of those best qualified to judge, and most impartial in character, amply vindicates the contention of Great Britain. One of these testimonies is that of Bishop Hartzell, missionary bishop of South Africa, who has just returned to the United States after a forty-thousand-mile journey through the Dark Continent. His report gives strongest evidence of the righteousness of Great Britain's cause.

The April number of the London *Quarterly Review*, edited by the Rev. T. L. Watkinson, the highest organ of British Methodism, has two articles on this subject. One by Geoffrey Drage, M.A., M.P., Chairman of the Imperial South African Association, reviews the whole situation and quotes from the clergy, synods, and conferences of the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and Roman Catholic Churches, and even from the testimony of some clergymen of the Dutch Reformed (Boer) Church. These men, who have lived for years in South Africa, who are familiar with the whole history of the controversy, who speak with a sense of responsibility and the authority of full knowledge, strongly maintain the justice of Great Britain and the wrongness of the Transvaal. This is such an important document that we shall give its substance more fully in our next number. In addition to this, all the ministers in Kimberley, many of those in Natal and elsewhere, add their testimony in similar vein. Yet Mr. Stead, whose foible is omniscience, in the safe seclusion of his editorial chair, is bitterly pro-Boer in denouncing the attitude and action of his own country, and asserting the integrity of the forsworn traitors of the Transvaal and Cape Colony.

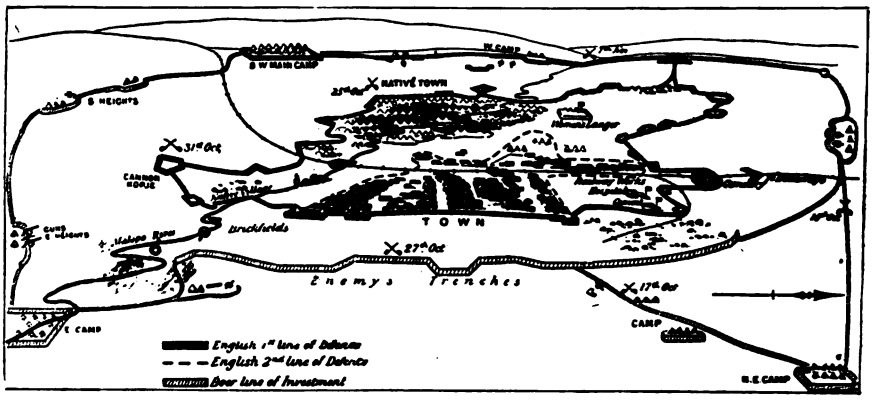
Another article in the London *Quarterly* recites at length the history of the Boers and the natives in South Africa. The Wesleyan Church, whose missions began in 1814, have the large number of 109,254 coloured members in South Africa, more than twice as many as any other body. But the South African Reformed Church, or "Doppers," of which President Kruger is a shining light, although it has been in the country for nearly two hundred years, has not

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

one. At the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, held at Pretoria only two years ago, a resolution was admitted forbidding any of the ministers or officers, on pain of expulsion, to preach Christianity to the natives. King Khama, a converted native chief, reflects lustre on Christian character. "If King Khama," says the *Review*, "be compared with President Kruger, the white man will not appear to advantage in the eyes of men who esteem fitness of administration to times and circumstances."

An Heroic Defence.

According to the latest despatches, the siege of Mafeking is being pressed with great vigour by the Boers, and the condition of the garrison, who are reduced to horse-flesh and bread made from horse fodder, is almost desperate. The accompanying sketch shows the British lines of defence and the Boer lines of investment. It is given by the London *Graphic*, and is from a drawing by a British officer in Mafeking, brought by runner to Buluwayo. The officer gives the following summary up to November 15th, of the siege which has been so gallantly withstood under the skilful direction of Col. Baden-Powell: "The siege began on October 13th, when a small force of British irregulars, police, and townspeople took up the defence under Imperial officers. The town and native town contained about 7,500 native inhabitants, and 1,000 whites. The enemy's force consisted of about 8,000 men, with nine guns, who surrounded and bombarded the place. The garrison made several vigorous counter-strokes, by which they discouraged the enemy from pushing home any attacks. The British losses up to November 15th have been two officers and seventeen men killed; four officers,



MAP SHOWING THE DEFENCES OF MAFEKING.

thirty-two men, two women, and one child wounded. The enemy's losses have been over 100 killed and 370 wounded. The accompanying sketch map explains the relative positions of the forces. The flags shown are Red Cross flags, which have been persistently fired upon by the Boer guns. The convent, in particular, is now a wreck. The crossed swords show scenes of engagements up to the date named—in each of which the garrison came off victorious."

The isolated condition of the garrison at Mafeking, holding, with a few hundred men, that outpost of Empire against beleaguering swarms of Boers armed with the deadliest enginery of war, is one of the most heroic episodes in history. "And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew." The above map indicates the mode of its assault and defence, and our engraving of the despatch carrier shows the peril of maintaining communications with the outer world.

CARRYING A DESPATCH FROM MAFEKING.

Bloemfontein, the Beautiful.

The capital of the Free State is one of those happy, idyllic little towns where it is always afternoon. There is no bustle about the streets, no commotion in its highways (it has only one), and nothing occurs more exciting than the morning market or the quarterly nachtmaal.

One hears a deal of English in the streets. Probably it is the native language of nearly one-half of the white population. One also notices a preponderance of pure Scots Doric, for Scotsmen are in the ascendant in Bloemfontein. Many members of the Volksraad are of Scottish descent, as such frequently recurring names as Fraser, Macfarlane, Stuart, Macintosh, and Innes abundantly testify.

The public buildings of Bloemfontein are quite imposing in their way. The

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

Raadzaal, or House of Parliament, is an important edifice with some architectural pretension. It has a domed tower, and looks like something between a gorgeous masonic temple and a palatial music-hall. It cost nearly £70,000, and was furnished by one of the most artistic and enterprising houses of Tottenham-Court Road. Churches are prevalent in every street, almost at every corner; in fact, Bloemfontein is one of the few South African towns in which there are more churches and chapels than there are canteens.

The presidency of Mr. Steyn is a rather large and important building of white stone, of a somewhat mixed order of architecture, but exceedingly comfortable, cool, and commodious in structure. It cost nearly £20,000 to build, and has a pretty garden of old English flowers, such as hollyhocks, clove-pinks, stocks, and pæonies.

Bloemfontein is a great educational centre, and there is a very fine college, presented by Sir George Grey, erstwhile Premier of Cape Colony, and the Grand Old Man of South Africa. It is known as the Grey College, and has turned out some remarkable scholars.

A Dust Storm.

(See next page.)

In a letter to the London *Daily Mail* Julian Ralph, one of that journal's correspondents, describes the section of country around Belmont and Gras Pan as being every whit as bad as the desert of Sahara, being bare sand and stone.

Speaking of the dust, a correspondent of the London *Morning Post* remarks that even on the stillest days, without warning, it rises in thin twisting spirals of yellow sand, which take their own way, beautiful and abominable, across the camp, befouling everything, upsetting everything that stands across their course, and reaching for hundreds of feet upwards into the still blue sky. It is not, though, the dust which comes in dainty spirals, but that which arrives in overwhelming clouds, which is most feared; for the latter hides, not a tent here and there, but an entire camp, the roof of heaven, all vestige of the world. Such blinds the eyes, fills the mouth with gritty foulness, and covers every inch of the body with a film of brown, and which lasts, not for a few moments, but for hours.

THE PRESIDENCY.

Now occupied by Lord Roberts and his staff.

Waiting.

Some of us can remember when for months the standing phrase in the American press was, "All quiet on the Potomac." We may be thankful that Lord Roberts is strong enough not to be stampeded into action till he is ready. His "masterly

MARKET SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

A DUST STORM.

inactivity" seems to be wearing out the strength of the Boers, who are impelled to action to keep their forces from melting away. He may thus save many valuable lives.

The capture of a few British companies, as the result of criminal carelessness in scouting, has given Kruger and Leyds an opportunity to do some more "tall lying" in order to stimulate the flagging energies of the disheartened Boers and of the anti-British press. A more potent cause, however, in the United States, is the political exigencies which make the next election pivot upon the relations of Great Britain and the United States.

The best and most intelligent opinion, however, is in favour of Britain. Captain Mahan, of the United States Navy, says: "I have paid some attention to the matter, and believe the Boer Government and administration to be that of a corrupt and oppressive oligarchy. Is it possible that there are Americans who, in the face of the records, really believe that in the community of contemporary peoples the Transvaal, rather than Great Britain, stands for the cause of political liberty and purity of administration?"

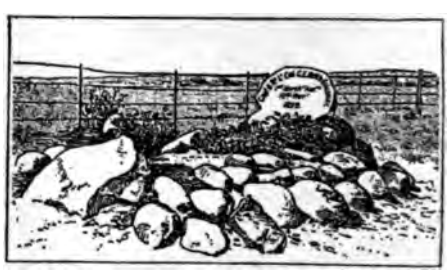
Mistaken Sympathy for Republics.

"There is not a Republic on earth, except Switzerland and the United States," says Thomas G. Sherman, in the *North American Review*, "in which there is even an approximation to the honesty of administration found in at least six European monarchies; nor anything like the combination of governmental honesty, judicial impartiality, equality of rights, personal liberty, and liberality towards Americans which can be found in those monarchies and in all of the British colonies."

Responsibility for Assassination.

For the dastardly attempt at the assassination of the heir to the British throne we hold Dr. Leyds and the pro-Boer propaganda of Belgium largely responsible. Every art of vituperation, fraud and guile have been employed to embitter the prejudice against Great Britain, the Queen, and the Royal Family. The most scurrilous invective and indecent caricature of the august lady, beloved and revered throughout the British Empire, have been freely used. Small wonder that a crack-brained fanatic thought that he was serving humanity by the murder of persons charged with the blood-guiltiness of the Boer war.

It was similar denunciations of Lincoln and Garfield, by an unscrupulous party press, that led Wilkes Booth and Guiteau to the cowardly assassination of the nation's head. We have small hope, however, that this exposure of the guilt of the vitriol press of Paris and Brussels will have any result in restraining its virulence.



A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The Burial Place of Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer at the Orange River.
—From a photograph.

"'Tis in loving, not in being loved, the heart is blest;
'Tis in giving, not in seeking gifts, we find our quest."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

A Christian Daily.

The critics have all had their fling at Mr. Sheldon's "Christian Daily," and, sooth to say, the paper was not beyond criticism, as what paper is? Yet it presented a high ideal of what a Christian paper ought to be, and in the conspicuous absence of objectionable features and strong presentation of great moral and religious, economic and philanthropic themes, it was a marked contrast to the sensational and pernicious papers so widely current in the United States. This object-lesson is not so much needed

REV. CHARLES SHELDON.

in Canada. We believe the Canadian press, in its attitude to religious and moral subjects, is the best in the world. We have been a diligent reader of its issues for many years, and are more and more impressed with the cleanness, the pure and noble aims, and the high average efficiency, with very few exceptions, of both the rural and the urban press of Canada. Compared with the vile sheets which circulate in France, Belgium and other continental countries, and even some of the United States, it is something to be proud of.

Mr. Sheldon openly avows that his inspiration and ideal was suggested by a Canadian paper, the *Montreal Witness*, which for half a century has been edited on loftiest Christian principles. Many thousands of dollars have been sacrificed by the refusal of this paper to print theatrical or liquor advertisements, and other things of questionable character. Its point of criticism and review has been thoroughly Christian. It has been an educative force of incomparable value in thousands of Canadian families. The weak point of our party press is the often uncandid and unjust treatment of party politics and politicians, and in this the greatest sinners are not the rural press, but some of the great city dailies.

We do not endorse all of Mr. Sheldon's methods. We question the propriety of reading a serial story, however excellent it may be, from the pulpit on Sunday. But he is a man of conscience and convictions, knows the field in which he works, and if by these religious parables he can gain the ears and reach the hearts of the people, it is not for us to gainsay his methods. Certainly he has won a constituency of readers for his religious stories that possibly no writer, except John Bunyan, has ever had before, and a thousand-fold greater than Bunyan ever reached during his life. This success shows, at least, that the common people whom, Abraham Lincoln says, the Lord must love because He made so many of them, will read gladly pure and simple tales which are intended to lift them to a nobler life.

Dr. St. George Mivart's Case.

For several years past it has been customary to point to Dr. St. George Mivart, a well-known English scientist, as an example of the large degree of liberty of thought allowed in the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. Mivart continued to be a member of that Church, although he openly avowed his acceptance of the most advanced and speculative theories of modern science and criticism. But the extreme character of his views regarding the authority of the Scriptures and the Church, has at last resulted in his expulsion from the Roman Catholic Church. We are not concerned here to dwell on

the history of the case; but simply to refer to the position of the parties, and the final result. After considerable discussion and negotiation, a confession of faith prepared by Cardinal Vaughan was submitted for Dr. Mivart to subscribe. He declined to do this and his excommunication was the result. We have not read the Church side of the case, and therefore do not know all that has been said in defence. Dr. Mivart had a long article in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, from which one can get an idea of the main features of the case. It is a matter in which we do not agree with either of the parties in the controversy. The representatives of the Catholic Church maintain the Divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures with an explicit positiveness that would surprise many Protestants, who regard that Church as making the word of God of no effect with its traditions.

The weak points on the Church side of the controversy are (1) the inclusion of the Apocrypha as a part of the canonical Scriptures, and (2) making deliverances of popes and councils arbitrarily binding on the conscience of all its members. We, of course, do not believe that the Church of Rome is right. But her administrators who believe that she is right could hardly have avoided excommunicating Dr. Mivart. The weak points on Dr. Mivart's side were these: (1) The dogmatic way in which he assumed that opinions which he thought fit to call scientific results should be accepted as unquestionable verities, before which the Church and the Bible must give way. (2) That he should set forth a conception of the Bible scarcely distinguishable from that of the late Col. Ingersoll, as offensive to Protestants as to Catholics, and yet think he should be regarded as a loyal son of any Christian Church. The following quotation from his article will show where Dr. Mivart stands, and also the kind of teaching that is now set forth by some as results of scientific biblical criticism. He says: "In very truth, the Bible is a complex collection of varied documents. They contain much that is admirable and valuable; but also legends, myths, contradictory assertions, accounts expressly falsified to suit later times, mere human fictions and words spoken in the name of the Lord, without there being any authority for attributing to them such a sacred character. There are writings which merit most reverent treatment; and there are stories no more worthy of respect than the history of 'Jack and the *Beanstalk*.'" E. H. D.

The recent death of Dr. St. George Mivart lends additional interest to this controversy. Dying outside of the pale of the Church, and without its sacrament, his body has been refused burial in consecrated ground.

The Bishops' Appeal.

Few more stirring documents have been presented to the Christian Church than the appeal of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church for increased consecration and devotion, for a week of abstinence and prayer, for a renewed Pentecost in connection with the approaching General Conference. It points out the great need of the Church, a revival of pure, undefiled religion. The conditions of Methodism in Canada and the United States are so similar, that these earnest words are as appropriate for us as for them. We give a few sentences from this apostolic document:

"Let us not deceive ourselves. This decline in our membership is not an accident. It comes from a sufficient cause. That cause is the slipping cog in our experience—our lack of spiritual power. . . . We have one dire disease—spiritual famine—lack of the witness of the Spirit, lack of personal experience, lack of spiritual power. . . . . We will only enumerate some of the symptoms.

"The gulf between capital and labour threatens us both sides. On one side, 'not many mighty, not many noble, are called.' On the other hand, strange forces are alienating the poor. The labour unions, organized most compactly, are much influenced by men hostile to the Church. Their gatherings are generally on the Sabbath, thus keeping the men out of our reach.

"The submerged tenth has been allowed to pass out to other agencies. We seem in some places above our business.

"One border of this Church has been frayed out by the thin speculations and vagaries of Christian Science.

"The powerful camp-meetings of our fathers have been superseded in many localities.

"The literature found in our homes is too often too light to nourish strong religious characters. . . .

"Amusements are sought after as if they were a necessity. Like little children, people of all ages think they must be amused.

"The moral and spiritual forces of the Church, necessary for the building of

great and Christlike characters, seem to be sidetracked. . . .

"The searching of the heart, that must precede every great work of revival, is often avoided as the fanaticism of a past age. . . .

"Higher criticism attacks the Bible itself, denying its supernatural character and divine authority. While this higher criticism is limited to a few centres, yet its influence is filtered down through much of our literature, taking the authority out of the teaching and the power out of the preaching. The Bible loses its divine authority. Sin loses its fatal sting. The law loses its sanction, and God's government is reduced to a few rules concerning æsthetics.

"These are among the principal symptoms indicating the famine that enervates our Zion. We are retreating, when we should advance at double-quick to keep abreast of the rushing events of our time. The trouble is in the slipping cog in our experience, our lack of power. The old heroes who fought Calvinism with a short sword, and scattered the forces of ridicule and social contempt with the lightning of an indignant glance, and routed all enemies with a 'Thus saith the Lord,' would have coveted a contest with these little difficulties.

"And this, too, just as greatest crises in the world's history are confronting us; when unparalleled opportunities are appealing to us. We must not retreat; we must go forward. Down upon our knees till 'the Spirit answers to the Blood, and tells us we are born of God.' Down upon our knees till priest and parishioner alike cry out, 'Here am I, send me!' No matter to what danger, or duty, or sacrifice; only use *me*, send *me*, let *me* be an instrument in Thy hand!'"

The Prohibition press expresses surprise that no words should be addressed to the Church as to its attitude towards the liquor power. One writer says:

"Now a worse curse than human slavery, a fearful scourge, physical, social, moral, political, more destructive than war, pestilence, and famine, thrives and flourishes and expands, and is carried to our most remote possessions under the flag. And still the Methodist Episcopal Church condones the awful crime and purposes to ratify it with her votes."

We think this judgment unjust to that great Church which has formally declared the liquor traffic "cannot be licensed without sin," and some of whose ministers have died as martyrs in an anti-liquor crusade. Certainly no stronger enemy of the drink exists in Canada than the Methodist Church.

Our Methodist exchanges call attention to a new type of revival conducted by Bishops Vincent and Warren in Denver, Colorado. There was no signing of cards, showing of hands, standing up or coming forward for prayers. There were strong, cogent appeals to the intellect and judgment of large audiences of men who met day after day in these services. Those who were truly penitent were invited to join in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, whose consecrated influence as a means of grace was magnified by extending it to those who were seekers after God, and were ready to consecrate themselves to His service. Opinion in Methodist circles is much divided as to the new method, but if it will reach some whom other methods repel, surely we may bid them God-speed in the spirit of St. Paul, who became all things to all men if by any means he might save some.

An Unexpected Result of the Indian Famine.

Notwithstanding the vast sums of money demanded by the war precipitated by the Boers, over a million dollars a day, and the generous outpouring of aid for the wounded and the families of the slain, yet generous help has also been given to starving India. The Mansion House fund has been liberally supported, and generous gifts from the United States and Canada are also being sent to the famine region. We think the Canadian Government, with the largest surplus revenue it ever had in its history, could well afford to make a grant in aid of our famine-smitten fellow-subjects in India.

It is gratifying to know that out of this great evil God is bringing good. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions report that "none of the eighty-six years of mission work in Hindustan have witnessed such progress as have the last three—and this despite famine and plague of unprecedented severity. These disasters have served to break down yet further the walls of caste and prejudice, have shown the folly of idolatry, and have furnished practical lessons of Christian truth and charity. Scattered by the pestilence, the Christians, marvellously protected from the disease, have gone everywhere preaching the Word. Never have there been so many listeners; never so many converts."

Prohibition in Manitoba.

It seems likely that the Province of Manitoba will have the honour of showing the Dominion how the prohibition of the drink traffic may be accomplished. Repeated votes in Manitoba have been overwhelmingly in favour of Prohibition. In no part of the Dominion could the experiment be tried with better promise of success. The best blood and brain and brawn of the older colonies have gone to Manitoba. For a long time the Province was virtually under Prohibition. We hope that the Prairie Province will have an opportunity of showing the rest of the Dominion how to suppress the pernicious traffic which is the greatest enemy of our country.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle's Travelling Scholarship.

The generous endowment by Mr. J. W. Flavelle of a travelling scholarship for Toronto University is the precursor, we hope, of other similar donations to this institution. McGill University at Montreal has been largely built up by the munificent gifts of public-spirited citizens. Toronto University has received little from such sources. Mr. Flavelle's purpose is to elevate the public life of Canada by giving the broadest culture that the old historic university of Oxford can bestow to the most brilliant graduates of our provincial institution. God's noblest gift to a nation is its highly gifted sons; it is wise to qualify them to the utmost for the greatest possible usefulness.

We are glad to learn that our old friend, Rev. Dr. Antliff, takes the place of Acting Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, in the place of the retiring principal, the Rev. Dr. W. I. Shaw. We wish Dr. Antliff great success in the administration of the important interests of the college.

Dr. Hillis' Resignation.

The violent and sensational language of Dr. Hillis in resigning his ministerial standing in the Presbyterian Church, which he had enjoyed for so many years, does not in our judgment reflect much credit on the man, or his good taste or judgment. He does not boast any access of light on the subject. He had all the knowledge years ago that he has now. Godly men, the very salt of the earth, the men who braved both death and danger in the Moss Hags in the Killing Time, are not men to be sneered at. The great Presbyterian Church, the daughter of the Reformation and bulwark of Protestantism in many lands, has a record of which any church might be proud. Men as conscientious as Dr. Hillis, of much greater learning and of not less intellectual acumen, are enabled to give an interpretation of their creed which makes it tenable to them. The *Cumberland Presbyterian*, representing the most conservative wing of the Presbyterian Church, makes this remark: "Heretical as Dr. Hillis probably is on some other doctrines of our common faith, he has not only spoken the truth about the awful doctrines of reprobation, but he is in accord with a vast majority of the members and ministers of the Presbyterian Church." It is less creed and more Christ that all the churches need. Neither the doctrine of reprobation nor the Athanasian Creed nor the Thirty-nine Articles are necessary to salvation; but the simple truths which our Lord declared to Nicodemus, and the simple trust of the thief on the cross.

A New Protestantism.

Le Chretien Francais, the organ of a group of priests and ex-priests, recently published a large number of letters in which the demitting priests have notified their ecclesiastical superiors (usually bishops) of their intentions to withdraw from the priesthood. In their words, says the *Outlook*, is the ring of the Reformation of the sixteenth century and of the sermons of the apostles in the first century.

Ur of the Chaldees.

American explorers are accomplishing important results in the excavation of Ur of the Chaldees, mentioned in the earliest chapters of the Bible, the home of Abraham and Sarah, and even then a great city. The *Outlook* says: "The present appearance of Ur is that of three stories of an ancient temple rising seventy feet above the plain; surrounding the temple is a group of mounds half a mile in diameter."

The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher.

Dr. Beecher was, we believe, the last surviving son of the famous Lyman Beecher, who has given so many distinguished names to public life in the United States. He passed away on the 14th of March at his residence in Elmira, N.Y., in his seventy-seventh year. He

was the founder of perhaps the first institutional church in the country. It had a hospital, a gymnasium, visiting deaconesses, a restaurant, and a stage for Sunday-school exhibitions. "Under his ministry of thirty-six years," says the *Outlook*, "this church, weak and struggling when he accepted the pastorate, grew to be one of the strongest in the State, with a membership of seven hundred, and a thousand Sunday-school children. On the day of his death his half-sister, Mrs. Beecher Perkins, of Hartford, also passed away.

REV. THOMAS A. DORION.

This brother, well-known in Eastern Canada, died at his home in Manchester, N.H., March 30th, the result of a paralytic stroke, aged fifty-one years. He was born at St. Andrew's, P.Q., and came of old Huguenot stock. He took a college course at Pointe-aux-Trembles. After labouring for several years in the Montreal Conference, he joined the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and began missionary work among his French-Canadian countrymen in New England. He was a voluminous writer and, when taken with his last illness, was engaged upon a work of several volumes—a cyclopædia of religious knowledge. "During the last decade," says *Zion's Herald*, "he published an average of half a million pages of tracts a year." "He was," adds the *Herald*, "a courteous Christian gentleman, and received, as he deserved, the hearty support of the ministers of his Conference." He leaves a wife, one son, Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, of Ashland, N.H., and five daughters.

Book Notices.

How England Saved Europe. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Vols. III. and IV.; pp. vi-326 and vi-419. Price, $2.00 per volume.

We had the pleasure of reviewing, with high approval, the first volume of this stirring story. It is a noble epic of empire of accumulative interest. The most dramatic episode is the story of the battle of Trafalgar, which, more than any other, save the defeat of the Armada, made Britain "mistress of the seas." The strategic genius, the heroic valour, the high sense of duty of the frail, one-armed, one-eyed Nelson make him forever the darling of the British nation.

It is difficult for us to conceive, even with the help of Mr. Stead's vaticination of the tricolour floating over the Tower of London, the terror created by the threatened invasion of Britain by the French.

The whispered name of the bogey Napoleon used to terrify the children in the dark. Every preparation was made for flight from the seaside towns. "Let us be masters," said Napoleon, "of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world." For nearly two years and a half Cornwallis blockaded Cadiz through all weathers and all seasons. Nelson had a stormy post off Toulon for twenty-one months, vainly tempting the French fleet to come out of the harbour." "These far-distant, storm-beaten ships," says Mahan, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world." Collingwood, with four ships, blockaded nearly forty at Cadiz.

Dr. Fitchett thus describes Nelson's death at Trafalgar: "'God be praised,' said Nelson, as he lay in the cockpit shot through the spine, 'God be praised, I have done my duty.' As he issued orders for the fight, Hardy said that Collingwood would take charge of affairs. 'Not while I live, I hope, Hardy,' said the dying man.

"Then came that touch of human feeling that since has made many eyes then unborn grow moist with its pathos. 'Kiss me, Hardy.' Hardy knelt down and kissed his admiral's cheek. 'Now I am satisfied,' said Nelson; 'thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy had risen, and stood struggling to keep back his tears as he looked at Nelson. Then he knelt down again and kissed the dying man's forehead. The swoon of coming death was already creeping through Nelson's brain, but he asked, 'Who is that?' 'It is Hardy,' was the answer. 'God bless you, Hardy,' was the whispered reply.

"The battle of Trafalgar was fought and won in the cells of Nelson's brain before it was fought on the tossing floor of the Atlantic. . A homely figure, slender, stooping, boyish still in spite of the scars of so many battles—with the careless hair lying low on his brow; mutilated, semi-blind; clad in threadbare and weather-stained uniform, with four tarnished and lack-lustre stars stitched on the left breast. And yet in the most heroic hour of English history this is the most heroic figure."

The hero of Vol. III. is the great antagonist of Napoleon on land, as Nelson was by sea. The eventful campaign in the Peninsula, which has given us those imperishable names—Corunna, Talavera, Torres Vedras, Badajos and Salamanca—is recorded in a series of brilliant chapters.

The fourth volume will describe the last act of this world-drama, the smashing of the power of Napoleon at Waterloo, and the deliverance of Europe from the arch-despot, who like a nightmare had haunted it.

Special interest and importance is given to Dr. Fitchett's volumes by the numerous and authentic portraits of the chief actors in this world-drama, and the accurate maps and diagrams of its strategetic scenes.

Mechanical Draft. A Practical Treatise. Edited by WALTER B. SNOW, of the Engineering Staff of the B. F. Sturtevant Co. B. F. Sturtevant Co., Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Our readers will have observed that we give special prominence in this magazine to the subject of Popular Science, and the latest features of scientific progress, invention, and discovery. The book under notice is of a more technical character than most which we review, but is worthy of special notice as the amplest and best treatment that we know on a subject of special importance to scientific readers.

In few directions has the progress of the nineteenth century been more marked than in the growing efficiency of steam-actuated machinery. To get the most steam possible out of coal is the mechanical problem of the times. To this end the rapid combination with oxygen is sought, hence the importance of supplying large volumes of air to facilitate combustion. Every pound of carbon requires for its consumption 2⅔ pounds of oxygen. It requires 11.3 pounds of air to furnish this, hence the need of supplying an enormous volume of air.

Sometimes an excess of air causes loss by reducing the temperature. To avoid this the air is often heated by the flue gases and thus its efficiency is increased.

It is to secure strong draft that enormous chimneys are erected, the general formula being that "doubling the height doubles the draft." But often, as in steamships, it is impossible to secure efficient draft in this way, hence mechanical appliances are used, as steam jets, rotary fans, and the like. It is calculated that from thirty to forty per cent. increase of steam power can be procured by mechanical over natural draft for continuous working. Forced draft also enables inferior fuel to be used, and sometimes, when under certain conditions of weather it would be impossible to maintain steam with natural draft, the normal power may with forced draft be insured. The artificial draft, too, can be regulated, as that of a chimney cannot.

The enormously tall and costly chimneys in Glasgow in chemical factories are employed chiefly to get rid of noxious gases which are generated. Moreover, the rotary fan is usually portable, while the tall chimney is as fixed as a mountain. One has only to stand in front of a big rotary fan to appreciate the enormous draft, like a small hurricane, which is thus created. The largest rotary fans we have seen are those employed for renewing the air in coal mines.

Sometimes the chimney may be with advantage omitted altogether, indeed, in some cases has to be, as in the case of torpedo and some other small boats. A decreased size of boiler is also possible, and from a humanitarian point of view the greater comfort of the stokers who feed the furnaces of our great steamships secured by forced draft is of very great importance. To this may be added the benefit of preventing smoke and the utilization of the waste heat of gases. Equal efficiency can be secured with smaller boilers. This is a consideration of great importance amid the contracted space limits on shipboard.

This handsome octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages, with over a hundred illustrations, is the most complete and exhaustive treatment of the subject that we know.

The Latin Hymns in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book. Studies in Hymnology. By

FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The indebtedness of the Christian Church to Latin Christianity is not adequately realized. In no respect is this more true than of our indebtedness to its glorious hymnology. The President of the Wesleyan Conference has rendered an admirable service to Methodist people everywhere by this beautiful volume on the Latin hymns from which the Church for ages has derived such religious inspiration. The first and noblest of these, which he analyzes and describes, and whose history as far as possible he relates, is the sublime "Te Deum." The noble hymns attributed to Charlemagne and King Robert of France, "Creator, Spirit, by Whose Aid," and "Come Holy Spirit," bear witness of the flame of devotion that glowed even amid the darkness of Middle Ages. The favourite mediæval hymns are unquestionably those of the pious monk, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who died 1153. The hymns, "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," "Brief Life is Here Our Portion," and "Jerusalem the Golden," are the heritage of the Church universal. Of "Jerusalem the Golden" Mr. Macdonald says: "The heavenly home-sickness, as it has well been called, here finds expression not to be surpassed in Christian song. It is home-sickness, not morbid or melancholy, but at once childlike in its simplicity, and manly in its ardour, its elevation, its exulting anticipations of noble joys and glorious companionship." The sublimest of these mediæval hymns is unquestionably the famous "Dies Irae." It has made the obscure monk of the thirteenth century a prophet and a psalmist for all time. Dr. Johnson could never read the words "Quærens me sedisti lassus" without tears.

"We set the prayer of Thomas of Celano," says our author, "side by side with that of Toplady, the thirteenth century with the eighteenth, the Latin with the English, and there is no difference."

> "Preces meæ non sunt dignæ."
>
> "In my hand no price I bring,
> Simply to thy Cross I cling."

Christ Came Again. By WILLIAM S. URMY, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

This book discusses the second coming of our Lord, not as a future event, but as one which did occur about thirty-seven years after our Lord's ascension, namely, at the fall of Jerusalem. This theory is supported by arguments on the expectation of the apostles, upon the teachings of our Lord, and from the Apocalypse of St. John. It presents, the author affirms, an eschatology consistent itself with the Scripture and furnishes satisfactory adjustment of the great doctrines of the Resurrection, the Judgment, the Millennium, and a complete refutation of the errors of the Adventists and Millennialists. The argument is very ingenious, but, to our mind, not conclusive.

The Soul of Man: An Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology. By DR. PAUL CARUS. Second edition. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, paper, 75c. Pp. xviii–482.

Dr. Carus is an original investigator and philosophical writer of distinguished reputation. In this volume he addresses himself to some of the most important problems of psychology and philosophy. "The present book," he says, "purports to be a systematic presentation of the facts of psychology in their relations both to physiology and religion and ethics." There is no other book in the language, he affirms, in which the facts of the various branches of science are gathered and presented in this connection. The book traces with much minuteness the development of organized life and especially of the organ of mental activity, the brain and nervous system, from the lowest radiates to the highest vertebrates. It investigates the problems of mental psychology, and in a final chapter discusses the ethical and religious aspects of soul life. It is admirably illustrated by nearly two hundred physiological diagrams and engravings.

Kant and Spencer. By DR. PAUL CARUS. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

This booklet is a reprint from "The Open Court" in which the articles composing it first appeared. In the first—"The Ethics of Kant"—Dr. Carus easily and clearly convicts Spencer of very imperfectly understanding, and very erroneously representing, Kant's ethical theory, and this always with the advantage, as we think, decidedly in favour of Kant's view. We doubt if a loftier ethical system than Kant's has ever been

conceived. One certainly does not find it in Spencer's theory.

The second article is entitled "Kant on Evolution." Here, again, in Spencer's own chosen field, not only was he anticipated by Kant, but also, on the most crucial points relative to the theory, the latter's views "agree better with the present state of scientific investigation than does Mr. Spencer's philosophy." Spencer's theory of evolution was adopted from Van Baer's "Developmental History of Animals," published in 1828, but Kant had then been dead a quarter of a century, and his adoption of the theory —not even then a novelty—and his support of it had been published before his death.

Spencer's "Agnosticism," the title of the third paper, is but "a popularization of Kant's view that things in themselves are unknowable." It is astonishing that Spencer, who owes so much to Kant, but apparently without realizing his indebtedness, and who so imperfectly understands him, should seek to become one of his critics and detractors. In the discussion Dr. Carus has done the cause of truth good service. E. I. B.

The Development of Doctrine in the Early Church. By JOHN S. BANKS, author of "Manual of Christian Doctrine," "Scripture and Its Witnesses." London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have had occasion to strongly commend Mr. Banks' previous volume on "Scripture and Its Witnesses." This is a scholarly volume giving the early controversies and errors against which the early Christian Apologists contended. These were partly of Jewish and partly of heathen origin; the former had little influence, the latter had much. It was a time of intense mental activity. The Gnostic, Arian, and other heresies had then wide sway and called forth the great works of Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen and St. Augustine. We know not where so admirable a study of the period in so concise form may be found as in Mr. Banks' volume.

Doxie Dent: A Clog-Shop Chronicle. By JOHN ACKWORTH, author of "Beckside Lights," "Clog-Shop Chronicles," etc. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Ackworth's previous books have been chiefly short sketches of Methodist life. This is, we believe, his first attempt at a serial story. It has found many deeply interested readers on both sides of the sea. Its delineation of British Methodism, of life among the lowly, of the transforming power of divine grace, of the humour and pathos of its quaint characters, is an evidence of the keen perception and vivid description of its writer. Mr. Tresider's numerous and clever illustrations add much to the interest of the volume.

The Backblocks' Parson: A Story of Australian Life. By TOM BLUEGUM. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is in its way an evidence of the new Imperialism that is binding the ends of the earth together. History has not yet done justice to the unifying force of Methodism in carrying the religious principles and civil institutions of the Motherland to the remotest dependencies. This is shown alike throughout the Canadian Dominion, the Australasian and South African colonies. The moral heroism of the diminutive Methodist preacher in the presence of death at the hands of a vengeful ruffian is a thrilling episode.

Glorious Gospel Triumphs as Seen in My Life and Work in Fiji and Australasia. By JOHN WATSFORD. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Some of the greatest achievements of Methodism in the field of missions have been won in the islands of Fiji. The memories of John Hunt, James Calvert and John Watsford are still "as ointment poured forth" in the far antipodes. Much of Watsford's life was spent also in Australia and Tasmania in building up the Greater Britain of those southern seas. This book derives its chief interest from its naïve and simple presentation of the achievements of Christianity among the primitive people among whom this author was called to labour.

Walking With God: Thoughts on the Assurance of Salvation. By JOHN HALDANE, author of "Is the Sabbath Binding on the Christian Conscience?" Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25c.

This is a well-written and neatly printed booklet on an important truth, once regarded as the special deposit of Methodism, but now accepted in all the Churches.

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PEEL CATHEDRAL, ISLE OF MAN.

PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1900.

IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. R. BUTTERWORTH AND C. HAIGHT.*

PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

John Wesley says of the Isle of Man, in the eighteenth century: "It is shut up from the world, and, having little trade, is visited by scarce any strangers." But to him it was a demi-paradise. "It is supposed to contain near thirty thousand people" (this is too high by ten thousand at that time), "remarkably courteous and humane. A more loving, simple-hearted people than this I never saw. And no wonder, for they have but six Papists and no Dissenters in the island."

Of the capital, the Journals say: "Douglas exceedingly resembles Newlyn in Cornwall, both in its situation, form, and buildings, only it is much larger, and has a few houses equal to most in Penzance." The growth and popularity of Douglas have invalidated this comparison, save as to the situation of the two places, both standing on the shores of a beautiful bay with a background of hills. On his second visit to the chief town of the island Wesley wrote: "Before dinner we took a walk in a garden near the town, wherein any of the inhabitants of it may walk. It is wonderfully pleasant, yet not so

* Abridged in part from the *Christian Miscellany*, London, Wesleyan Conference Office.

pleasant as the gardens of the Nunnery (so it is still called), which are not far from it. These are delightfully laid out, and yield to few places of the size in England."

This walk is yet a favourite with crowds of visitors, especially as they take it on their way to Kirk Braddan, one of the oldest churches in the island. The interior of Man delighted our traveller: "I was greatly surprised at the country. All the way from Douglas to Castletown is as pleasant and as well cultivated as most parts of England, with many gentlemen's seats." He repeats this praise when taking this journey another time, and records this curiosity of natural history: "All the day I observed, wherever I was, one circumstance that surprised me. In England we generally hear the birds singing morning and evening, but here thrushes and various other kinds of birds were singing [illegible]ll day long. They did not inter[illegible]t even during the noonday heat, where they had a few trees to shade them."

Of Castletown he writes: "It a good deal resembles Galway, only it is not so large. At six I preached near the castle." The first foundation of this old fortress dates from 960, its builder being King Godred. "In the centre is the keep, flanked with towers. Formerly there was a moat outside the walls, to protect which Cardinal Wolsey erected a glacis, in which there were three round towers, now in ruins. The visitor will have a cell pointed out, in which Bishop Wilson was confined, and a room occupied by the Countess of Derby when detained prisoner by Cromwell's soldiers."

VIEW FROM PEEL CASTLE.

On Whit-Sunday, 1781, the great evangelist "preached at Barewle on the mountains." This well known eminence, 1,842 feet high, commands a fine view of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and is surrounded by attractive scenery; the glen of that name being "a

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

lovely nook of soft and sylvan beauty." On another occasion he "rode through and over the mountains to Beergarrow," where he ministered to "an artless, loving congregation," and then proceeded to Bishopscourt, where good Bishop Wilson resided near threescore years.

This mansion, which figures so notably in Hall Caine's "Deemster," is thus described by Wesley: "There is something venerable, though not magnificent, in the ancient palace; and it is undoubtedly situated in one of the pleasantest spots of the island." The picture may be completed by a later hand: "Bishop's Court—a long castellated building, half hidden by thick groves of oak, ash, and elm trees—has been the episcopal residence from the earliest times. The present building is on the site of a very ancient palace in which Bishop Simon lived in the thirteenth century."

But Mona's most historic scene is the ancient fortress of Peel, once the abode of the Lords of Man. In the Journals it is written: "The old castle at Peel (as well as the cathedral built within it) is only a heap of ruins. It was very large and exceeding strong, with many brass guns; but they are now removed to England." The poet and novelist have described this haunted spot; but no description surpasses that given by Sir Walter Scott:

"Sodor or Holm-Peel occupies the whole of a rocky peninsula, or rather an island, for it is surrounded by the sea at high water. The whole space is surrounded by double walls of great strength and thickness; and the access to the interior, at the time we speak of, was only by two flights of steep and narrow steps, divided from each other by a strong tower and guard-house, under the former of which there is an entrance arch. The open space within the walls extends to two acres, and contains many objects worthy of antiquarian curiosity. There were, besides the castle itself, two cathedral churches, dedicated, the earlier

to Saint Patrick, the later to Saint Germain; besides two smaller churches, all of which had become, even in that day, more or less ruinous. . . . Besides these four ruinous churches the space of ground inclosed by the massive exterior walls exhibited many other vestiges of the olden time" —a moat, one of those singular towers so common in Ireland, and several Runic monuments.

"In this castle the great king-maker Richard, Earl of Warwick, was confined. . . . And here, too, Eleanor, the haughty wife of the good Duke of Gloucester, pined out in seclusion the last days of her banishment." Few readers of the "Deemster" can forget the interview between the good bishop and his son in the fearsome dungeon beneath the castle chapel; none can forget the gruesome legend of the "spectre hound," the Mauthe Dhoo; and every visitor now desires to see Fenella's Tower.

But the historic mood was not upon Wesley when in Mona's isle. He preferred to describe its natural features. From Kirk Andrew he rode through a pleasant and fruitful country to Ramsey, "about as large as Peel, and more regularly built." Next day his pleasure reached its height: "We rode through the most woody, and far the pleasantest, part of the island —a range of fruitful land lying at the foot of the mountains, from Ramsey, to Kirk Michael. Here we stopped to look at the plain tombstones of those two good men, Bishop Wilson and Bishop Hildesley, whose remains are deposited, side by side, at the end of the church."

A MANX COTTAGE.

In his "Manxman" Hall Caine speaks with the enthusiasm of a native on the beauties of the valley through which Wesley rode: "Sulby Glen is winding, soft, rich, sweet, and exquisitely beautiful. A thin thread of blue water, laughing, bubbling, brawling, whooping, leaping, gliding down from the mountains; great boulders worn smooth and ploughed hollow by the wash

of ages; wet moss and lichen on the channel walls; deep, cool dubbs; tiny reefs; little cascades of boiling foam; lines of trees like sentinels on either side, etc."

The church of Kirk Michael which our traveller saw exists no longer, a new one having been built near the old site in 1835; but a part of the ancient chancel is still standing near the grave of Bishop Wilson, and contains a tablet to the memory of "the good bishop."

In taking leave of the Isle of Man Wesley says: "Having now visited the island round, east, south, north, and west, I was thoroughly convinced that we have no such circuit as this either in England, Scotland, or Ireland. . . The natives are a plain, artless, simple people; unpolished—that is, unpolluted; few of them are rich or genteel; and far greater part moderately poor; and most of the strangers that settle among them are men that have seen affliction."

Fair shores of Mona! fond remembrance hallows
Your changing scenes through mist, and sun, and shade;
A cherished dream of beauty unforgotten,
Till life itself shall from your minstrel fade!

"The Isle of Man," says Mr. Canniff Haight, "lies in the northern part of the Irish Sea, and is nearly equidistant from England and Ireland and the south of Scotland. It is about thirty-three miles long and twelve miles wide. The loftiest elevation is Snaefell, which rises

IN PEEL HARBOUR, ISLE OF MAN.

2,024 feet above the sea. The fine scenery of the mountains has been made more accessible by the construction of a series of roads, commanding at many points views unsurpassed in the kingdom for picturesqueness and variety.

"In many respects this island is unique and interesting beyond any other of the British Isles. Its laws, its customs, its system of government are in the main quite different from those of the neighbouring islands of Great Britain. Since its

HALL CAINE.

purchase by the Crown of England in 1825, it has enjoyed what the Irish people are clamouring for—'Home Rule.' In this respect it is not unlike Canada, possessing its own government, known as the House of Keys. Prior to the purchase from the Stanley family, who came into possession in perpetuity during the reign of Henry IV., by paying to the king, his heirs and successors, at coronation, a cast of falcons, it was independent and ruled by them under the [redacted] of King or Lord of Man. It [redacted] King of Man that placed the crown on the head of the Earl of Richmond after the battle of Bosworth Field.

"The island is rich in monuments of the past, and particularly of the dead, whether prehistoric or of later date. Its scenery is varied and pleasing. The central hills, though perhaps not quite so beautiful as those of the English lakes, are nevertheless not far behind in their varied attractions. The cliffs along the southern coast in many places are wild and grand. Vegetation, except where exposed to the full force of the gales, is always

MRS. HALL CAINE.

luxuriant, for the climate is mild, and severe frosts are rare. The hydrangea, the myrtle and the fuchsia flourish unnipped, and grow to a large size. Take it all in all—its history, its antiquities, its scenery and its climate—there are few places in the British Isles which better repay a visit of some duration than the Isle of Man.

"The principal towns are Ramsay, Douglas, Castletown and Peel. In the latter place is Peel Castle, which the readers of 'Peveril of the Peak' will remember as Holm-Peel, one of the ancient strongholds of the island. Here Sir Walter Scott introduces us to the young Earl of Derby and his friend Julian Peveril, and the brave Countess of Derby, whose husband was beheaded at Bolton-on-the-Moors, October, 1651. Rushen Castle was the home of the Earl of Derby at the time of the unfortunate skirmish, where he was made prisoner, with the result we have mentioned. The reader will find in 'Peveril of the Peak' beautiful descriptions not only of these old castles, but many other places on the island. Among the natural curiosities of the island is the Manx cat. These domestic animals are remarkable in that nature has failed to provide them with tails. This is the only place in the world, I believe, where the feline family are tailless. I have never come across any reason for this peculiarity.

It is one of nature's freaks, I suppose. The Manx kitten certainly deserves the sympathy of kittenhood everywhere, because it has no tail to play with, and is hence deprived of one of the greatest charms of its life.

"From Castletown, Port Erin, the Calf of Man, and the north coast of the island can be visited. The cliffs are grand. The scenery of the whole region is wild and storm-beaten, and the primitive language and primitive customs have lingered longer here than in any other part of the island. The Calf of Man was formerly a noted place for falcons, and supplied the Lords of Man with the birds which were the fee for possession of the island. Once, too, it had a hermit, one Thomas Bushel, a dependent of the great Lord Bacon, who lived there to a very advanced age, on a parsimonious diet 'of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with milk sufficient.'"

"On the Isle of Man," says Mr. W. J. Thorold, "Hall Caine is the Man of the Isle. Indeed, there is a widespread movement afoot among the fishermen and people of the soil, who feel that he is one of themselves, to ask the British Parliament to make the position dependent upon the suffrages of the citizens—and then elect Hall Caine as Governor. The only weighty argument advanced against this idea is, that, in England, men are trained for the civil service, spend years in preparation for such a trust—and that, therefore, no Home Secretary could appoint a man of literature to the post.

"Democracy is fundamental in the Isle of Man. The place was purchased by the English Crown from the Derby family about one hundred years ago. It has its own Bishop, makes its own laws, which are submitted to the Home Office for approval. There are two Deemsters—the name for a judge—who are also appointed by the Crown. Once a year the laws are promulgated on Tynwald Hill—the Mound in 'the Manxman'—in pursuance of an old custom. If anyone objects, he must object then. This makes the spirit of the people very democratic. It has been possible for a man to live there in every condition of life, beginning by spending his childhood in a thatched cottage.

"Hall Caine's career, since he left school at the age of fifteen, as an architect—for which he possessed no special gifts—as a school teacher—a profession he abandoned for something offering more chances for a career—and as a journalist, is now too familiar for repetition."

BETWEEN THE DAYS.

BY EMMA HERRICK WEED.

Between the days—the weary days—
  He drops the darkness and the dews:
Over tired eyes His hand He lays,
  And strength, and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle's stress,
  Or who withstand the tempest's shocks?
[illegible]hread the dreary wilderness
[illegible]g the pitfalls and the rocks,
[illegible]not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches; and the plain
  Stretches before us, parched with heat.
But, by-and-bye, the fierce beams wane;
  And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
  With dews to bathe the aching feet!

For He remembereth our frame!
  Ever for this I render praise.
Oh, tender Master, slow to blame
  The falterer on Life's stony ways—
  Abide with us—between the days!

CAMPAIGNING WITH KITCHENER.

BY THE LATE G. W. STEEVENS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

To walk round Wady Halfa is to read the whole romance of the Soudan. This is the look-out whence Egypt has strained her vision up-Nile to the vast, silent, torrid, murderous desert land, which has been in turn her neighbour, her victim, all but her undoing, and is now to be her triumph again. On us English, too, the Soudan has played its fatal witchery, and half the tale of Halfa is our own as well as Egypt's. On its buildings, and up and down its sandy, windy streets we may trace all the stages of the first conquest, the loss, the bitter failures to recover, the slow recommencement, the presage of final victory.

You can get the whole tale into a walk of ten minutes. First look at that big white building: it i Egyptian military hospital, an of the largest, solidest struc of Halfa. In shape and style will notice, it is not unlike a way station—and that is just it was meant to be. That the northern terminus of I Pasha's great railway to K toum. Gordon stopped it, paid for his unforesight witl life. The railway never rea the Third Cataract. The t part of it was torn to pieces b Dervishes, who chopped the s ers into firewood, and twiste telegraph-wires to spear-heads part nearer Halfa lay half-de for many years, till it was arc at length to play its part ir later act of the tragedy of Soudan.

Halfa has left off being a fortress and a garrison; to-day it is all workshop and railway terminus. It makes war not with bayonets, but with rivets and spindle-glands. It clangs from morning till night with rails lassoed and draw up a sloping pair of their fellows by many convicts on to trucks; it thuds with sleepers and boxes of bully-beef dumped on to the shore. From the shops of Halfa the untamed Soudan is being tamed at last. It is the new system, the modern system—mind and mechanics beating muscle and shovel-head spear. It takes up and digests all the past: the bits of Ismail's railway came into the Dongola line; the engine of Wolseley's time has been rebuilt, and is running again; the artillery barracks are a store for all things pertaining to engines.

But that is not all Halfa, and it is not all the Soudan. Looking at it hence from its threshold, the Soudan seems like a strong and swift wild beast, which many hunters have pursued, none subdued. The Soudan is a man-eater—red-gorged, but still insatiable. Turn your pony's head and canter out a mile; we are at the cemetery. Each white cross is an Englishman devoured by the Soudan. We have watered it with more of our blood than it will ever yield to pay for.

THE SOUDAN RAILWAY.

Halfa is nearly four hundred miles from the Atbara; yet it was the decisive point of the campaign. For in Halfa was being forged the deadliest weapon that Britain has ever used against Mahdism—the Soudan Military Railway. In the existence of the railway lay all the difference between the extempore, [illegible]ur scrambles of Wolseley's [illegible]ign and the machine-like [illegible]on of Kitchener's. When civilization fights with barbarism it must fight with civilized weapons; for with his own arts on his own ground the barbarian is almost certain to be the better man. To go into the Soudan without complete transport and certain communications is as near madness as to go with spears and shields. The battle of the Atbara was won in the workshops of Wady Halfa.

Everybody knew that a railway from Halfa across the desert to Abu Hamed was an impossibility—until the Sirdar turned it into a fact. It was characteristic of the Sirdar's daring—daring based on complete knowledge and just confidence in himself and his instruments; but to the uninformed it seems mad recklessness—that he actually launched his rails and sleepers into the waterless desert, while the other end of the line was still held by the enemy. Water was bored for, and, at the third attempt, found, which lightened the task; but the engineers are convinced that, water or no water, the Sirdar's ingenuity and determination would have carried the enterprise through. Before the end of 1897 the line touched the Nile again at that point, 234 miles from Halfa, and the journey to Berber took a day instead of weeks.

It was a heavy handicap that an infant railway should be asked for double work, but that was only the beginning of the difficulty. The Soudan Railway, like everything else in Egypt, must be worked on the cheap. There is no trouble about the labour—the Railway Battalions supply that. The fellah has to shovel for his country instead of fighting for it, and he would much rather. It is war service which happens to retain a permanent value when war is over; so much the better for everybody.

The Director of Railways, Bimbashi Girouard, is a Canadian, presumably of French derivation. In

WADY HALFA.

early life he built a section of the Canadian Pacific. He came out to Egypt for the Dongola campaign—one of three subalterns specially chosen from the Railway Department of the Royal Engineers. The Soudan killed the other two out of hand, but Bimbashi Girouard goes on building and running his railways. The Dongola line runs as far as Kerma, above the Third Cataract. The Desert Line must wait at the Atbara for a bridge before it can be extended to Khartoum. But already here is something over five hundred miles of rail laid in a savage desert—a record to make the reputation of any engineer in the world, standing to the credit of a subaltern of sappers. The Egyptian army is a triumph of youth on every side, but in none is it more signal than in the case of the Director of Railways. He never loses his head nor forgets his own mind: he is credited with being the one man in the Egyptian army who is unaffectedly unafraid of the Sirdar.

Having finished the Soudan Railway to the Atbara, Bimbashi Girouard accepted the post of Director-General of all the Egyptian railways. There will be plenty of scope for him in the post, and it will not be wasted. But just reflect again on that crowning wonder of British Egypt—a subaltern with all but Cabinet rank and £2,000 a year. (He is now Director of Railways in South Africa.)

Straight, firm, and purposeful ran the rails. Now they split into a double line: here was another train waiting—a string of empty trucks—and also a tent, a little hut made of sleeper baulks, a tank, points, and a board with the inscription "No. 5." This was a station—a wayside station. But No. 6 is a Swindon of the desert. Every train stops there half an hour or more to fill up with water, for there is a great trifoliate well there. Also the train changes drivers. And here, a hundred miles into the heart of the Nubian desert, two years ago a sanctuary of inviolate silence, where no blade of green ever sprang, where, possibly, no foot trod since the birth of the world, here is a little colony of British engine-drivers. They have a little rest-house shanty of

board and galvanized iron; there are pictures from the illustrated papers on the walls. There they swelter, and look out at the winking rails and the red-hot sand, and wait till their turn comes to take the train. They don't love the life—who would?—but they stick to it like Britons—and take the trains out and home. They, too, are not the meanest of the conquerors of the Soudan.

THE SIRDAR.

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man.

But it so happens that he has turned himself to the management of war in the Soudan, and he is the complete and the only master of that art. Beginning life in the

THE SECOND CATARACT.

"The Nile from Wady Halfa to within a short distance of Dongola is almost an unbroken succession of cataracts, and is unnavigable for half the year. This entailed, before the construction of the railway, the transport by camel of supplies to the army in the field during the most trying season."

Royal Engineers—a soil reputed more favourable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. At the beginning of the Soudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Soudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone with natives often, mastering the problem of the Soudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors.

In 1890 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That he meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name he showed in 1894. The young Khedive travelled south to the frontier, and took the occasion to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle; he resigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance by

issuing a General Order in praise of the discipline of the army and of its British officers. Two years later he began the reconquest of the Soudan. Without a single throwback the work went forward—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last. The real fighting power of the Soudan lies in the country itself—in its barrenness which refuses food, and its vastness which paralyses transport.

lar who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally came back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

THE FUNERAL OF GORDON.

Fourteen years next January—

NEW DONGOLA.

The man Herbert Kitchener owns the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. If you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopu-

yet even through that humiliating thought there ran a whisper of triumph. We may be slow; but in that very slowness we show that we do not forget. Soon or late, we give our own their due. Here were men that fought for Gordon's life while he lived—Kitchener, who went disguised and alone among furious enemies to get news of him; Wauchope, who poured out his blood like water at Tamai and Kirbekan (since dead at Magersfontein); Stuart-Wortley, who missed by but two days the

:e of dying at Gordon's side. here, too, were boys who hardly lisp when their ers told them that Gordon dead, grown up now and ap- ng in the fulness of time to eleven thousand lives for one. on may die—other Gordons die in the future—but the clean-limbed brood will grow nd avenge them.

ıe boats stopped, and there silence. We were tying up site a grove of tall palms; on ɔank was a crowd of natives ıusly like the backsheesh-hun- who gather to greet the Nile ners. They stared at us; but ɔoked beyond them to a large ling rising from a crumbling . The upper storey was clean ; the blind windows were up with bricks. At that ordinary sight everybody very solemn. There was no to tell us we were at a grave. hat forlorn ruin, and that dis- olate acacia, the bones of mur- d civilization lay beneath. ır Province for at least 6,000,- people, with no more crowding we have at present. But is this ible or probable? A few feat- must be considered. If we nine the map we shall see that e are several great water-slopes ıis province; the rivers flow h and south-west into the great s, east and south-east into the wa and St. Lawrence, and h and north-east into the Hud- ; Bay Basin. Between these lies levated tableland composed of ɔld Laurentian rocks, the oldest he continent. Upon this ele- d land, especially upon its hern slope, is a great white pine st, from which our province has ved so much wealth, and which t one of our great assets. The l rise in value of white pine ıs us to care for this asset more more sedulously. The land but little value, comparatively stood stiff—"bang!" to attention, every hand at the helmet peak in—"bang!"—salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Soudanese was playing the Khedivial hymn. "Three cheers for the Queen!" cried the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive. The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily; enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartoum.

Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves, the Guards were playing the Dead March in "Saul." Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except

land, from eighty to one hundred miles in length and varying in width from ten to twenty miles. Nearly a million acres are available there, and the Rainy River Railway, now under construction, passes through it. Within the next ten years we may reasonably expect the larger portion of this land to be occupied.

There are many other blocks of fine land lying among the northern rocks, and hidden by a second growth of pine or spruce. There is one to the south of Lake Nipissing; there are several along the "Soo" branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one or two are to be found near Port Arthur.

Let me give the particulars of another. The Canadian Pacific Railway from Port Arthur to Rat Portage was supposed to run through a barren waste of rocks and scrubby forest growth. Two hundred and seventeen miles west of Port Arthur, near Lake Wabigoon,

there was a clay cutting. The Ontario Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Dryden, had an examination made, and as a result, in the winter of 1894-5, a log house was erected and a practical farmer sent up to start a pioneer farm. To-day the traveller is astonished to see a thriving village, named by the President of the C.P.R., Dryden. About 35,000 acres have been located, and a thrifty settlement of over six hundred persons has been formed, having school, public library, and two resident ministers. The settlers are all from the older counties of Ontario.

But what of the great northland, the country beyond the height of land? We know that in the "far north," as we sometimes call it, there is a great stretch of fine farm land this side of the height of land lying about the head of Lake Temiscamingue, settled on the east side by French Canadians, and with a small number of English-speaking settlers on the Ontario side. But concerning the land beyond we have known but little. That country is largely an unknown region. The traders and trappers followed the great rivers, and if one turns to our maps he finds little located except the large lakes and the principal rivers. The map of South Africa is more familiar to us. This portion of our province is largely a "dark continent."

The present Premier of Ontario has announced his intention of having an exploratory survey made of the region, and that will be a big undertaking, for it comprises about one-quarter of the entire province. However, we have lately got a few hints of what we may expect to find. In the summers of 1896 and 1898 a surveyor's line was run north from beyond Sudbury to the Moose River, and this is what [illegible]r. Niven, the surveyor, tells us in his reports. In 1896 the survey was started at a point about thirty miles north of the C.P.R., and the line was run for one hundred and twenty miles due north.

"After leaving the twenty-year-old brule, at the one-hundred-and-first mile, the line passes through a comparatively level and well-timbered country to the one-hundred-and-ninth mile, where it leaves the sandy soil and enters upon clay land which continues for ten miles. . . The line was finished on the Huronian formation on level clay land with black mould. I have reason to believe that this kind of country extends west to the Mattigami River, and a long distance north. The land east of Night Hawk Lake and up the river is of a similar description, apparently the line had just entered upon a very large tract of rich agricultural land. One of the men said, from the top of a tree: 'I can see a whole country of it.'"

In 1898 Mr. Niven began to move forward from this point, the one hundred and twentieth mile-post, and when the three hundredth mile-post was reached his work was done and he was four miles north of the Moose River. He says, in his report for 1898:

"For over one hundred miles from the point of commencement the line runs through a splendid tract of farming land, clay soil, often covered with black muck; parts of it might be called swampy, and parts of it muskeg; but taken altogether I do not know many places in Ontario where a line can be run for the same distance through such an even, uniformly good tract of land."

It will doubtless be an agreeable surprise to many to know that if you go to Sudbury, strike due north for one hundred and thirty miles, passing the height of land, you will come upon a rich, level agricultural region at least one hundred and twenty miles long without a break. Some of us may live to see it farmed! *

* Those who are interested in this country I would refer them to the Report of the

We may safely conclude, therefore, that in our north land we have many millions of acres of land of fine quality. Most of it is covered with spruce, but this is the source of modern pulp, and within ten years Ontario and Quebec will probably become the greatest pulp and paper manufacturing countries of the world.

This brings me to my next point. I mentioned before that the central or interior portion of this province is an elevated, rocky tableland or watershed. Roughly estimated, this watershed is five hundred miles long by about seventy miles wide—35,000 square miles in all. It is 1,400 or 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. The waters of this tableland, therefore, on their way to the Hudson's Bay or to the St. Lawrence at Montreal, have a fall of nearly 1,500 feet. What does this signify? It signifies that we have in Ontario the greatest collection of water powers in the world. We have gold, silver, copper, zinc, nickel, lead, iron, salt, petroleum, corundum, and natural gas; it may be that we have diamonds, but we have no beds of valuable coal. It is possible that peat, of which we have enormous deposits, may be utilized as a substitute for coal. Whether that be so or not, we have vast water power, and in our falls we may have a source of wealth greater than the coal fields of Pennsylvania.

Examine the rivers of this province. The Moose, Albany and Winnipeg in the north, all are broken by successions of rapids and falls. Then come to the Southern slope, and take them in order: The Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministiqua, the Nipigon Falls, the Sault Ste. Marie, Sturgeon Falls, the rapids of the French River, Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence Rapids, and the Chaudiere and other falls on the Ottawa,—these are great and unfailing water powers.

At the beginning of the present year there were in operation in the United States four hundred and fifty water-power electric plants, representing an invested capital no less than $60,000,000. Many of our Ontario towns are enjoying cheap electric lighting through the utilization of water power. Already plants are in operation or in preparation for supplying electric power at the "Soo," Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Ottawa, Orillia, and Morrisburg. The Lachine Rapids send power into Montreal. When we remember that nearly every town and city in Ontario has grown up about the water-falls of our rivers, we will conclude that with the perfecting of feasible schemes for transmitting electric power, our possibilities of working will be wonderfully increased. This means that the population of older Ontario must steadily increase, and keep pace with the peopling of our northern and western farming regions.*

I come next to a consideration of our geographical situation, our relationship to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, the greatest system of fresh-water navigation in the world. A recent article in one of our magazines says:

"The Great Lakes have become a great artery of our richest commercial blood. One-third of the population of the United States is dependent on these lakes for their export and import trade. This

Ontario Bureau of Mines for 1899, Vol. viii., second part (pp. 175–196), where will be found a full report of the geological survey of this tract, by Mr. W. A. Parks, who accompanied Mr. Niven. In the Dominion Geological Report for 1897 will be found an interesting report on "The Geology and Natural Resources of the Nipissing and Tamiscamingue Districts," by A. E. Barlow, M.A.

* Since this was written the "Industrial Romance of the Soo" has been told by Mr. Clergue. See the *Globe* of April 3rd.

waterway taps the richest and most prosperous agricultural territory on this continent of ours, together with our most productive mines, and it is worth while noting that within a radius of four hundred miles of Cleveland lies one-half the population of the United States. It is a well-established fact that deep-water transportation is, and necessarily must be, far below the cost of transportation by rail; indeed, it is computed that the cost of water transportation by steam, when the voyage is of any considerable length, is about one-quarter of the average cost of transportation by rail, while by sailboat it is only one-eighth of the latter.

"As this question of transportation determines to a great extent the existence or non-existence of a possible industry, and enhances or diminishes the value of every article of export in proportion to its efficiency or economy, the battle-cry of the west for 'twenty feet of water between Duluth and the sea' is no great problem to account for."

If we draw straight lines from the great wheat regions of the west to the ocean ports connecting with the importing countries of Europe, we shall see that they pass through the Province of Ontario. Draw a straight line from Chicago to Portland—it passes through Niagara Falls; a line from Port Arthur to New York passes through Toronto; one from Duluth to New York passes through Hamilton, and one from St. Paul to New York through London, Ont. Ontario should be the highway from Manitoba, the North-West Territories and also the northern belt of states.

An examination of our position on the map proves this as inevitable, and when to this we add the Great Lakes and river system that surrounds us, we conclude that though this has been a long time coming, yet we may reasonably expect that nature will assert her superiority, and that we shall profit by it.

The accompanying table gives the traffic through the United States "Soo" Canal. Add to this the Michigan Lake traffic and one will have some idea of the enormous trade moving south toward Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo, of which we may now expect to see a considerable portion turned eastward through Ontario highways.

Our province is a large province; it is well located; it is in the great producing zone; its climate is invigorating; its waters are wholesome; its resources of field, forest, lake and mine are magnificent. It was first peopled by a sturdy, patriotic race of varied nationality that coalesced and knit together into a strong foundation, upon which the energetic sons of England, Scotland and Ireland built a structure of which we need not unduly boast,

	1869.	1879.	1889.	1899.
Vessels.....	1,338 ..	3,121 ..	9,579 ..	20,255
Tonnage.....	524,885 .	1,677,071 ..	7,221,935 ..	21,958,347
Wheat, bushels...	*49,700 ..	2,603,666 ..	16,231,854 ..	58,397,335
Other grain, bush.	323,501 ..	951,496 ..	2,133,245 ..	30,000,935
Flour, barrels....	32,007 ..	451,000 ..	2,228,707 ..	7,114,147
Iron ore, tons.....	239,368 ..	540,075 ..	4,095,855 ..	15,328,240
Copper, tons.....	18,662 ..	22,309 ..	33,456 ..	120,090
Coal, tons.....	27,850 ..	110,704 ..	1,629,197 ..	3,940,887
Lumber, feet.....	1,660,000 ..	35,598,000 ..	315,554,000 ..	1,033,057,000
[illegible]engers.....	17,657 ..	18,579 ..	25,712 ..	49,082

[illegible]0.

but of which we can be honestly proud.

We have in this province a great country yet to be peopled. How is this to be done? We have seen hundreds of thousands of Ontario's sons leaving to settle the lands of Manitoba, the North-West and the North-Western States. They wanted land, and they went where they knew it was to be easily had. If only we could save to Canada her own surplus rural population, we would be doing our country greater service than in bringing a foreign element to our shores. Both must be looked to.

A new work is just being inaugurated in this province: a Colonization Bureau is being formed, the object of which is to direct our own surplus population to suitable locations in our own province. The advantages of such a scheme need not be enlarged upon—they are patent to every one. The intention is to endeavour to settle lands that are available near the northern railways, not scattering the settlers, but keeping them together, so that the advantages of roads, schools and churches may be had at once. To hold what we have is to be the endeavour.

Before referring to other parts of Canada, it may be permitted to refer again to the mixture of blood that has taken place in this province. Among the first settlers of a century or so ago there were English Puritans and Quakers from New York, New Jersey, and the New England States; there were Scottish folk from Central New York and even from the Carolinas; there were Dutch from the valley of the Mohawk and the Hudson, German Palatines from New York State and Pennsylvania, also a sprinkling of French Huguenots. These were mixed together in their settlement, and soon became a common people. The mingling of these strains was sufficient to give our province a people with characteristics differing from the characteristics of the people of any one European country—a people peculiar to this province.

There is only one state with which we could make a comparison, namely, the people of New York State. To differentiate us from that state, however, came the great inflow from the British Isles from 1825 to 1850. It was then that the Irish element entered into our composition. England and Scotland, of course, at the same time poured in some of their surplus population.

For many years the settlements of these three peoples maintained their separate characteristics, but at last we see a common mingling of these with one another. Germany sent us a contribution that settled in the Ottawa Valley, and French-Canadian Quebec began to overflow into our province and to fill up the townships in the eastern and north-eastern parts of Ontario. This French-Canadian element is slowest to mingle with the others, largely because of their holding on to their original tongue. *

A few words as to the rest of Canada. The extreme portions of this great Dominion are witnessing a growth and development that are surprising even to the closest observers of our history. In our most eastern district, in Cape Breton, there are being built up great iron industries that must draw thither

* If one desire to pursue further the study of the origin of the people of the British Isles who have come to this country, and to find out who are the English, the Irish, and the Scottish peoples, I cannot do other than refer you to the careful studies that have been made by historians and scientists. You will, perhaps, be surprised to find these peoples are themselves of very mixed origin, they are composite peoples. One will find an interesting account given in a little work entitled "The Story of the British Race," by John Munro, published by Appleton & Co., of New York.

a large population. The cheap iron ores of Newfoundland are to be smelted by the cheap coal ores of that neglected island, and there is growing up what promises to be the greatest iron-making centre of the world.

In British Columbia, on the extreme west, new mining towns are growing at a rapid pace, while in the extreme north-west the mining camps of the Arctic Circle are still attracting a mixed population from the four corners of the globe.

Lying between these extremities of the Dominion are millions upon millions of acres of arable land, to which the settlers are coming in steady streams. The United States is not yet full, but about all the cheap lands have been taken up. Thousand of families who are seeking homes on cheap lands, thousands who have been disappointed in trying to make a living on the uncertain edge of the great American desert, thousands of disappointed Canadians who have still a longing to live under the British flag, all these are moving north in steady streams, and spreading over the unbounded prairies of the great North-West. The rapid filling up of Manitoba and of many sections of the North-West seems now assured.

In addition to the large numbers from Ontario and from the United States, we have seen the coming of the Mennonites, the Icelanders, the Galicians and the Doukhobors. Some have manifested anxiety as to the effect of these European peoples upon the future of our Canadian Dominion. Two things should be kept in mind: First, they are of sturdy stock, and come principally from the cooler districts of Europe; secondly, they are inclined to attach themselves to the land, to remain as tillers of the soil. There would be serious cause for anxiety if they were from races that would swell the population of our towns and cities. These people appear to be industrious, thrifty, peaceable and teachable. People whose greatest desire is to be allowed to settle down quietly upon the land and build up homes for their families, will never become a menace to this country.

There are other questions also that concern us. What is to be our treatment of the Chinese population of British Columbia? Are we to throw open the doors, or are we to shut out that race from across the Pacific? The Mormon question, also, may confront us, though as yet the Mormon colony is too small to give us much concern.

To my mind, however, the question that is of greatest moment is what is sometimes called the French question. Our French-Canadian fellow citizens are tenacious of their language and their rights. These have been guaranteed to them. They are citizens of this country just as much as we who speak the English language. They are increasing rapidly in population, and are even more enterprising than we are in pushing forward their colonization schemes. It may be that a mistake was made when Britain conceded to the French of Quebec their own laws and their own language. Perhaps the best interests of the French-Canadians themselves were not served by so doing, but such was done, and that gift or that concession must be respected.

The French-Canadian element is bound to play a very important part in the working out of the destiny of Canada. Its past warrants that view. If you would have stories of thrilling interest, read the accounts of the intrepid French-Canadian explorers who crossed the Northwest prairies, and who established posts on the sites of the great midland cities. If you admire tales of devotion and heroism,

read the stories of the early Jesuits. How are we to conduct ourselves toward them? How should we treat them? Let us remember that they are fellow citizens of Canada with us, having rights from the same source as ourselves. Let us not condemn the whole French-Canadian people because some one may show himself unpatriotic or debased. We would not have ourselves judged in that manner. Let us treat the French Canadians as we would have them treat us. It is only by union that strength can come; it is only by a common desire of good that this country can prosper.

Canada, we believe, will become a great country; we know that she has great possibilities. Let us investigate this land and become acquainted with her resources; let us study the interesting story of our own people, for from that knowledge we shall become better citizens. Let us not indulge in ignorant boasting, for that will weaken us in the estimation of the world and in our own esteem; but let us have a true pride in our land and in our people; let us individually fit ourselves to be true citizens of this country, for it is the people that make a country, and not the country that makes a people.

JUNE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The fair young month of May has left us now;
And in her stead the sunny June appears,
With rose-crowned brow; her trailing garments fringed
With all sweet things bright summer lavishes
On this, her favourite child. No skies so pure
As those which arch above this radiant month;
No zephyr soft as that which stirs her robes.
What sun is like the golden sun of June?
What moon can equal hers in silvery splendour,
Sailing the livelong night through seas of blue
Calm and serene? Can aught on this side heaven
Be lovelier than rose-hued dawn in June?
Can music sweeter be than makes her woods
Resound with song till all the lambent air
Quivers with melody? This is the month
When hill and vale put on their richest dress;
This month the queen of flowers ascends her throne;
This month, at eventide, the lilies pale
Gleam through the gathering dusk, thrilling the sense
With perfume such as seems that they must breathe
Their lives away in fragrance. The June day,
From morn till falls the night, is so enriched
With wealth of colour, sound, and sweetest scents,
That well we wonder how all perfect things
Come to this perfect month.

Toronto.

"PRAYER FOR OUR NATIVE LAND."

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!

Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend.
Be Thou her refuge and
Her everlasting Friend.

JOHN KEATS.

BY E. G. F.

The end of a century naturally brings review and retrospection, and this is true in a peculiar sense in this generation. The Victorian era, which has extended over so long a period, has seemed to signify in a marked degree progress and development. Yet in review one is apt to look at the mighty changes, the great reformations, and the powerful men who have been identified with these revolutions, and not to consider the undercurrents which have led thither, the ebb and flow of many lives which have had their influence in moulding the age.

In literature we see this clearly exemplified, for in viewing literary growth, one points to Carlyle, to Macaulay, to Wordsworth, to Tennyson, to Browning, as the product of our time. In doing this one is undoubtedly justified, but is sufficient importance given to those writers who have broken through the thralls of the past and have so cleared away its difficulties and besetments that those coming later have been enabled to press on to higher achievements. To these writers who have thus been but stepping-stones much praise is due. To them has been given the more difficult task of preparing the way. Might one not almost call them ambassadors heralding their masters. It is in looking back to the beginning of this century that we see examples of this, when Hunt, Shelley, and Keats form, as it were, an interregnum between the Georgian and the Victorian eras.

Of these Keats may be termed the greatest. In a short, uneventful life he gives us some of the richest English literature: and he is a worthy herald to the coming laureate, Tennyson.

John Keats was born October, 1795, at Moorfields, London. His father had been employed in a livery stable, and having married his employer's daughter, ultimately gained possession of the business. But this humble position did not signify lack of ability, and in John Keats we find many of the intellectual traits of father and mother. Keats received a classical education under Mr. Clarke, at Enfield. Having lost both his parents, he was, in 1810, apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon. He continued his medical studies for some time, but finally abandoned the profession as unsuited to his tastes.

In the boy we find but little trace of the poet, for although fond of reading, he was very pugnacious and high-spirited, and his schoolfellows predicted for him an active life in army or navy.

As a boy and as a man Keats had a wonderful way of winning friends, and friends once won he never lost. He himself, in a letter to his friend Bailey, said: "Men should bear with each other; there lives not the man who may not be cut up, aye, lashed to pieces, on his weakest side. The best way, Bailey, is to know a man's faults, and then be passive. If after that he insensibly draws you towards him, then you have no power to break the link." No wonder a man who thus could judge his fellowmen would draw others unto him. For this illustrates a purity and strength of character which would insensibly appeal to the higher instincts of man.

Soon after coming to London, Keats was introduced to a number of the leading literary men. They all looked on him as one to be loved and cared for; they saw his genius, and they also saw the

delicacy of his frame, and his need for encouragement and love. These they showered on him in abundance, and made his sad life brighter and happier.

But there was one characteristic of Keats, wherein lay at once his strength and weakness. In the pale face, the large brown eyes, the delicate veining, the sensitive contour, the prominent features, one could easily discern the passion and intensity of his nature. And if to such natures is given the greatest capacity for enjoyment, so in like degree is their capacity for suffering. If they are keenly awake to pleasure, so are they peculiarly sensitive to pain.

Keats is a striking example of this. His every nerve tingled with intensity of feeling, and his every sense was keenly alert to impressions of pleasure or pain. In the pride of his manhood he sought to control this sensitive temperament, but if he succeeded in presenting to the world a calm indifference, the very effort increased the inner turmoil and passion. When added to this overwrought sensitive nature we find a body permeated with germs of an inherited disease, we can well understand how Keats, at the early age of twenty-five years, was glad to gain rest and peace in death. This passionate intensity shook his frame until, worn out, the body could no longer contain the spirit.

Perhaps one may be inclined to belittle this characteristic, but is it not a spark of the divine which has been kindled in the soul to raise man nearer his Creator? The world is better for these intense natures, for thus it is inspired with more of the divine fire. But the one chosen to animate the world is wounded in the battle with the carnal flesh.

As before noted, Keats, in his early years, showed little sign of his future career. His genius was awakened by reading Spenser's "Faery Queene," and this so aroused and thrilled him that in 1813 he wrote his first poem, "Imitation of Spenser."

Keats' work may be divided into three periods: First, that represented by the book of poems published in 1817; second, by the book published in 1818; and, third, by that published in 1820.

These three publications mark the growth of his power. The first book gave little promise of anything great. The style was a poor imitation of Spenserian verse. as Swinburne has said, "frequently detestable, a mixture of sham Spenserian and mock Wordsworthian, alternately florid and arid." The only redeeming point in the whole book was the sonnet, written in 1815, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." This poem stands out in contrast to the others, and its excellence is thrown into bolder relief by the very shallowness of its surroundings.

In the second book, Keats attempts a long poem, "Endymion," based on classical mythology. It was a stupendous undertaking for one so young and inexperienced, and it did not meet with success. The whole poem shows the undeveloped character of its writer. Harsh criticism poured in from all sides. Keats himself saw but too plainly the faults in his work, and in his preface to the poem notes, "Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret I make it public. What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished."

It is by his third work that Keats is raised to a foremost place in English literature. The rapidity of the growth from a

poet to one of the highest rank is marvellous. In 1818 he published "Endymion," which met with so harsh a reception, and but two years later appeared some of the finest poetry in the English language. Here were published, "Hyperion," "Lana," "Eve of St. Agnes," "Isabella," and the quintette of famous odes, "To Autumn," "On a Grecian Urn," "To a Nightingale," "To Psyche," "On Melancholy."

Again Swinburne says, "Of these odes perhaps the two nearest absolute perfection, to the triumphant achievement and accomplishment of the utmost beauty possible to human words, may be that, 'To Autumn,' and that, 'On a Grecian Urn'; the most radiant, fervent, and musical is that, 'To a Nightingale'; the most pictorial and perhaps the tenderest in its ardour of passionate fancy is that 'To Psyche'; the subtlest in sweetness of thought and feeling is that, 'On Melancholy.' Greater lyrical poetry the world may have seen than any that is in these, lovelier it surely has never seen, nor ever can it possibly see."

"Hyperion" was as great a success as "Endymion" had been a failure. It is more like "Paradise Lost" in style than any other poem in the English language, and it was this very Miltonic artificiality that decided Keats to abandon and leave unfinished what he originally purposed to be ten books. The fragment of another incomplete poem, "Eve of St. Mark," is very full of promise. Exquisite in its perfect simplicity, it predicted a great future for its author.

Of all Keats' poems, however, perhaps no two deserve more notice than "Eve of St. Agnes," and the ode, "To a Nightingale."

The "Eve of St. Agnes" is illustrative of a story much the same as "Romeo and Juliet," how two young people became deeply attached, notwithstanding that enmity has long separated their ancestral homes. The narrative runs through the poem like a gleaming thread binding together pictures most vividly beautiful. One cannot but feel its mesmeric charm, and one leaves it with the sensation that for a time the earth and its materialism has been dissolved into an imaginary dream, permeated with the incense of sense and enjoyment. Rossetti has said, "The power of the poem lies in the delicate transfusion of sight and emotion into sound; of making pictures out of words, of turning words into pictures; of giving a visionary beauty to the closest items of description; of holding all the materials of the poem in a long-drawn suspense of music and reverie. . . It means next to nothing; but means that little so exquisitely, and in so rapt a mood of musing, or of trance, that it tells as an intellectual no less than a sensuous restorative. Perhaps no reader has ever risen from 'The Eve of St. Agnes' dissatisfied." This, one feels, is undoubtedly true, for the magnetic power of the pictures pervades the whole being, and fills one with a vague, dreamy delight.

The introductory stanza, descriptive of nature in its most forbidding mood, serves as a vivid and fitting background:

"St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl for all his feathers was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent were the flock in wooly fold."

There the old priest gives a touch of life, and how pathetic is his glimpse of the gaiety around him:

"Northward he turned thro' a little door
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung,

The joys of all his life were said and sung,
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve."

From the old priest, doomed to see but the sterner side of life, we turn to view Madeline, the child of luxury and beauty:

"Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon,
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. . . . .
Her vespers done,
Of all the wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed.
Pensive awhile she dreams awake." . . .

Could aught bring more exquisite enjoyment than these soft rhythmic verse. The very cadence seems to lull and soothe into a state of dreamy rest, and the reader comes back to the material world with a start and a sigh.

Turning to the ode, "To a Nightingale," one has a further example of Keats' pictorial power. This poem is perhaps less rich in soft, full melody than "The Eve of St. Agnes," but it possesses more strength. The poet has seemed to put more of himself into it, and although here, too, one misses profundity of thought, it vibrates with more intense feeling, and thus thrills while it charms.

It was while in the garden listening to a nightingale that Keats wrote this ode. On scraps of paper he noted the impressions made by this bird's song, and it was only on the suggestion and by the help of a friend that the fragments were pieced together and given to us as one of the masterpieces of human work. A few stanzas will give some idea of the beauty of this poem:

"That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade; far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou amongst the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. . . . .

Thou wast not born for death, Immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by Emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self! . . . . .

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?"

Speaking of this ode and especially of the two couplets:

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

and—

"Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Rossetti says, "Far greater things have been said by the greatest minds; but nothing more perfect in form has been said—nothing wider in scale and closer in utter-

ance—by any mind of whatsoever pitch of greatness."

From these two poems, examples of Keats' power over language, one can judge somewhat of the place he holds in English literature.

His work certainly has not the simplicity and realism of Wordsworth's, nor the strong individuality of thought of Browning's, nor the perfect finish and culture of Tennyson's; but it has a charm peculiarly its own, a power over imaginative beautiful pictures which the work of all these lack. And when one remembers that all Keats' work was done before he had attained his twenty-seventh year one can appreciate as never before his genius. The poetry Tennyson gave to the world in his youth is infinitely inferior, and yet what power of expression and beauty of thought age brought to him. Then, too, this poet-laureate had the advantage of reaping where Keats and Wordsworth had sown; they prepared the way, and it was to a great extent by profiting by their example and following in their footsteps that Tennyson attained the height of fame. In an especial way is Tennyson the child of Keats; power of description, beauty of language, perfection of detail are true of both. But if Tennyson's work is more highly polished, it lacks the spontaneity of Keats', and the profound Miltonic grandeur apparent here and there in his later works.

Of Keats' dramatic power little need be said. In his poems we see but little trace of any such talent, and his attempted dramas are those of a boy, inexperienced and unformed; therefore one can only surmise what his development here might have been.

But why need one turn thither! Keats himself said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and surely the depth of beauty in his work will never lose its charm, nor his name the place it has won in the hearts of the English race; or, as Lowell has truly and beautifully said of him:

"The few words which like great thunder drops
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops."

Lindsay, Ont.

NOTE.—It was with deep emotion that we stood beside the ivy-covered grave of the gentle poet Keats, in the Protestant Cemetery on the Appian Way, without the walls of Rome, with its touching inscription, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Near by, overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, that of the erring genius Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words, "Core cordium,"—only his heart is buried there; his body was burned on the Bay of Spezzia, where it was washed ashore.—ED.

TRIED IN THE FIRE.

He knew He had ore that could bear the test
And He wanted the purest gold—
To mould in a crown for the King to wear, set with gems of a price untold—
So He laid our gold in the burning fire, though we fain would have said Him "Nay,"
And He watched the dross that we had not seen, as it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter, and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears
We saw but the fire,—not the Master's Hand, and questioned with anxious fears;
Yet our gold shone on with a richer glow, as it mirrored a form above,
Who bent o'er the fire, unseen by us, with a look of ineffable love.

So He waited there with a watchful eye, with a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a whit more heat than was needed to make it pure;
He has lifted it out from His furnace, now too bright for our eyes to see
All the tears that dim them are wiped away on the shores of Eternity.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY GEOFFREY DRAGE, M.A., M.P.,

Chairman of the Imperial South African Association.

There are still those in this country who believe that the war with the Transvaal might have been avoided, and that Great Britain has entered on a struggle which is not just. Letting pass the fact that war was declared against us, I propose first to give the opinions of those whose sacred calling and long knowledge of South Africa especially entitle them to a hearing in questions which have a moral as well as a political aspect, and then to see whether the history of South Africa and the development of the country, social and political, do not bear out the view which has been so solemnly stated by those who are the religious guides of our countrymen there.

Take, first, representatives of the Anglican Church. The Rev. B. H. Hampden Jones, M.A., rector of Claremont, near Cape Town, has been in South Africa since 1881. He writes as follows:

I believe the war to be just and necessary; its real causes are not the demands of the Bloemfontein Conference and their refusal by President Kruger. They go back to the Retrocession of 1881, and even to the Great Trek sixty years ago. The war is the inevitable result of the clash of antagonistic ideals and the opposition of irreconcilable forces. The Boer ideal is, and always has been, independence for himself and liberty to oppress others. The English ideal is, and always has been, liberty for all.

The Durban Church Council in the colony of Natal, consisting of ministers and laymen representing nearly all the churches and congregations in the borough and district, has issued a manifesto, deserving of careful study throughout, and containing the following statement:

That the Transvaal Government has for years past treated its so-called Uitlander population with great injustice, that British subjects have suffered oppression, indignity, and wrong in many forms, and that the British Government was fully justified in seeking to have such evils removed.

That the Orange Free State had no ground whatever for declaring war against Great Britain, with which, ever since it was first founded, it had been on terms of amity and peace, and that "the attitude of the Transvaal for years past has gradually made it manifest that a peaceful settlement was impossible, except on the basis of Dutch domination throughout South Africa."

The Executive of the Natal Congregational Union has said, in an address to the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

Humanly speaking, the conflict was inevitable. The war now raging has long been premeditated and prepared for by the Boers, with a view to military and political dominion over the whole of South Africa, and the plea of fighting for inde-

* "History of South Africa." By George McCall Theal. Four volumes, 8vo. (Swan Sonnenschein. 1888–89.)

"Impressions of South Africa." By James Bryce. One volume, 8vo. Third edition. (Macmillan & Co. 1899.)

"South Africa of To-day." By Captain Francis Younghusband, C.I.E. One volume, (Macmillan & Co. 1898.)

"The Transvaal from Within." By S. P. FitzPatrick. One volume, 8vo. (Macmillan & Co. 1899.)

"Papers Relating to the Complaints of British Subjects in South Africa." C. 9345. June, 1899.

We have pleasure in abridging, from the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1900, the accompanying important article, based on the fullest information by one of the most authoritative writers on the subject. The whole article should be read by all who would see the amplest vindication of Great Britain's contention that we know.—ED.

pendence has been but a blind to hide the real aim of the enormous military preparations of the Republics which commenced years before the disastrous Jameson Raid.

Similar views have been published by the Wesleyan Synod of the Western Province of Cape Colony, by the Right Rev. Anthony Gaughran, Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of Kimberley; by the Cape Town Presbyterian Church; and by Dr. Stewart, founder of Lovedale College, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The Rev. W. Fisher, for ten years Congregational minister at Cape Town, states that he

believes from the bottom of his heart the war was inevitable, unless we are prepared to abandon the colonists and the blacks to the most ruthless oppression the world has ever seen; that, were all the ministers of each denomination in South Africa gathered together, every one would support the position he had taken up.

The Rev. Charles Phillips, Congregational minister at Johannesburg, states that all the ministers of the Free Churches believe that war was inevitable.

These expressions of opinion might be almost indefinitely multiplied, and constitute, at any rate, prima facie evidence of the justice of our cause. Even among the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church, who have a special motive in this question, there have been those who, like Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr and the Rev. J. S. Du Toit, have strongly advocated the British view. The opinions of the latter are the more remarkable, as he is one of the four signatories of the Convention of 1884, and would, at any rate, be supposed to know what the intention of its provisions was.

"It is," he says, "my firm conviction that now England is in the right and the Transvaal wrong. England is fighting for the violated rights of the Uitlanders, for which she is responsible under the Convention, and for the maintenance of her paramount power in South Africa against the Transvaal, who promised in Article 4 of the Convention to respect that supremacy, but now openly defies it. The Transvaal fights, not for her independence, for England has repeatedly offered to guarantee that, but for the maintenance of injustice and for the vindication of an oligarchy which has enriched itself at the expense of the country."

The history of British South Africa is so well know now that it hardly needs recapitulation. The British first occupied the Cape in 1795 during the war with France, and in 1802 returned it to the Batavian Republic, on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens. War broke out again in 1803; in 1806 the British once more occupied Cape Town, and in 1814 Cape Colony was formally ceded to England with certain other Dutch possessions for the sum of £6,000,000. Great Britain, therefore, holds Cape Colony by conquest and purchase. In the cession of the Cape of Good Hope by the king of Holland to England, Mr. Paul Kruger said in 1881, "lies the root out of which subsequent events and our present struggle have grown."

Mr. Kruger went on to say that a further cause was to be found in the emancipation of the slaves. This took place in 1834, and has rankled ever since, not only because the compensation paid to the Dutch farmers was inadequate, but also because from time immemorial they have refused to recognize the rights of the coloured man, and have, as missionaries know well, consistently ill-treated him.

The Great Trek was a movement to escape from British control in this and other respects; but it should be remembered that as early as 1836 Great Britain claimed jurisdiction in South Africa south

ıtitude 25 degrees, the latitude)elagoa Bay, and by an Act of iament of that year all offences in that zone were made cog- ble in colonial courts.

he annexation of the Transvaal ngland in 1877 was a step, no)t, premature; but as the ısvaal treasury was empty, an- y prevailing, and Cetewayo ıt to attack a disorganized and tically defenceless people at the , there is little doubt that the vas welcome to the inhabitants. r annexation came the struggle Cetewayo, in which Great ain, at a great cost of treasure life, removed the danger which atened the Transvaal, and then ganized the finance and ad- stration of the Transvaal. once complete, the agitation independence began. It is un- ssary to go into the disastrous which ended, after Majuba in , in the retrocession of the ısvaal. But, further, when Kruger visited England in , and was trying to get a loan r the auspices of Baron ıt, he issued a special invita- to Englishmen to settle in the ısvaal and a promise of wel- e. Englishmen then had a ial right there, and there is lit- loubt that, had Mr. Kruger the spirit and letter of the vention, subsequent difficulties ld not have arisen. But lually from this time forward ılation was introduced into the ısvaal Parliament depriving lish settlers of their most cher- l privileges. Their political ileges guaranteed as a condi- precedent to the Convention 881 were withdrawn; the free- of the press, the right of pub- neeting, and the right of trial ıeers were denied them. The inistration became more and e corrupt. The independence the judiciary was sapped. ıopolies were instituted which enhanced the price of the neces- saries of life, and even, as in the case of the dynamite monopoly, constituted a danger to the life and limb of working men. The Jame- son Raid, a most mischievous act of interference from outside, had nothing to do with the develop- ment of events, except to make the grievances of the Uitlanders better known, the interference of the Brit- ish Government more difficult, and the lot of British subjects harder to bear.

In 1885 the Boers attempted to annex Bechuanaland, an attempt which was frustrated by Sir Charles Warren's expedition at a cost of something like £2,000,000 to Great Britain. In the same year they invaded Zululand, and es- tablished the new republic which was recognized as a Boer state in 1886 and annexed to the Transvaal in 1887. In 1894 the practice of commandeering, that is, compel- ling, the service of British subjects, and seizing their property for the Transvaal wars, and in 1897 the oppressive Alien Law, led to de- clarations on the part of the Brit- ish Government which must have involved hostilities if Mr. Kruger had not given way. Even before then, as long ago as 1884, Mr. Kruger had begun to look round for help in Europe; and though Article 4 of the Convention ren- dered it impossible for treaties with foreign powers to be openly con- cluded without the Queen's ap- proval, there is little doubt that the subsequent activity of Dr. Leyds was against the spirit if not the letter of that provision. The in- ternal armament and military or- ganization of the Transvaal seems to have begun after 1885; but it was not till the Transvaal revenue grew in the early nineties that large sums were expended on am- munition and forts.

On the negotiations of the last few years, in which the Govern-

ment's hand was weakened and that of the Dutch Government strengthened by the deplorable Jameson Raid, it is unnecessary to dwell, as they are within the memory of all; though we may point out, in passing, that Mr. Kruger's life had been passed in making raids, including one in 1857 on the Orange Free State, and the shock to him of Dr. Jameson's act could hardly have caused him, personally, moral or intellectual damage.

The Free State had no real reason, according to Mr. Du Toit, for entering on the war; and the pretext given by President Steyn that England desired to annex the Orange Free State is too absurd to be believed by the most ardent advocate of the Boer cause. For four-and-twenty years the Orange Free State has received the utmost consideration from England and her South African colonies. About 1875 a few educated Germans and Afrikanders at Bloemfontein founded The Express newspaper, for the purpose of putting the anti-British side of all questions before the Boer population. Though conducted moderately at first, it soon fell into the hands of Carl Borckenhagen, a German subject, who came to South Africa for his health, and it became the vehicle of the grossest misrepresentation of English acts and intentions. It was the victories of the Boers in 1881, followed by the retrocession of the Transvaal, which first led the Dutch of the Free State to believe they could conquer England.

After President Brand's death in 1888, under the presidency of Mr. Reitz and of Mr. Steyn, the position of Englishmen in the Free State became worse and worse. They gradually disappeared from the public service, except in the railway and medical branches, where reliable men with technical knowledge were required. The crusade against the English language became more and more vigorous.

Before we mention the question of a final settlement, we must cast a glance at the position in Cape Colony, which is much more difficult, as far as the loyalists are concerned, than those who live at home at all conceive. Loyalists there, as elsewhere, have made and are making cheerfully the greatest sacrifices for Queen and country, in the hope that a final settlement will bring, not only a more tolerable existence to them, but peace and prosperity to Dutch and English alike.

The first question we have to ask with regard to Cape Colony is whether there has existed any Dutch conspiracy and ambition or aspiration to oust the British from South Africa. Such an intention, as we have seen, undoubtedly existed in the Transvaal and in the Free State. In Natal the Boer party represented a fraction probably as small as the British party in the Free State. In Cape Colony I think it can be shown that ever since 1881 there has been growing up a great national Boer movement, though it was not joined by all Dutchmen, and the old families especially held aloof. It is a movement hard for Englishmen to understand, knowing as they do the countless benefits of civil and religious freedom which are brought by the English flag.

In the Transvaal, whatever injury a black sustained, he had no chance of redress. In Johannesburg the Kaffirs were whipped, without having any trial, for walking on the pavement. A black man is also prevented from owning land. In the British colonies the black man has absolute equality with the white before the law.

There are, then, two economic questions: the labour question, and the land question. The Dutch

hope to exploit black labour in town and country. This has been the keynote of the history of South Africa. No better instance of Dutch feeling can be given than the administration of the existing liquor law in Johannesburg to the ruin, physical and moral, of the coloured population, in spite of protests made by all religious leaders. The land question is even a more pressing one in many districts in Cape Colony and Natal. Under Dutch law farms are divided among the descendants, and there has recently grown up a class of landless men. For all these the land still held by the natives is a Naboth's vineyard, and they look forward to seizing it when Great Britain shall no longer be there to protect the native population, as she has done in every treaty with the Dutch in South Africa.

Next, and more important still, is the religious question. As the English language spread in Cape Colony a desire arose among the old Dutch families to have service conducted in English, and many even joined corresponding English churches. This movement frightened the Dutch clergy, who have always prided themselves on keeping a strong hold on their flock, and who were even obliged to give in and hold some services in English in the towns. To meet this they joined in raising the cry of equality for both languages, which was obtained in Cape Colony in 1882, and then set to work to capture the local education boards, with such success that English children are at a disadvantage in many cases, owing to the preference given to the Dutch language. This movement "pro domo" was strengthened by the work of the Theological College at Stellenbosch, to which students go straight from the plough, returning to their native villages as full-fledged priests. In former days they travelled to Europe, and came back with a wider knowledge of the world. The effect of this has been the growth of a class of Dutch clergy who hate the English language and everything that is English, leave out the prayer for the Queen, and refuse to mention her Majesty's name in their churches, to the great indignation of the loyal Dutch. In fact, the priests, elders, and deacons of the Dutch Reformed Church alone would have kindled the revolutionary spirit which now exists in Cape Colony.

At first the Afrikander Bond was merely a farmers' organization, and loyal to the throne; but it was soon leavened by the republican spirit. In 1882 it obtained equal rights for both languages in the Cape Parliament, which meant that for the electorate any abuse of the English was a title to confidence, and for the elected that no knowledge of English was necessary. There are, in fact, members in the Cape Parliament who can hardly follow a debate in English. It secured an ignorant and therefore docile and bigoted following in the Cape Parliament and in the country.

As time went on the Bond increased in power. It has not only stirred up race differences; it has revived old sores, like the story of Slagters Nek, absolutely forgotten and unknown on the spot where it had taken place. It captured the educational system. It imported Hollander teachers, and caused English children to be placed at a disadvantage with Dutch children. It boycotted loyal Englishmen in the professional classes; it has to such an extent captured the Civil Service, that the field-cornets are nearly all Dutch, and therefore it is a matter of frequent complaint that they do not report the disloyal colonists. The loyalty of the Bond

is purely a lip loyalty, exemplified by a phrase quoted in a letter sent me: "We shall join the Boers when they come, but we are quite loyal." The Bond motto is "Africa for the Afrikanders"; and it has done its work so well that there is a positive premium on disloyalty. This campaign is well supported by the Dutch organ Ons Land, the seditious tone of which shows the extent of freedom allowed in an English colony.

It is true that, owing to the profound contempt which the vacillation and cowardice of the British Government has inspired, it was thought a war would be a picnic, and that the British soldier would not and could not fight. But a movement was already on foot. Arms had been supplied to all the Dutch in Dutch districts, including the very poorest; arms have been found in large quantities in several districts since the war broke out. Promises of armed help had been made, and, as it appears from the prisoners, are well known not only to commandants, but also to the rank and file of the Transvaal forces. Threats have been levelled, not only at loyal colonists, but also at the loyal natives; and it seemed as if the threats would be carried out. Such was the situation at the commencement of the war, and it is not too much to say that, bad as the situation now is, in a year or two it would have been much worse.

It would, therefore, seem that the war was both just and inevitable, if we were not to abandon our kith and kin to those whom our own weakness and vacillation have made their bitter enemies. The only end of the war which Great Britain can tolerate is the hoisting of the British flag at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, and the annexation once and for all of the two Republics, the foci of intrigue and sedition. This and the compensation of all loyal colonists for the losses they have suffered, together with provision for equal rights for all white men and equal protection for all coloured men, is the very least the country can ask. It is certainly the very least that our colonists in Australasia and Canada, who have a right to be consulted, would tolerate, and the least the people of India, who have so large a stake in Africa, will require if British prestige is to be maintained there. I for one firmly believe that out of all our misfortunes much good has come, and that there is more to follow. The federation of the Empire bids fair to be an accomplished fact before the war ends. Our military system must be reorganized on that basis. Great imperial questions can only be considered henceforth from that point of view. It will be no small gain to England, if we can lift colonial, imperial, military, and naval policy out of the slough of party politics. It will be no small gain to our cousins in America to have gained in us a strong military as well as a strong naval ally! and if that alliance, unconditional and unwritten as it must remain, only becomes an accomplished fact, there will be some prospect that the year which began in such a disastrous war may be the harbinger of many years of worldwide peace. For who is there amongst us to whom peace is not the first and foremost object of public policy, or to whom the words, once quoted, I believe, by Lord Chatham, do not appeal as strongly now as ever?—"God bless our country! May length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour: may all her ways be plenteousness, and all her paths peace!"

A DAY IN THRUMS.

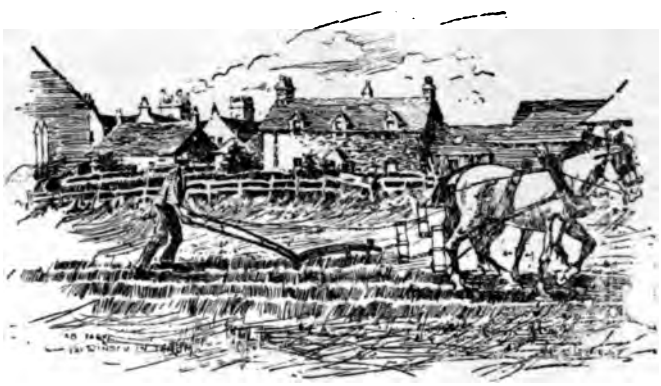
J. M. BARRIE.

It is a far cry to Kirriemuir, the famous "Kailyaird" Thrums, though when you reach Forfar, the train soon sweeps you round the curve of some seven miles and lands you at the foot of "a stey brae." Nor is this the only hill you have to face in Thrums; it is "a toon o' braes." Kirriemuir may almost be said to be beautiful for situation; looking from the hill above the quarries on a clear day the eye delights in a stretch of fine scenery—from Perthwards round to Brechin. It is not, however, the country round I have come to see, it is the town itself. Its size may be inconsiderable, but it bulks larger in public interest than bigger places. To be exact, the number of souls in it is 4,179, and if the whole parish be included, the number is 6,090; a cleanly, thriving, "wee toon." I inquired of an intelligent shopkeeper as to the meaning of "Kirrie;" as for "muir" (moor), I thought I knew what it meant. In saying this I soon found that I was speaking away from the book, for my interlocutor replied that the name had fully a dozen renderings, from "Corrie Mohr," the Gaelic for "great corrie," or the hollow between the

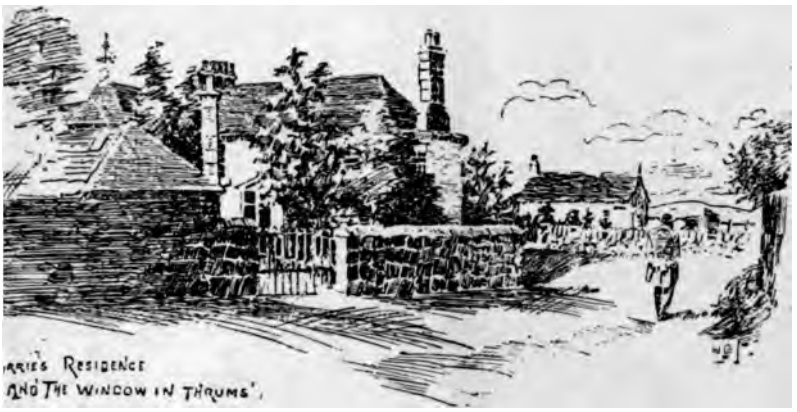
hills, to Kerlymore, Kerimore, and so on till I cried, "Stop, stop, my friend, I give it up." But what about "Thrums"? "Oh, it's the strands or threads of yarn spun into thrums for weaving." The place was once a hive of weavers, though I only heard the click of the loom once that day. Let no one imagine, as I did, that it is an ancient-looking, old-world sort of town, with thatched houses, earthen floors, and tumbledown buildings.

Whether Mr. Barrie has reformed Thrums or not, I dare not affirm anything, but that he has re-formed it is patent to all; he gave it renown, and it rose to the appreciation of its fame. Pilgrims come from all parts of Britain, as well as from the wide, wide world. One informant said: "They had crowds of Americans the last summer," and another declared that "a special train-full of Americans came one day from Perth," remarking that "Mr. Barrie's books were better known in America than at home." So Thrums rises to the occasion, and an air of respectability pervades everything and every one; new red-sandstone [redacted]face you wherever you [redacted]is new, "spic an' span." [redacted]Town House, with its [redacted]er and outside stair, on the top of which Babbie stood beside the "little minister" as he cried to the rioters, "Lay down your weapons!" is gone, and on its site stands the brand-new post-office, a contrast to Lizzie Harrison's so-called bookseller's shop, the stock-in-trade of which was not literature, but "nicknacks, from marbles up to concertinas," and where the inquiring Lizzie "steamed" the letters, learned every one's business, and then despatched the letters at her leisure.

The first thing was to see the square, "packed away in the centre of Thrums;" the theatre not only of the riots, but of the life of the town, for every one gravitated thither; but to see it in its glory you must go to the Weekly Fair, or chiefest, to the great "Muckley" Fair. There was no difficulty in finding the square; indeed, you cannot miss it, for if one may compare small places with great, as all roads lead to Rome, so in Thrums all wynds and ways lead to the square. I counted seven ways of access, and if three lanes be reckoned, as I was told they may, then you have ten avenues of approach. But it is not the square Barrie describes, where "the houses squeeze close to it like chickens clustering round a hen;" no, for new shops



PARK HEAD FARM AND THE WINDOW IN THRUMS.



uildings confront you what-ay you turn." A little dis-down Bank Street stood the Licht Kirk; I say "stood," is gone now, and a new one on its site, with shops on ound floor. True, the south is part of the old structure. pire of the parish kirk ob- itself upon your vision ver you are, so I went down nd from the square and wan- round the kirkyard, seeing y mind) the "ancients" of amily with whom Snecky t, the bellman, lived, follow- heir favourite dissipation, all d in rusty blacks, dandering among the grave-stones." the kirk I recalled the rowdy when the seats were ed" (put up to auction). it was time I made my way The House on the Brae," Jess sat for twenty years ; and observing the life of is out of the window. Go- rom the square by Baillie you descend a steep brae to the South-muir. The escended means the brae to and as we mount it the road round, with the "com- " on your right hand, and efore you on the brow of the ands the whitewashed cot- so steep is the brae that cyclists are warned not to ride down it. There, in the gable-end is the one little window; so wee is it that Mr. Barrie speaks of it as "one square foot of glass." With the aid of her husband, Hendry, and Leeby, her daughter, and "clutching her staff," she made her daily journey from her bed to her chair at the window, and at night-fall back to bed. Like all the rest of Thrums, this cottage has been brought up-to-date; structurally, it is as it was; internally, it is re-newed. I sat in the "but end" (kitchen), where Hendry, Jess, and Leeby lived, and where the humorous and deeply pathetic scenes occurred described in that best of Barrie's books, "A Window in Thrums;" who can forget that touching twentieth chapter, "The Last Night," and all that followed?

I went "ben" to the parlour, where Hendry received his com-pany, "Tibbie Mealmaker and her Man," to Jess' and Leeby's con-sternation, as they were not "red-ded up" for company; it was all trim and nice the day I stood there. Going out through the well-kept garden and across the road, I came to Mr. Barrie's own house, the "gushet" house, as it is called in Scotland, the triangular point dividing two roads, a substantial-looking building where his father

lives, and where he himself often comes. There was the room in which Margaret Ogilvy died; and in that other room, Jane Ann, the best and best-beloved of daughters, died three days before her mother, a scene never to leave the memory of the readers of "Margaret Ogilvy." I stood in the room where she sat with her New Testament on her knee; or maybe she was buried in "The Master of Ballantrae," or in "Carlyle;" in this room, and at that table the famous son wrote the "Auld Licht Idylls." Nor was it a small treat

THRUMS.

to see the very fine photograph of mother and daughter together, and I ventured to say: "Would that Mr. Barrie had given us that as a frontispiece to 'Margaret Ogilvy.'" In "A Window in Thrums," we are told that it is only a cry from the cottage to T'nowhead Farm, that is over the hill in "a bee-line." That was one of the places I must see, for have I not laughed heartily time and again as I have read that most humorous bit of writing I know of, "The Courting o' T'nowhead's Bell," chapter eight of "Auld Licht Idylls"? The whole inimitable comedy rose up before me as I went up the brae to Tammas McQuhatty's farmstead, saying to myself that if any one reads that chapter without a good laugh, it is because he cannot laugh.

My next point of attraction was the Den. I had been told that keeping to the burnside I should in a few minutes come to the mouth of the Den, at the head of which I should see the Cuttie Well, the Lair, and by climbing the steps, I should be on the border of the Caddam Wood, and in a few minutes would reach the Windyghoul. On entering the glen, the cliff or hill on either side, crowned with pines or firs, narrowed in. In the midst was a long stretch of smooth green sward, and the head of the Den is shaded, almost enveloped, by trees. Just here on your left is the famous Cuttie Well, now covered in and dry; "It is toom now," remarked a native. The mistress of the house asks you at tea, "Is your cup toom?" (empty). This was formerly a magic well to the lovers of Thrums; here their fate was often spelled out. Mounting the brae by the steps, you are soon

address to the missionary students at Richmond College, he said: "My earliest recollections of Methodist preachers are very pleasant. They impressed me as gentlemen and saints. They frequented my father's house, and the notice they took of us children inspired reverence and affection. When we were old enough to understand something of their teaching we were never allowed to criticise it; and we never heard from our parents any remarks on 'the sermon' other than those that expressed a grateful appreciation of the message delivered." Would that like religious influences surrounded all our Methodist families on both sides of the Atlantic! His brothers, and, indeed, so far as is known, his relatives, are clever, and in several instances have come to honour and influence. Dr. John Jenkins, his eldest brother, sometime in our ministry, recently deceased, was for many years a leading Presbyterian minister on your side the water, in Montreal, Canada.

In his youth Dr. Ebenezer E. Jenkins had no thoughts of the ministry, his predilections being rather in the direction of the realm of literature. Gradually the conviction was borne upon him that he was destined to be a preacher of the Gospel. When at length he offered himself as a candidate there were serious misgivings as to his health. His trial sermon—not [illegible]. It was [illegible] visitor stands for the first time within the precincts of this Mecca of a world-wide Methodism, strange and glad sensations thrill the soul. Troops of bright and holy recollections are marshalled around this famous shrine, and we are not surprised that the eyes and thoughts of millions are centred here. Processions of devout pilgrims from almost every land have

appointment to an English circuit, for which he had a strong preference, he was a few months after his acceptance suddenly sent off to India.

The eighteen years he spent in the Madras presidency were years of arduous toil, noble self-sacrifice, and successful labour. India fairly captivated his heart and his imagination, gaining a firmer hold as the years glided on. As a boy I have a vivid recollection of his first visit to our home in 1856, and his addresses at Exeter Hall and at Great Queen Street Chapel. His speeches distilled as the dew—clear, pure, sparkling, with strokes of wit and touches of pathos; his sentences crisp, incisive, pungent, his whole personality glowing, and at times breaking out into impassioned eloquence. It was the first of a series of speeches on India by which during more than forty years, in all parts of Great Britain, Dr. Jenkins has rendered invaluable service to the cause of missions, and particularly to our own society. Eight years later, to his great sorrow, the state of his wife's health compelled him to leave India and take an English circuit.

Since then he has been in the front rank of the English ministry. In 1875 he revisited India at the request of our Missionary Committee, extending his visit to China and Japan. Two years later, by popular vote, he was appointed one [illegible] General Missionary Secre- over one hundred and held with years this building has been a place of widest interest, and a bright succession of memorable scenes have transpired within its walls. Ranks of representative men of early Methodism, excluded from the galleries of earthly fame, here file before us, and the holy house is fragrant with their heroic names and deeds. Spiritual giants of departed years here touch us with

made him most popular as our President. Four years later he again revisited India and China, returning home by way of Japan. Considering his advanced years he is marvellously active, travelling frequently between Lancashire and London to attend important committees, and in various ways to further the interests of Methodism. He is a most saintly man, held in love and respect among all the churches.

He received his degree of LL.D. some years ago from Victoria University of Canada. While not a voluminous writer like Dr. Rigg, he has rendered most valuable service by his well known Fernley lecture on "Modern Atheism," also a published volume of sermons, and other writings. As a brotherhood we greatly love and esteem him, and hope he may yet be spared to us for some few years longer to promote by his saintly character, as by his tongue and pen, the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

INDIRECTION.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolled is greater;
Vast the creation beheld, but vaster the inward Creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

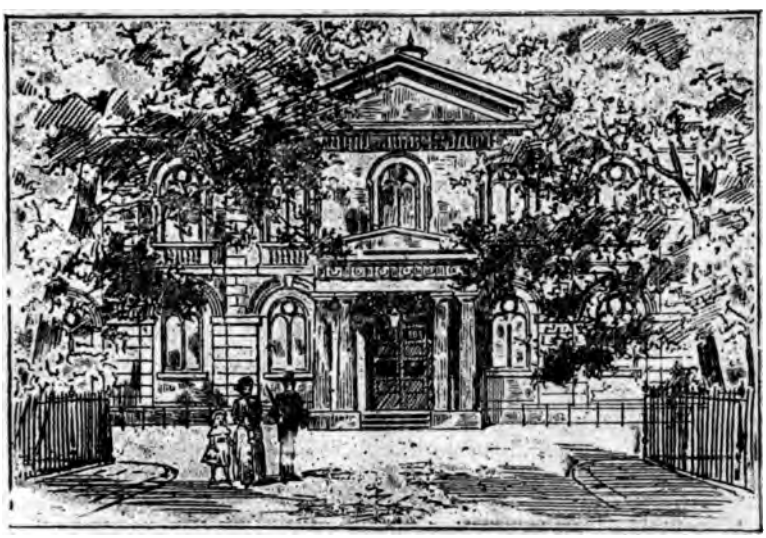
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

... as that as a ...ispiece to 'Margaret Ogilvy.'" In "A Window in Thrums," we are told that it is only a cry from the cottage to T'nowhead Farm, that is over the hill in "a bee-line." That was one of the places I must see, for have I not laughed heartily time and again as I have read that most humorous bit of writing I know of, "The Courting o' T'nowhead's Bell," chapter eight of "Auld Licht Idylls"? The whole midst was a ... green sward, and the head of the Den is shaded, almost enveloped, by trees. Just here on your left is the famous Cuttie Well, now covered in and dry; "It is toom now," remarked a native. The mistress of the house asks you at tea, "Is your cup toom?" (empty). This was formerly a magic well to the lovers of Thrums; here their fate was often spelled out. Mounting the brae by the steps, you are soon

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF METHODISM.

THE PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE METHODIST ECUMENICAL COUNCIL OF 1901.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, is a centre of profound interest to universal Methodism. No other spot in this modern world possesses to the Methodist community so many sacred associations and undying memories. The Annual Conference of British Methodism, held last August, was the twentieth which has met within its historic walls. We do not wonder that as the visitor stands for the first time within the precincts of this Mecca of a world-wide Methodism, strange and glad sensations thrill the soul. Troops of bright and holy recollections are marshalled around this famous shrine, and we are not surprised that the eyes and thoughts of millions are centred here. Processions of devout pilgrims from almost every land have passed through those hallowed aisles, and with hushed and reverent steps have walked around the graves of Wesley and his honoured dead.

England possesses few religious structures so richly fraught with such lofty and sanctified associations, and we envy not the heart that does not warm to finest feeling in an atmosphere like this. For over one hundred and twenty years this building has been a place of widest interest, and a bright succession of memorable scenes have transpired within its walls. Ranks of representative men of early Methodism, excluded from the galleries of earthly fame, here file before us, and the holy house is fragrant with their heroic names and deeds. Spiritual giants of departed years here touch us with

their invisible wands, and send us away to thought and toil under the purest of all fascinations, and with the inspiration and power of some peculiar and blessed charm. To stand on this favoured spot of Methodism, within the pulpit occupied by Wesley and his noble helpers, beside the house in which he lived, and close by the room in which he died, is to come near the very beginnings of a movement which was destined to arouse the world from its long, deep sleep, and to touch, as it were, the very springs of what is now a vast, beneficent river, sweeping on in affluent streams across the earth.

It is no wonder that ten thousand persons entered this noble sanctuary to look at the placid countenance of the apostle of the new evangelism as he lay in his coffin, for already the spiritual slumbers of a nation had been broken by his instrumentality, and the day-dawn for aggressive Christian achievement had sent its first blush of promise over all the land. Consecrated hands had lifted high the torch of Gospel truth, and clarion voices, which the fiercest antagonisms had failed to hush, rang out in burning words the arrival of a new era and the starting of a movement which was to multiply its energies and go forward in its march of Christian triumph until it should stand out as the dominant Protestant religion in the world.

What a constellation of worthies shine in this great cathedral of Methodism! We are touched to tenderness, if not to tears, when we remember the throngs of distinguished men who have ministered within its walls, and whose remains now sleep so peacefully amid all the noise and roar of London's infinite excitement and complicated and tumultuous life. [redacted]mong the names which have [redacted]d a memorial in this shrine of Methodism's illustrious dead are John and Charles Wesley, John Fletcher, Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Thomas Coke, Joseph Benson, Thomas Jackson, Jabez Bunting, Robert Newton, William Shaw, John Mason, Theo. Lessey, Edmund Grindrod, Dr. Waddy, Sir Francis Lycet, Dr. Jobson, and W. Morley Punshon, Gervase Smith, Dr. Moulton, and many others. In the presence of these chronicles of the good and great, our best emotions are uppermost, and while there comes over us an unspeakable pathos as we think of their vanished forms, there still remains the redeeming fact that such lives as these make our humanity majestic, and invest it with a dignity and attractiveness which time's fierce hand cannot destroy.

This Westminster Abbey of Methodism is a perpetual commemoration of the man who, during his blessed ministry of over half a century, travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles, sent out two hundred publications which he wrote or compiled, and preached forty thousand sermons. This man, "sent from God, whose name was John," was the embodiment and expression of forces which have already wrought out mighty moral renovations, and his sons and successors are to-day heard speaking in more tongues than were ever spoken in the whole Roman Empire in the time of its widest extent, and American Methodists alone, at the end of a century and a half, outnumber the entire census of Christianity at the end of the first three centuries.

To look into this venerable building, where much has transpired to give existence and form to Methodist institution and law, to stand among its thronging and inspiring memories, to walk with subdued feelings around the graveyard, where a glorious company of over five thousand of the early

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assembly surround this dear
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As a temporary expedient,
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ur different places."

Lord and Lady Strathcona, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, M.P., Mr. Perks, M.P., Bishop Warren, Dr. Stephenson, Hugh Price Hughes, W. L. Watkinson, Dr. Rigg, Dr. Jenkins, C. H. Kelly, Dr. Parker, and many others, took part, and all were intense and eloquent in their tributes to the mission of Methodism and the saintly men whose names and memories are now safely chronicled in this cherished house of prayer.

Dr. Parker, in his noble and timely sermon, declared Wesley's pulpit to be one of the most illustrious pulpits of the world. Sir John Lubbock expressed the warm sympathy felt by other communions in the great services of the Wesleyan community. Lord Strathcona said that Wesleyan Methodism had been one of the great factors in the building up of Canada and the Empire, and Mr. Asquith said that Methodism was an illustration of the enduring vitality of movements born of enthusiasm, and declared that "John Wesley belongs not to a sect, not to Methodism only, but to England and Christendom." Without any desire to utter an empty boast, we have not the slightest hesitation in ranking the Westminster Abbey of Methodism among the most richly memoried buildings in the world.

Bathurst, N.B., Canada.

after th[illegible] thus provide a place for them. Of course, we make a point of one of the ministers always being present. It affords us among other advantages, the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with them."

I ventured to suggest that it must be a serious tax on the minister at the close of a Sabbath's work to have this additional burden placed upon him.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is worth it. You see, when our Sunday afternoon meeting is held, I

METHODIST FORWARD MOVEMENT IN EDINBURGH.*

BY THE REV. S. HORTON.

The Rev. George Jackson stands for progressive Methodism in Scotland. For long years it was taken for granted that Methodism north of the Tweed must necessarily be a dwarfed and stunted thing, and that its warmth and glow were altogether alien to the cold and unemotional nature of the Scotch people. Presbyterianism is indigenous; it has its roots in the character and sentiments of the nation; and the average Scotsman takes as naturally to it as he does to his plate of porridge in the morning. It has fairly covered the field with all kinds of Missionary Agencies, and has done its work, perhaps, more thoroughly than any other Church in the world.

All this, and much more, has been urged repeatedly as the reason for the slow progress of Methodism, and was considered as satisfactory and sufficient. Mr. Jackson has demonstrated that a Methodism that is alive and alert can not only succeed, but can win victories in Scotland equal to any that it has to boast of in England. To gather a church of upwards of six hundred members; to have made a position for himself amongst the great preachers of Edinburgh; to have created a large constituency, and generally to have raised the prestige of Methodism, and hopefully to face a Building Scheme that will cost £50,000 with every chance of success, and all in the comparatively short space of ten years, is, to say the least, a notable achievement.

To learn how it has been done I waited on Mr. Jackson, and requested him to tell me the story. He lives in a comfortable manse in Morningside, not far from the beautiful Braid Hills. He received me very kindly, and readily consented to give me the particulars I sought. I had often seen his portrait, but had never met him before. He is below, rather than above, the medium height, with an eager, impressionable face, full of vivacity and of good humour. Like all men who do any work worth doing, Mr. Jackson is an optimist, and one cannot be in his company many minutes without catching the spirit of his cheery hopefulness. His library, like all about him, is thoroughly up-to-date, and is apt to bring a poorer brother dangerously near to a breach of the tenth commandment.

[illegible] religion in the world.

What a constellation of worthies shine in this great cathedral of Methodism! We are touched to tenderness, if not to tears, when we remember the throngs of distinguished men who have ministered within its walls, and whose remains now sleep so peacefully amid all the noise and roar of London's infinite excitement and complicated and tumultuous life. Among the names which have found a memorial in this shrine of American Methodists alone, at the end of a century and a half, outnumber the entire census of Christianity at the end of the first three centuries.

To look into this venerable building, where much has transpired to give existence and form to Methodist institution and law, to stand among its thronging and inspiring memories, to walk with subdued feelings around the graveyard, where a glorious company of over five thousand of the early

minister, named Borrie, of Blairgowrie, left a sum of money at his death to be devoted to the spread of Methodism in Scotland. He had been blest under the Methodists, and this was his thank-offering. The question was how best to spend it so as to fulfil the purpose of the donor. The Rev. T. T. Lambert was the Chairman of the District, and largely on his initiative the determination was arrived at to commence a West End Mission. It was also through him that I was chosen for the work of the mission."

"Then when you came you had no church," I said.

"No, when I started we had no church, no membership, no organization. Until the following November we had not even a meeting-place. Then we took the old Albert Hall—a kind of third-rate theatre. The accommodation for Methodist purposes left much to be desired. That, until last May, formed our headquarters, when we were compelled to give it up."

"But you held services in the Synod Hall before then," I remarked.

"Yes; the way we came to take the Synod Hall was this. The exhibition held in Edinburgh in 1890 brought strangers from all parts of the world to the city, and as very few Presbyterian churches then held Sunday evening services, we were soon crowded to overflowing. As a temporary expedient, we took the Synod Hall for the Sabbath evenings, intending to return to our own hall when the rush was over. I cannot speak too highly of the kindness and forbearance of the United Presbyterian friends in allowing us so long to occupy their hall, at inconvenience to themselves. You will readily understand that not having a home of our own is a great hindrance to our work. We are meeting now in four different places."

"And your congregations, what of them?"

"On an ordinary Sunday evening we are nearly full. The hall seats 2,000. Our chief work is among young men and women. First of all there are the shop assistants. We get large numbers of these. Then clerks, students, and servant maids find a home with us. In most of the houses in the West End there are two or three servants, and we make special efforts to get hold of these. They make very capital members once you lay hold of them, though necessarily they are a migratory class, and we have difficulties sometimes in tracing them when they leave."

"Our Social Hour," he continued, in answer to another question, "is a very valuable auxiliary of our work. After the Sunday evening prayer-meeting, we meet all the young folks who care to come, and we spend the time in chat and singing, and perhaps a reading if we can get one of the right kind. There is no speaking unless I wish to say a few words to them on some important matter. The idea is to make it as much a home-circle as possible. Then we have refreshments, tea and cake, and finish with family worship. You see, in a city like Edinburgh there are hundreds of young people who are in lodgings. They have no home, nowhere, in fact, to go after the service is over. We thus provide a place for them. Of course, we make a point of one of the ministers always being present. It affords us among other advantages, the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with them."

I ventured to suggest that it must be a serious tax on the minister at the close of a Sabbath's work to have this additional burden placed upon him.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is worth it. You see, when our Sunday afternoon meeting is held, I

never preach in the morning, so that I am fresh for that service. As to the cost, well, we take an offering as they go out which nearly pays for the refreshments. There is a loss of a few pounds in the year, but the amount is so small as not to be worth taking into account."

"Well, tell me something about your New Scheme," I said.

"Well, you know that we have purchased a site at Tollcross,—the very best in the city for our purposes probably, all things considered,—and are already busy erecting our new premises. The site cost £20,000, and the buildings will cost £30,000. Towards this we are trying to raise £25,000, and the other £25,000 will be met by shop rents. Up to the present I have in promises nearly £10,000. Of course, I anticipate a substantial grant from the Century Fund. But we need a considerable sum yet to see us through. What I have received up to the present has mostly been in small sums. I have no very large donations, except that of Mr. Perks, who has generously promised 500 guineas. Much of my time will now be taken up in going about raising the money required."

"We shall, I anticipate, be able to accommodate 2,000 people in the large hall; there will also be a lecture hall for about 300, and nearly twenty smaller rooms, with ten large shops occupying the whole of the street and basement floors."

Mr. Jackson then informed me that his method of pulpit preparation was to write pretty full notes, and to take what he has written with him into the pulpit. "I have never read a sermon," he went on to say, "but neither can I do without careful preparation. Of course, every Methodist minister has occasionally to speak impromptu, but I never do it if I can help it. I am not naturally a fluent speaker, and unless I know exactly what I want to say before getting up I am apt to hesitate and stammer. I therefore prepare carefully for all my public work, and when thus prepared, feel at ease when speaking. I religiously set Saturday apart for my pulpit work, and on that day I see nobody, and take no appointments."

"But what about your printed sermons?" I inquired.

"All those," he answered, "were written after delivery. I can always write a sermon better after speaking it. I used to memorize, but at best it was slavish work, and is simply impossible when a preacher has to come twice before the same people every Sunday. Everything I do is made to serve the pulpit. All roads lead to Rome."

I then questioned Mr. Jackson on the place, and probable future, of Methodism in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland. "We have a place," he said, "in the larger towns and cities, but I question whether we have any mission in the small towns and villages. Presbyterianism has effectually met the religious needs of the people there, but even the Presbyterians themselves admit willingly that we supply a necessary element in the cities, and they would view with the greatest regret any attempt to withdraw our agencies. I am bound to say that so far as I have been able to gauge the feeling towards us, it is that they regard us, not as aliens and strangers, but as fellow-helpers in the great work of saving men. They open their churches and pulpits to us. I have twice preached in St. Giles', a thing, as you know, that would not be dreamt of in the Established Church in England. And there is no attempt at anything like patronage. One of the most interesting services ever held in Edinburgh

that held in St. Giles', at the
:nary of Wesley's death. There
: representatives of all the
byterian bodies present, who
part, and the Professors of the
'ersity and the Lord Provost
: also present."

Methodism," he went on, "will
:ed in the measure it is true
:elf. If it attempts to become
luted kind of Presbyterianism
ill fail. One thing has been
'esting me much lately, and that
ıe relation of Methodist doc-
to modern Presbyterian doc-
. A great change has come
me, for example, in my
ght and feeling towards Cal-
ım. As a Methodist, of course,
ust of Calvinism was in the
bone. I have come to see,
: I came to Scotland, that a
t deal more can be said for it
at one time I would have liked
dmit. There are two sides,
we have always been taught
ook at the reverse side of the
d. I am sure that one secret
he religious strength of the
tish character has been its
inism. I was so impressed
this that when I preached our
rict Synod sermon last year, I
as my subject, 'The debt we
to Calvinism.' It is not true
ay, as some do, that the old
inism is dead. What is dead
ıe old method of presenting it.
bitterness of the strife between
inianism and Calvinism is also
. But what I would call
erate Calvinism is still alive, as
esented by such men as Dr.
cus Dods and Dr. Stalker. I
some one would write a book
would put fairly the modern
entation of Calvinism, as
ht by these men. I am sure
there is a good deal to be said
t. I do not mean to say that
lieve Arminianism is wrong,
I do mean to say that there is a
l deal to be said for the other
."

It was interesting to hear this from one of the rising stars of Wesleyanism; indicative as it was of the tolerance that seems in the air towards those that differ in theological opinion in this city where so many hard battles have been fought over far less contentious matters. Methodist Union was then mentioned, and I found Mr. Jackson, as I expected, a very ardent advocate of it.

"I have great hopes that it will come," he said. "I know of no reason for six or seven different Methodist Churches. The union of the Free Church of Scotland with the United Presbyterians, which is now almost an accomplished fact, should be an object lesson to us. Soon the Presbyterian Church in Scotland will be one, except perhaps the Established Church, and, of course, nothing but Disestablishment could bring about a union with it. But it is a significant sign of the trend of things that the union of these two powerful bodies should be brought about so amicably, and with so little opposition."

I expressed the opinion that the union of Methodism would probably be by the road of the minor Methodist bodies uniting first, and instanced the overtures now going on between our own Connexion and the Bible Christians.

"Ah!" he replied with charming frankness, "it is in these lesser unions that I fear the danger lies. What I mean is this, that in order to bring about union some principle may be adopted that may hinder the larger union. I hope that whatever is done, the possibility of a united Methodism will not be lost sight of."

It has never yet been my privilege to hear Mr. Jackson preach, though I have had a taste of his quality in his first and most successful volume of sermons, "First Things First." I was not surprised to learn that upwards of

8,000 copies of it had been sold. For clear, terse presentation of great truths; for lofty ideals of life; for beauty of diction, and for unmistakable grip of principles, these sermons would be hard to beat. One cannot but feel when reading them that they are the utterances of a man in dead earnest; and that he has set out with the distinct purpose of moving the young men who gather to his ministry to a nobler life. He has published beside, "The Table Talk of Jesus," "The Ten Commandments," and "The Young Man's Bookshelf." I can well understand after this chat with Mr. Jackson, that he should attract the young to himself. I can also understand that he is popular as a preacher. He goes straight to his point; puts what he has to say in felicitous language, and avoids the ruts both in thought and speech. Professor Blackie, after hearing him, wrote the following lines, and they are a very fine tribute coming from such a source:

"Well, this *was* preaching. Sermons mostly sound
Like windy puffs that brush the hair, and fly
With flaunting sweep of words all round and round,
But never touch our daily life, or try
To spot particular sins; but, like a leech,
Sharp to discern, and resolute to cure,
Thy words are lancets, and where thou dost preach
Truth joints the arrow, and her aim is sure.

"So preached St. Paul of Greekish sins to Greeks,
Of Roman sins to Romans, everywhere
With sharp-nosed scent of home-bred sin he speaks,
And hunts the skulking sinner to his lair.
His fellow thou, with fearless practice wise
To probe most deep the sore that nearest lies."

THE PENTECOST.

(The Acts of the Apostles ii. 1-12.)

BY THE REV. J. PASCOE.

See the disciples of our Lord
Assembled in the "upper room,"
They all, in faith, with one accord,
Pray for the "Comforter" to come.

This was the promise to them given,
By Christ, their risen Lord above,
The Holy Ghost should come from heaven,
In all the plenitude of love.

These men were in their wonted place,
When suddenly there came a sound
Which rolled and filled the sacred space,
And shed its influence around.

As mighty rushing wind it came,
But bringing neither fear nor dread;
And then were seen the tongues of flame
Which sat on each disciple's head.

Thus on the Pentecost was given
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost;
And they, commissioned now from heaven,
Received the gift desired most.

To men of different nations there
They spoke in tongues which were diverse;
By miracle did God prepare
Them now with strangers to converse.

Oh! let this Pentecostal power
To all Thy servants, Lord, be given;
On them Thy blessings ever shower,
And bless and seal them heirs of heaven.

Peticodiac.

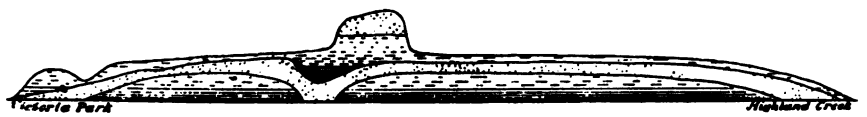
The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-will
Meets all its wants.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LOW WATER LEVELS.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN,

Professor of Geology, Toronto University.



SECTION OF THE SCARBORO' HEIGHTS.

It is hard for us to believe that the splendid fresh-water seas, which we call the Great Lakes, can undergo any important change. They seem so secure and rightful a possession, that we look on the lowering of their waters three or four feet beneath the usual level with a certain irritation, as if nature were treating us unfairly in making us adjust our harbours to a new level. The idea never enters our minds that these lakes could be destroyed, or so swollen as to flood every city on their shores; and yet the geologist has proofs that these broad and beautiful sheets of water represent only a fleeting stage in the series of episodes making up the history of this part of America.

Not only has Lake Ontario more that once brimmed over banks a hundred and fifty feet above its present shores, but it has been at least once, and probably twice or thrice, wiped completely out of existence; and all this within quite recent geological times, that is, since the beginning of the Ice Age; and much the same is true of the other lakes of the St. Lawrence system.

The best record of the history of Lake Ontario is to be found in the picturesque cliffs of the Scarboro' Heights, and the ravines of the Don and the Humber, bits of attractive natural scenery too little valued by Torontonians, but full of significance to the student of glacial geology.

The history is not so clearly written that "he who runs may read"; on the contrary, one must examine into the matter with something of the detective's patient skill, following up the clues afforded by a broken shell, a beetle's wing, a bit of rotten wood in a clay bank, a scratched pebble here and a crumpled bed of sand there; until at last the web of circumstantial evidence is complete, and takes shape before our eyes.

It is a fascinating study, but the limits of a magazine article make details unadvisable, so that results must be dealt with rather than methods of research. Most of the information used in this article has been obtained by Dr. G. J. Hinde, formerly a resident of Toronto, and the present writer; but the works of Dr. Spencer, Sir William Dawson and others have also been drawn upon.

The most legible of our documents is to be found at the Scarboro' Heights, of which a sketch is given. In our first cut, the dotted boulder which rises from the lake at Victoria Park, reaches a height of nearly a hundred and fifty feet, plunges suddenly down to the lake only to rise again as suddenly, and finally sinks again, to the lake level at Highland Creek; a sort of Cupid's bow nine miles in length. Another dotted

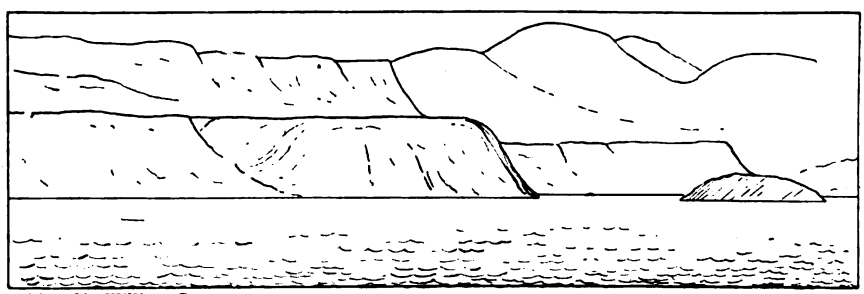
band caps the summit of the heights three hundred feet above the lake.

In nature these dotted bands consist of boulder clay, the carpet of confused clay and stones spread out irregularly over a country conquered by a glacier, a sort of trail of the icy serpent by which the geologist can track the movements of the monster after he has retreated. There are three of these beds of boulder clay to be seen about Toronto, though the lowest is out of reach beneath the lake at Scarboro', and each of them bears convincing evidence of a tremendous act in the drama of the world's life in this region, when a chill ice

ing hosts of plants and animals to occupy their old territories.

Each bed of boulder clay marks an invasion of the ice, while the beds of stratified sand and clay between them prove interglacial periods when the waters of the lake were busy spreading out the materials brought down by swollen streams, entombing here and there bits of wood and bark, or insects or shellfish, to give us an idea of the life of the time.

Lake Ontario, then, has been elbowed out of its bed and destroyed more than once by the invasion of glaciers. After each retreat of the ice there was a stage of high water; the first time the



After Sir William Dawson.

TERRACES AT TADOUSAC.

monster gathered its forces in the fastness of Labrador, snows heaped on snows, till they lay to a depth of ten thousand feet in the north and crept slowly southward and westward, overwhelming the continent, driving all living beings to more genial regions, filling the beds of lakes and rivers, and dragging everywhere the spoils of rock and soil it had gathered in its previous course.

But the scene changes. The warm south wind and the sun at length gain the upper hand and the ice mass melts away faster than it is replenished. It gradually retreats towards its north-eastern home, freeing the earth from an incubus and allowing the advancwater rose at least a hundred and forty feet above the present level, for beds of sediment were formed at that height; the second time, two hundred and eighty feet higher than now; and the third time, a hundred and sixty. The last water level left its mark as a well defined beach with sand bars and cliffs, as may be seen along the foot of the Davenport ridge to the north of Toronto, or the grand cliffs near Hamilton. This line of old beaches has been traced by Dr. Spencer from Trenton to Hamilton on the north shore, and on the south as far as Queenston, while Professor Gilbert has followed it along the American shore.

It will be noted that any of the

-water stages would have led Kingston, Toronto, Hamil- and a dozen other towns and s on the north and south shores ıe lake.

ow are we to account for these endous changes in the lake ? For the last episode, which Spencer has named the Iro- s water, three theories have formed, and probably the former stages of high water be accounted for in the same

According to one theory earth's crust was heaved up in neighbourhood of the present usand Islands, thus holding the water and raising its . A second theory, which is by Dr. Spencer, supposes that whole of eastern Canada was : beneath its present level to a h of some four hundred feet, ving the sea to flow inland so the site of Montreal was sub- ged, and the Gulf of St. Law- e stretched to the foot of what ow " the Mountain," at Hamil-

third theory, which is the one : generally held by geologists, to my mind, the most prob- one, assumes that the retreat ıe glaciers of the Ice Age was sted for a while in the neigh- hood of Kingston, and that a of blue ice lay across the foot he lake, damming its waters they rose high enough to flow by a new channel toward the son.

ıere is one very remarkable ımstance to be mentioned re- ing the old Iroquois water. beach must have been hori- al when it was made, but Dr. ıcer has shown that it is now l out of position. It stands a lred and fourteen feet above ington Bay, a hundred and feet above Toronto Bay, t two hundred feet above the at Scarboro' Heights, and four hundred feet above the Bay of Quinte at Trenton. How could staid Mother Earth indulge in such a freak as this?

Probably the best explanation is to suppose that the earth's crust rests on a somewhat plastic substratum. Load it down with five thousand feet thickness of ice and it sinks under the burden. Thaw off the ice and it slowly rises again. Since the ice thawed away first from the south-west end, that corner of the raft bobbed up first, while the north-east end was still held down.

Then the Iroquois lake cut its shore line.

When the rest of the ice finally melted, the north-east of Canada rose in its turn, and all the beach lines were tilted out of place. Mr. Warren Upham, who is gifted with imagination, even thinks that this part of the once ice-laden continent popped up too far, and is still oscillating, trying to reach an equilibrium! Dr. Spencer holds, however, that the uplift is not yet ended, and that eastern Ontario is still on the rise.

One curious inference from this "differential uplift," is, that the trough of Lake Ontario was tilted down so far at first as to leave the Hamilton end high and dry. It was only as the Thousand Island end rose towards its present position that the lake backed up, filling the basin in which we now find it.

It should be remembered that all these strange events in the life history of Lake Ontario, and the similar events in the history of the other lakes, took place in times that the geologist looks on as very recent, within the last one or two hundred thousand years, at least; the last episode, that of the Iroquois water, probably within the last seven thousand years, and possibly within half that time.

While it is a comfort to think that these catastrophes of ice and flood took place some time ago, it

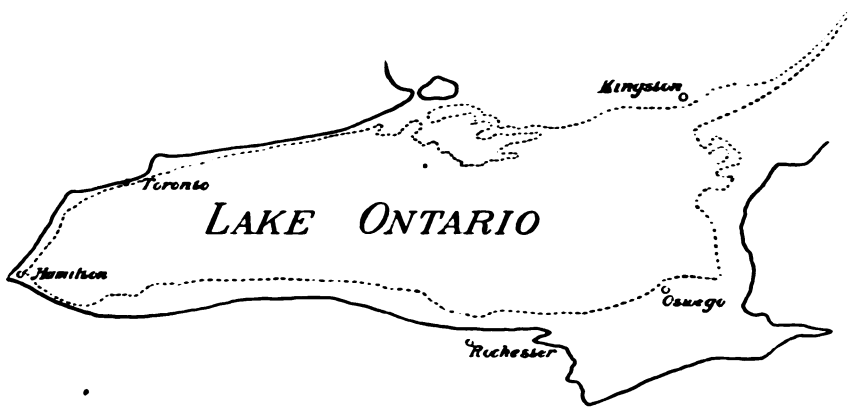
is disquieting to reflect that what happened in the past may happen again in the future; and the steady fall of the water in our lakes and the St. Lawrence brings it sharply home to us that changes may take place in our day. When vessels can no longer enter our harbours with full cargoes, the business man begins to think that he may have some interest in changes of water level as well as the geologist. Calculations have been made, showing how many millions of dollars of loss will result from the lowering of the waters a given number of inches, and the prospect of a further lowering is decidedly disagreeable.

The business man may be reassured, however. There is no prospect, from the scientific side, of any important change within a geologically short time, a few hundred years, for instance; so that corner lots on good business streets in our cities need not be sold hastily at a sacrifice.

In the papers one sees alarmist statements as to the effect of deepening the channels between the lakes and the sea; but this can have no effect unless the deepening takes [redacted] at the immediate outlet of the [redacted] in the case of Ontario at the [redacted]sand Islands. There is no evidence that the St. Lawrence at that point is deepening its channel appreciably. No amount of work done in removing obstructions lower down the river can affect the level of Lake Ontario.

Of course, the diverting of a considerable amount of water by the Chicago drainage canal would have its effect on all the lakes and rivers below. Aside from such artificial causes, there is no reason to suppose that their waters are likely to sink below a certain point fixed by the fluctuations of the rain supply of the region as a whole.

Mr. Stupart, Director of the Meteorological service of Canada, is of opinion that changes in water levels are directly connected with changes in the annual rainfall, which is not likely to vary beyond certain limits; so that the water may be expected presently to rise again.



THE IROQUOIS WATER.

Changes in the level of the St. Lawrence, such as have disquieted the merchant princes of Montreal, no doubt have their cause in the varying amount of water discharged from the Great Lakes. When water is low in the reservoir, the current that flows from it must be diminished, just as it must rise again when the reservoir is filled.

Lower down on the St. Law-

rence, where the tide flows, and on the coasts of our Maritime Provinces, there are evidences of changes somewhat like those of the lakes, but probably not always produced by the same causes. Sir William Dawson, and others, have described old beaches with marine shells found five or six hundred feet above sea level on the flanks of the mountain at Montreal, as well as here and there along the shores of the lower St. Lawrence; direct proofs that the land once stood that much lower, but has risen to the present height. On the other hand, the Chignecto ship railway excavations have disclosed peat beds buried in the sand many feet below the present tide level, demonstrating a sinking of the land surface in that region.

To discuss the question of how these changes in the relative position of land and sea are related to the variations in level of the Great Lakes during, and after, the Ice Age, would, however, lead us too far.

That another Ice Age may come, blotting out our cities and leaving only traces of our civilization in obscure interglacial beds; and that other changes in water level may flood the lowlands or leave our ports high and dry and far from lake or sea, is not at all impossible; but probably good Mother Nature will give us a few centuries of warning, so that we may arrange our affairs in time. For the present we may expect the law of averages to hold, so that the years of low water in our lakes and rivers will be balanced by years of higher water in the not distant future.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY GEO. J. H. NORTHCROFT.

Lying lazily at anchor
On the bosom of the bay,
From the care and fret of city-dwellers free,
We behold the floating marvels
In the mermaid-haunted depths,
In the cool and quiet caverns of the sea.

Gliding gently from our moorings,
Shaking out the shining sails
While we haul on board the anchor merrily
We sail outward to the sunrise
By the favouring breezes borne
O'er the silent sweeping meadows of the sea.

Who can hear unmoved the music,
Who can see unsoothed the calm,
As the wavelets lap the shore with childish glee,
And the sun uprises slowly
From a mist of pink and pearl
Lying on the swelling surface of the sea.

But the calm is changed to terror
When the wild North-Wester blows
And the sailor in distress is forced to flee
From the fearful howling tempest
Lashing into fury blind
All the darkly-rearing mountains of the sea.

Fed by rains and dews and rivers,
Soothed by summer's golden sun,
Restless, changeful, murmuring home of mystery,
Only they who love her know her,
They who live upon her breast
Know the sorrows and the splendour of the sea!

Wesleyan Mission House,
Abaco, Bahamas.

"Be glad! Make life a jubilate, not
A dirge. In storm, as in the sunshine, sing!
The clouds hide, in their sombre folds, the smile
Of God. Trust, sing and wait! The mists will turn
To gold; the angry winds be still, and peace
Brood like a gentle spirit o'er thy life."

—*Mettie Crane Newton, in "Examiner."*

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

BY GERTRUDE GREY.

LORD ROBERTS.

Of the many noble British soldiers now engaged in the terrible campaign in South Africa, who in addition to being "soldiers of the Queen," are soldiers of the King of kings, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., stands conspicuous as an example of the fact that Christianity makes a man. It used to be the regular idea amongst a large section of the public that for a man, and particularly an Englishman, to be a true follower of Christ was an impossibility unless he resigned his manhood and become more or less an insipid creature fit for no work that required energy and enterprise. Lord Roberts, however, is a remarkable type of that "muscular Christianity" which was for a time lost sight of and forgotten in controversy on minor questions of doctrine and practice. His one aim is to live so as to show forth the religion of his Lord and Master in his life, in pursuance of the idea which he holds very firmly that "actions speak louder than words."

But it must not be thought that Lord Roberts is afraid to declare his convictions when occasion requires. He is never backward in declaring his profound belief in the Bible, and there is not a shadow of doubt that the British officers of the present day have a regard and respect for sacred things, even when they do not believe in them, which they certainly would not have had but for the manly faith of "Bobs."

It is a great thing for the cause of Christianity in the army that such men as Havelock and Gordon and Roberts are found from time to time. Their consistent lives, and their indomitable courage and energy when occasion calls, do more to impress "Tommy Atkins" than all the preaching of all the chaplains in the world. Military men almost invariably take their cue from their leaders in all matters, and religion is no exception.

The military career of Lord Roberts is too well known to need any recapitulation here. It is not given to many young officers or men to win the coveted Victoria Cross at the early age of twenty-six. And yet this was the case with Lord Roberts. Once and for all his courage and British pluck were emphasized, and they have never been called in question since. Even when the sad and terrible news reached England that his son had been killed in South Africa, the aged Field-Marshal did not give way to his great grief, but

declared himself ready to go wheresoever his Queen and country might direct, even to the scene of the war which had cost him his heir. Perhaps this was an exhibition of even greater fortitude than any of those score or more of daring exploits which have made his name heroic in the army and out of it. It was at such a time that his Christianity stood Lord Roberts in good stead.

As Commander-in-Chief of the troops in India Lord Roberts held a position in which he could exercise a vast influence, favourably or unfavourably, as regards Gospel and temperance work amongst the men under his control. To his honour be it said, that he not only gave his moral influence to the side of goodness, but was ever foremost in promoting Christian work of all kinds. The army chaplains who served in India during his administration of military matters are unstinted in their praise of him, and stoutly declare that the smoothness with which they were enabled to carry on their difficult work was due almost wholly to the Commander-in-Chief, and the chaplains who thus speak are of no one sect or denomination.

The practical outcome of Lord Roberts' Christianity has been his splendid work for temperance amongst the soldiers. None but those who were in the army at the time have any idea of the fearful havoc which was wrought by the army canteens of the old type. As an officer stated some time back, the men used to "simply drink themselves to death." On gaining a position of command, Lord Roberts at once set himself the task of reforming the canteens and establishing them on a different basis. He heartily and actively supported the Army Temperance Association, and it was due to his efforts that the canteens became coffee-houses as much as drinking-shops. With this great reform a mighty stride was made in temperance work, and henceforth abstainers became far more common than they had been. The stigma of being a teetotaler was removed when it became evident that "good old Bobs" encouraged temperance.

It was Lord Roberts, too, who really brought about the establishment of reading-rooms and the like in barracks and camps for the private soldiers. The men were no longer thrown back upon the impure books which so often find their way into soldiers' hands.

These various agencies have, Lord Roberts himself stated, "done more than anything else to abolish vice of all kinds in the army, especially in India, where the heat of the climate seems to rouse men's evil passions in many ways." The aged General was the moving spirit in the establishment of the Army Temperance Association in England, and, up to the time of his departure for the Cape, was perhaps the most active chairman that any society formed for Christian and philanthropic work has ever had.

Since his return from India, several other Christian and philanthropic associations have had the benefit of Lord Roberts' support. The influence of his name does much for a society of the kind referred to, but this is not the only way in which he assists the advance of Christian work. Although, as Kipling has put it in his ballad, "He does not advertise," Lord Roberts is known by many to be one of the most consistent of donors, and there is rarely a time when, figuratively speaking, he has not his hand in his pocket for some organization or another. It is known to the writer of the present article that at least a score of such works have been substantially assisted from a pe-

cuniary point of view by the aged Field-Marshal during the past twelve months.

But it is as a Gospel temperance advocate and worker that Lord Roberts is chiefly noted in Christian circles. He has studied the great question of the soldiers' moral welfare from all standpoints, both foreign and British, and he recently expressed himself to the effect that there is nothing of more momentous importance in this matter than surrounding the men with a healthy environment. Hence his strenuous advocacy of reading-rooms and many open-air sports. His lordship followed very closely the handling of the American army during the recent Cuban campaign, especially in so far as moral discipline was maintained.

No other proof is wanted of the truth of his remarks than that which he himself has given to sceptics on more than one occasion, viz., that nearly a third of the men of the British army in India are teetotalers at the present time, whereas in former days before the reform of the canteens, the establishment of reading-rooms, and other healthy institutions, it was the exception to come across a total abstainer, and even when such was discovered, he was usually the butt of all the wags and would-be jokers of the regiment.

Of course, Lord Roberts looks upon the spread of the Gospel amongst the soldiers as the ultimate end of all temperance and moral work in the army. Being a member of the Church of England himself, he naturally attended the "parades" of the National Church when in India on campaign, and churches of the established religion when in town and other places blessed with churches. But his heart is a large one, as all the chaplains declare who have ever come in contact with him. He particularly took a kindly interest in the short religious meetings held in the evenings, Sunday and weekdays alike, during the Afghan campaign. The meetings were usually held in the open air, although sometimes an empty hospital tent would be requisitioned. The meetings were opened by prayer, a hymn was sung, and then a reading from the Bible would be given, sometimes one man taking a whole chapter, while at other times a verse or two each would be read until all the soldiers present had taken part.

It is interesting to note as an instance of the influence which such a man as Lord Roberts has on the service that there are at the present time nearly twice the number of officers in the British army who conduct evangelistic services and preach to their men, and also to civilians, than there were a quarter of a century ago. But what is still more marked is that no other regiment or branch of the service has produced, or can show at the present time, so many active Christian workers as the Artillery. This is usually attributed in the army to the fact that "Bobs'" influence still works in the branch of the service with which he was connected. Amongst the Artillery recently shut up at Ladysmith, for instance, was a popular officer, Captain Tapp, who, until his departure for the seat of war, was known all over London and the provinces as a conductor of evangelistic services and a preacher of the Gospel. Particularly is he known in the East End of London. This Captain Tapp held services in Ladysmith whenever he could secure leisure from his military duties, and letters brought through the Boer lines by native runners when the place was beleaguered stated that thousands of soldiers attend the meetings, and even Sir George White himself has personally supported Captain Tapp.

If such valuable Christian work can really be traced to Lord Roberts, let us hope that he may long be spared to rule over the destinies of our soldiers, who certainly have a profound confidence in him. Even those rougher characters who are inclined to persecute their comrades who may "turn religious," rarely continue their unwelcome attentions when they have been once reminded that Lord Roberts himself is not ashamed to own himself a Christian and to uphold his Master before his fellow-officers. The Field-Marshal is undoubtedly the idol of the soldier, and any reference to his name in the barrack-room is invariably greeted with the exclamation: "Bobs! God bless him!" What the British public think about him was clearly shown on Diamond Jubilee Day, when from hundreds of thousands of voices of people of all classes and conditions went up cheer after cheer for the little soldier sitting so steadily on his favourite white charger which carried him from Kabul to Kandahar.—Sunday Magazine.

AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF KRUGER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW,

Author of "White Man's Africa."

"Abe" Lincoln was deemed a very rough man in his day, and the caricatures of him dwelt upon his peculiarities of dress somewhat as those of our day do when depicting the President of the Transvaal; yet, compared with Paul Kruger, President Lincoln was a scholarly man of fashion—a very Lord Chesterfield. An Englishman is hopelessly adrift in attempting to understand the rough Boer. Americans can come nearer, but even those who know the cowboy country have no adequate parallel for a Kruger. If illiteracy could be ascribed to such men as Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Washington—what words could characterize Kruger, who can scarce write his own name, let alone influence the reading world by his pen.

Kruger is so ignorant himself, and surrounded by Boers so much more ignorant, that he has for several years past placed himself under the legal care of a young and very clever Dutch barrister, whose ambition appears to have been in the direction of separating the Transvaal from England and creating in South Africa a military power entirely Dutch.

To do this it was necessary to keep alive the suspicion that Queen Victoria lay awake nights scheming for the enslaving of the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds could not find enough educated Boers to conduct the business of the Government, so instead of drawing assistance from the other South African States, he imported clerks directly from Amsterdam, and in many other ways set about eradicating the English language and every trace of connection with the Union Jack.

Old Paul Kruger took kindly to this disastrous policy. His narrow and uneducated mind was more open to the arguments of a Dr. Leyds than to the truth from the lips of a Bryce or a Lecky. His early life had been spent among treacherous natives and other wild beasts, and his habits predisposed him to suspect treachery in every magnanimous move on the part of England. Dread of English domination has been Kruger's bugaboo

for many years, and in this he shows his incapacity to understand the character of the British Constitution as it operates in our time. He sits in Pretoria and talks of his precious liberties, while next door to him is a British colony where the Boers can have more liberty than in the Transvaal.

One may say roughly that the Transvaal has no more liberty than a South American Republic. On the occasion of my visit to the Transvaal, in the year of the Jameson Raid, Boers complained to me that they could not give their children a good education in their own country owing to the efforts to exterminate the English language, and that in order to do so they had to send their children to the Orange Free State, where the Government was more liberal.

Paul Kruger is part and parcel of this system—is the very life of its mediaeval ideals. He is aiming to erect in the midst of the United States of South Africa a government as anomalous in its way as Utah under Brigham Young.

England smiled at this effort, not believing that it would ever amount to anything serious. That was a mistake. It would have proved a still more grievous one had the Boer war broken out at a time when England's hands were engaged in a European war.

Paul Kruger gave me several opportunities of meeting him and getting an idea of his purposes, but before my first audience I had to give assurance that I did not intend to caricature him. Of course I protested that nothing was further from my mind—that I had the greatest interest in learning the truth about him for the truth's sake, and that I had come with a strong bias in his favour; and so I had.

Then I discovered for the first time what was preying on the mind of the Boer President. A flippant newspaper correspondent had described Oom Paul's waistcoat as ornamented with drippings resulting from careless use of spoon or knife at table, and it seems that this had rankled in his mind and made him vow that he would never again receive the wandering stranger.

I gave my promise then that I would not caricature Oom Paul, and that promise I have kept with difficulty—for how can one describe him without using language suggesting ridicule. He is grotesque in his solemn moments and funereal when most funny. When he rides in state he recalls the advance agent of a circus troop, and when he walks to church he is arrayed like an "end man" at the minstrels.

Kruger is chief of a State where much corruption in high places exists and where his own name even is not always spared.

It has been the curse of that country that the large proportion of outlanders or aliens have been attracted to Johannesburg solely with the object of becoming rich and then taking their money with them out of the country. Kruger sees this side of the foreign immigration, but has not enough knowledge to see also that many who come for the sake of the gold stay permanently for the sake of a wife and children when gold has ceased to be profitable. The history of California and Australia teaches us that a great mining community may in time become a population of farmers. No doubt we shall see some transformation in South Africa as soon as Krugerism shall have given way to a more liberal view of citizenship. The present generation of Boers will, in the Transvaal, give way to one similar to that in the Orange Free State—no less proud of their traditions, but better educated, better able to solve the economic questions which

are wholly beyond the grasp of an illiterate cattle herder. With unity of government will come larger financial powers, and we may safely anticipate a new era for South Africa when instead of spending the national money in extravagant armaments there will be noble sums devoted to the damming of rivers and thus storing up water against the dry season.

Had a wiser man than Kruger led the Boers in the last ten years he would have discovered in irrigation sources of national wealth richer even than the famous gold mines of the Rand.—The Independent.

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

CHAPTER IV.

"I WILL FORGET."

Tirzah was applying the broom rather vigorously to the kitchen floor one morning, toward the close of the holidays, when she heard a footfall on the old square stone they used as a step. It was Mr. Clifton. A newspaper sticking out of the corner of his pocket, and a smile sticking out of the corner of his eye, told her the truth at once.

"Accept my warmest congratulations, Miss Auldearn. You have taken first-class honours in classics. Beth-aven will be most proud of you."

"First-class honours! Well, now, doesn't that beat all?" exclaimed Granny Hurst, coming up from the cellar with the potatoes for dinner. "Doesn't that just beat everything?" she repeated to herself.

"But, then, she'd ought to know some'at," continued the old lady, as if to excuse her outburst of pride and pleasure. "She's been at the learnin' all her life."

"Still, she has outstripped many who have had far greater advantages. You've every reason to feel proud."

"Proud! humph! Let them feel proud as wants to. It's them as holds their heads too high as stubs their toes oft'nest."

Mr. Clifton often found it difficult to suppress his smile at the quaintly-expressed wisdom of his parishioners.

"Margrete told me to tell you she was coming up this afternoon to make a congratulatory call," said he, as he took his leave.

The two girls had seen much of each other during vacation, and their hearts had grown together again in their former bond of love. Old friendships renewed are passing sweet.

Tirzah was beginning to feel anxious and excited about her future. She had a sensation as of just awakening from sleep—as if life were really beginning for her at last. Her application for a night-school had been rejected. There were so many to choose from, and she was only one in the crowd. But she was not dismayed. She would seek something else. "Where there's a will there's a way," was the watchword of Tirzah Auldearn's life. The conflict might be hard, but she was an Auldearn, the daughter of old Scottish chieftains.

An impulse seized her to walk down to Beth-aven post-office after Margrete had left. Her letters were few and far between, and it was with a feeling of expectancy that she opened an envelope addressed in a strange hand, and bearing a Boston postmark. She held her breath for a moment as she turned to the back page and read the signature, "Your loving uncle, David Auldearn."

One of these mental freaks that come over us at times made her pause for a moment before she read and wonder what might be the contents. The pause gave her a sense of calm and self-control.

Her uncle had met the Rev. Mr. Clifton, who was an old friend of his, during the summer, and the latter had told him of her ability and ambition. He had loved her father, he said, in spite of long years of separation. "Come to us," she read. "You can take a course in Radcliffe. Of course,

Harvard is not open to ladies, except in summer. But, in any case, come; you can arrange for your college course when you get here. We have no daughter, and you will be to us as our own child. My wife is delicate, and it will be pleasant to have a young girl in our home."

The whole letter was in the same kindly tone. Things were not to be as she expected, then. She had thought, by toiling through the long, slow years, to reach the place her father and her father's family had held, but now they had kindly asked her to enter their home. She had expected a hard conflict with want. But now the doors of a Boston mansion were swinging open as if by magic before her. Untrammeled by the toil of earning her bread, she would be doubly able to carry out her ambitions. She did not hesitate a moment about accepting the offer. Wealth, luxury, and refined society had indefinable charms for her. She must go! It never occurred to her that it was costing her independence. Ever since she had left her grandfather's roof to teach, she had, of course, provided for herself, and she had not yet learned that the bread given her by others could taste less sweet. Besides, she took it, in a certain sense, as her right. Her father had had no share in the wealth that should have been his, and her young nature had often been stung by a sense of injustice.

Yet now that the path to success was thrown open, a sigh rose to her lips. She checked it sternly, but she could not check that mute, unutterable sorrow filling her eyes. She paused on the brow of the hill, just at the end of the lane leading home. Her eyes were fixed on what? That white cottage in the midst of its group of trees; the shutters were all thrown back, and the sunshine made its windows gleam like gold in the distance.

Fixed and motionless—scarcely heaving a breath, she gazed upon it, then turned away toward the lake, and there was agony—the deepest agony of a woman's soul—written upon her face. The waters were spread out, a deserted and unbroken calm; one white sail floating on the horizon, a far-off, lonesome thing. She was silent a moment, then a moan escaped her lips, and the hands [illegible]ed tightly in her agony, relaxed. [illegible] over—the conflict was ended, and she walked up the old lane under the summer boughs. She would forget the past—all her sweet dream of love—it was only a dream—a dream.

The agony of decision had taken but a moment. Yet, in that moment, her face had changed; she was no longer a child, but a woman; there was a new charm in her eyes—the charm of sorrow's touch. But it did not seem a living, feeling sorrow. There was a something statue-like, benumbed about her face. It was as though some great grief had moved her soul, but the touch of an ice-cold hand had frozen the depths, while the impress of the sadness still lingered in the eyes of one who could no longer feel. But all traces of her conflict were hidden when she entered the house.

Grandpa Hurst had come in from his garden to rest a little before supper, when Tirzah entered and read her letter to them. The old couple had had too much excitement for one day. They were silent. They could hardly believe it.

"Well, they've done the right thing by her, wife," said Grandpa Hurst, at length.

"Yes, they've done the right thing by her."

The dear old souls were deeply rejoiced over Tirzah's good fortune, but in their heart of hearts there was an unexpressed sadness at the thought of parting—a parting, too, that seemed to move her so far from their simple lives. She had always been their Tirzah, their "little un." Now they suddenly realized what they had seldom kept in mind, that she was Miss Auldearn, her father's daughter, not their child. But Granny Hurst was too unselfish to betray any such feeling now that the long-dreaded event had come, and her darling was to be removed to another sphere. She only gave herself with cheerful activity of mind to talking of Tirzah's wardrobe.

"You must have a lot of new clothes to go there. You can afford it now that you'll not have any board to pay. You must have one o' them fur capes. It's just the thing for you, you're so slim, and there's that old gossamer, it'll never do to take there."

So the old lady continued making a mental inventory of Tirzah's belongings, and Tirzah herself was not sorry for something to occupy her mind. She had an excited feeling as though the day had brought too much.

aging to be alone crept over her, supper ended, she sauntered out igh the fields. Almost without tion she made her way to that cluster of fir-trees on Parson's

was so cool and pleasant there; August sun had set, but the sky still furrowed with lines of gold; lip-poor-will was calling from nd the hills; the evening prim- opened their yellow petals, and light-moths flitted past; the vil- lay in its little basin below, and nd, a few, tiny, white sails ed idly on the lake; some birds chirping in the wood near by. vas just nesting-time. Nature bending in holy quiet to hear evening prayers of her young.

'zah thought of that other night, i she played the guitar there be- the firs. She had no guitar to- t. No music fell from her finger- no song from her lips. She sat, land resting on the parched grass ie hills, her face uplifted to the ing sky. A step drew near. She not turn her head. She knew footfall, by a sort of instinct. er and nearer he came—he was er side.

Good evening, Miss Auldearn." voice had an even gentler tone usual to-night. A faint blush ed her cheek, and just for a mo- that benumbed pathos had van- l from her eyes.

suppose you are awaiting con- ulations ?" said he.

Why, what for ? What bad gs have I been doing ?"

Oh, no worse than one might ex- of you, taking first-class honours such brilliant feats."

Who told you ?"

A fellow doesn't have to be told he can read with his eyes. You when you get to be such a notori- character, we'll only have to take daily paper to read all your doings. that mosquito ! I slapped right le him a second ago, and he ed right around and stung again." He took the slap for an 'encore.'"

s that original ?" he asked, laugh-

No, I got it out of last year's nac."

Ay, isn't it insufferably hot this few days ?" she continued.

Yes, I was almost sorry school re- ed on Monday, for the children's . You are fortunate to have holidays this month. It has been al- most too hot for any kind of work."

"Then, may I ask, pray, what mysterious toil keeps your lamp burn- ing so late ?" asked she.

"Who said it burned late ?" A smile was playing under his mous- tache.

"I saw it myself."

"You're like the boy in school who saw the other boy looking off his book. It sounds serious to hear a girl talk- ing of being awake at such hours."

"I almost suspect you, Mr. Gray, of writing some ponderous volume on child psychology, based on practical experience, something that will com- pletely revolutionize our educational system, or else, perhaps, a treatise on some poor, hitherto undiscovered planet, that you've chased down into a corner."

"I am surprised that you suspect me of undertaking such ambitious things," said he. "Didn't you once insinuate that I was not very am- bitious ?"

"Did I ? I don't remember. Oh, well," she continued, with a sigh, "I suppose it wouldn't do for every one to be ambitious."

"You don't seem to think it possi- ble, then, that you may be misjudging me ?"

But that statue-like look had settled on her features again, and she made no answer. He, too, was silent for a while.

"What a wonderfully clever head you must have !" he said, at last. "You were plucky, to say the least of it, to study alone as you have done."

She appreciated his praise, though she took it lightly, and he became silent again, almost sad.

"I suppose you will be leaving us soon ?" he said, after a pause.

"Yes, in a few weeks."

He talked to her of her plans for the winter, and she told him of her relative's kind offer. He was glad for her sake, and then, when she tried to get him to talk of other subjects, she found he had suddenly grown hard to interest.

"Tirzah," he said, at last. No one had ever spoken her name so softly before.

"I want to tell you something be- fore we part. It is hardly a year since I saw you first, but I love you, Tirzah. From the first moment I looked upon your face, I felt you were something to me no woman had ever

been before. I love you—I believe you are the woman God meant for my wife."

His words were low but earnest.

"You may not—I do not believe you do feel willing to marry yet, and as for me, the day has not yet come, but—when it does come, may I call you my own—my wife?"

She was silent, her face turned away. She stood slightly above him on the steep, rising hill. Then, in a moment, she raised her head with a proud movement. Her face was cold and colourless.

"No, I can never be your wife. I have another future before me. I aim at other things. I could not bear such a narrow sphere. Besides, you are not ambitious enough to be my ideal. The man I marry must climb."

Ah, how could she so misunderstand the man at her side?

"I could never, never, never tie myself down to the life that will be yours."

Could this be the gentle Tirzah Auldearn? or was she playing a part? She had spoken vehemently, but no tinge of colour came to her statue-like face. It was cold and passionless as marble.

"But, Tirzah, I thought you were beginning to love me," he said, gently.

"I used to think so myself, but it was only a girlish fancy, I suppose. I wanted the experience, and so I indulged the dream for a while. But did you really think I could be content to bury my life like that. No! I have a brighter future. I was destined for other things."

"You did not love me, then? You were only playing with my feelings?"

"Yes, why not? It was interesting." And she laughed a strange, unnatural laugh—a laugh so cold and hollow, it seemed almost a despairing cry.

Every trace of the light, youthful smile he usually wore was gone. Stern, strong manhood looked from his eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Auldearn," he said, coldly.

"Good-bye—Mr. Gray." Her voice had grown suddenly tender at the last.

He turned, paused a moment, then touched her hand lightly in farewell. She almost hoped for the instant he would touch her lips, too, but he did not.

"Good-bye. God bless you," he said, faintly, and they parted, and went their way.

Her heart had such a strange, cold feeling, as she walked back over the hill; she almost fancied it had ceased to beat. She paused but one instant by the fir-tree nook, where she had been so near him in that hour of prayer. Would she ever be so near again? Ah, she had misjudged him. She knew it well. His ambitions soared infinitely higher than hers; hers were earthly and of the earth; his were Christ-like, and reaching unto the heavens. She had been cruel—worse still, she had deceived him. Her whole manner had encouraged his love, and now, at the last, she cast it heartlessly away. But she felt no pang of remorse; her heart was too dead for that now. Only once she turned to look backward. He was walking down the road alone in the moonlight.

"Walter—Walter!" escaped her white lips.

But he was beyond the reach of her half-whispered, half-moaned cry. Only stillness—mocking stillness for reply. And out of the silent fir-tree nook a bent figure came forth. An aged figure with a kerchief over her head. It was the old dame from Witch Hill.

Tirzah turned hastily toward home, but the uncanny figure gained upon her with ghostly swiftness, muttering as she came:

"Young lovers that woo on Parson's Lea
Must needs forever parted be."

The girl turned, flushed with indignation.

But Witch Barnum muttered on, without even looking up from the ground as she passed:

"Young lovers that woo on Parson's Lea
Must needs forever parted be."

Almost without sound of footfall she passed, and the hoarse voice still kept on croaking in the distance:

"Young lovers that woo on Parson's Lea
Must needs forever parted be."

A chilly wind awakened suddenly as if touched by an unseen hand. She shivered violently. Why could not the old hag keep her mutterings to herself? Oh, it was all a wretched ghost-play. She never meant it. She was only playing the part she had schooled herself to play. She longed to run back in the darkness

and tell him—tell him she loved him. But she only turned toward the house and sought her own little garret. She took the crimson carnations from her belt, to lay them tenderly away. In days to come she would shed bitter tears over those same withered flowers.

It was early when she went to bed, but no sleep came to those eyes. She did not toss or moan, or even weep—calm, passionless and cold. The hours passed, the old clock struck in the kitchen below; the midnight train came rushing through the cut in the hills, its red light flashing on her garret walls. Then the moon grew paler, the barnyard fowls sounded their morning call; the birds sang, the rooks cawed, and the gray light of day crept in. A little later she heard Grandpa Hurst lighting the kitchen fire.

And what of Walter Gray? What had that night meant to him? Down in the quiet cottage, the brow of a noble man was bowed in prayer.

"O God, forgive me—forgive me," he cried. "I have deserved this pain. Forgive, that I sought one whose heart was not wholly given to Thee to share my life. But, Father, I felt as if Thou didst mean us to be something to each other. O Father, Thou canst change her heart. Oh, touch her with Thine own hand, and bring her into Thy fold. If we never meet again, draw her close to Thee."

Long he knelt there, praying for her, and if the sting had gone deep it did not embitter his life. He only grew still more tender, if that were possible, to his mother and poor Nellie.

As for Tirzah a feverish activity possessed her the next day, and all the days that followed. The village dressmaker was constantly interviewed, the queer collection of stuff known as the millinery apartment was inspected, and fashion-sheets turned from cover to cover.

The news of her uncle's offer had got noised about Beth-aven, as such things will when a confidential old soul like Granny Hurst is in the secret, so Miss Tirzah became quite a centre of interest. There were several shopping expeditions to Sudbury, where she was shown everything—"real swell little jackets," the most "stylish effects" in dress goods, ties that were "quite fetching," the "latest thing" in gloves, everything, in short, necessary for a fashionable "get up." Her refined taste, in matters of dress, had full play, perhaps for the first time.

She used to meet Walter Gray sometimes. He would exchange a few remarks in a distantly respectful, though not unkind, way. There was a patient look on his face that wounded her more than a sad one could have done.

Everything was ready for her departure, and the day had really come. A leaden sky and drizzling rain gave her very susceptible nature a "blue" feeling. It was only the middle of September, but the cold wind and rain had brought with it the first chill breath of autumn, and Tirzah found the old kitchen fire unusually pleasant on this, her last morning at home. Granny Hurst was preparing her breakfast with all the loving attention that is given the last meal.

It must have been dull for the old couple sitting there, after she was gone, with the rain beating on the pane. Grandpa Hurst took down the big Bible from its shelf, and began reading aloud one of the Psalms. He stopped at that verse, "Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the Lord our God."

"Wife, if our little un——"

He often called Tirzah the "little un," forgetful that she had grown to womanhood now.

"If our little un had been more like that, I'd feel safer about lettin' her go. I do fear, wife, she trusts too much in the things of this world."

But Tirzah knew nothing of their thoughts. The clouds parted as she journeyed on, and the sun gilded the scenes flitting past the car windows. The smile came back to her face. She had forgotten the past. The old home, the old haunts, the old loves were vanished, even as the mists she had left behind that morning. The years that were fled were to her as if they had not been, and the young lady, sitting by the car window, with her dark, interesting face, and genteel travelling costume, betrayed no sign of the poverty and struggles of that mountain cabin.

CHAPTER V.

GLENDONAN.

Indeed, there was little time for thought of the past amid all this whirl and change. The rock of her berth

in the sleeper, the rush through the lights of strange cities at night, over bridges, through tunnels, along lake and river and wood, all came to her with an exhilarating sense of newness. And yet it could scarcely be called exhilarating. That benumbed feeling was still there. She gazed up at the heights of the Hoosacs as they passed, merely as a matter of course. It seemed perfectly natural that she should be there. The noon sunshine, pouring down through the car window as they neared Boston, compelled our young traveller to pull down the shutters, and her attention was then directed to her fellow-passengers just in time to notice a pair of large, coal-black eyes studying her attentively. They were those of a gentleman in the next seat in front, across the aisle. He turned his head as he met her glance, not with the quick, nervous air of a youth, but with an air of easy carelessness.

There was something about this stranger that attracted and held her attention as he crouched back in the corner of the seat in a careless but not ungraceful attitude, one arm stretched out on the seat-back, a large emerald on his white hand. He wore what looked to Tirzah an expensive black suit. In fact, every detail of his dress looked elegant and costly. Yet there was nothing "dudish" about him, nothing of that dandy air that betrays a ten-cent man in a hundred-dollar suit.

His features, and particularly his forehead, were of a dignified and impressive cast, suggestive of a thoughtful and cultured mind. He was, perhaps, about thirty, but there were already threads of silver in his raven-black hair. He looked like a man of the world, and a man who has drank of the world's dissipations until he is weary of them. Perhaps the most striking thing about him was that same weariness of life, that romantic melancholy on his face.

"Transcript! Traveller! Herald! Blade!"

The stranger leaned forward for a newspaper, in which he was soon absorbed, but Tirzah could not quite shake off the impression those dark, gloomy eyes had left upon her. She had an uneasy sensation, as if they had a sort of command over her. [illegible]ever, thought of her new home [illegible]new relatives began to occupy [illegible]ind. She wondered what her [illegible]would be like, and if she would find her uncle David much changed. One look satisfied her when he met her at the depot. It was the same kindly face she held in memory, one of the most good-natured she had ever seen.

"You are highly welcome, my child. We shall be glad to have you with us."

The hearty grip of this hand assured her of this.

"Oh, why, halloo, my wandering spirit! Here is Augustine, my son."

And the dark-eyed stranger, who had interested her in the railway carriage was introduced to her as her new cousin. He greeted both his father and her in a dignified though somewhat cold manner.

"I'm going to take a cab up to Barnard Block, father. I want to see Kerney. I'll be back in time for dinner."

It was almost like a dream of fairyland to Tirzah, when her uncle led her out to the fine carriage awaiting them, the sleek, prancing span of blacks, and the coachman looking like an ebony statue in his white collar. She settled back in the plush-cushioned seat with a smile. She was so fond of luxury, this child from the hills of Algoma. Mr. Auldearn talked to her as they rode through the crowded streets of Boston to Back-Bay Avenue.

"You will find it very quiet, perhaps a little dull, with us," he said. "Mrs. Auldearn has poor health, you know, and so we live a very secluded life. Her nerves are weak, and life in society is too much for her. I suppose, though, since you are one of these ambitious girls, and aim at professorships and such high things, you will have all the better chance for study. Well, girls were not so ambitious in my young days, but let them have their way. It's the only thing you can do with women," with a good-humoured smile.

Mr. Auldearn was of the well-known law firm of Auldearn & Bartrell. He had taken his only son, Augustine, into partnership with him, he said.

"My son has been up the Muskoka lakes for a few weeks. He's a restless fellow. I had hoped when he got through sowing his wild oats he would stay at home more contentedly. You will like Augustine. He will be an interesting companion for you."

Tirzah was hardly sure whether she would like her cousin or not.

She was not fond of the young man who sows wild oats first. Nobody is. Yet there was something about him that fascinated her interest.

She had only time for a passing glance at the rows of beautiful homes on either side as they drove up Back-Bay Avenue. Her uncle pointed out one occasionally, as the brown-stone front, the residence of his partner, Mr. Bartrell; the white brick, with the spruces in front, the residence of Professor A——; a little farther the Marston mansion. Then the carriage turned into a gravelled drive, circling in front of a dignified, greystone residence, with ivy clinging about its windows. "Glendonan" was engraven on the gate-post, and Tirzah took in a confused impression of a large lawn, with spruce and birch and drooping willows, cannas and dahlias, cactus and palm, and the fountain in the midst, where an angel dropped silvery streams from her finger-tips.

"Is your mistress up, Mary?" asked Mr. Auldearn, of the white-capped maid who answered their ring.

"Yes, sir, she feels much better."

"Will you go up and see your aunt now, Tirzah, or would you rather go to your room first. I suppose you're tired?"

"No, I'm not at all tired, thank you, uncle. I should like to see her."

So Tirzah was conducted up the stairway, with its soft, rich carpets, into a room, where the heavy chenille curtains shut out the sunshine; there, in a chair of purple plush, sat the mistress of the mansion, a thin, sallow woman, with sharp but rather pleasant hazel eyes and fluffy, brown hair. She eyed our young stranger with one sharp, critical glance of examination, then, as if satisfied with the result, held out her hand with a kiss that was at least kind, if not motherly.

"How much she looks like that picture of your mother, David."

"Yes, I thought of mother as soon as I saw her."

Mrs. Auldearn did not detain her long.

"Your room is ready, and I'll have a lunch sent into the dining-room for you as soon as you get your things off, and are rested. Mary, show Miss Auldearn to her room."

Tirzah rearranged her hair, put on one of her pretty new dresses, and, having finished her lunch, sat with Mrs. Auldearn until dinner. She concluded, after a chat of an hour or two, that she would like Aunt Mildred. It did not, however, take Tirzah long to see that she was a woman who loved to rule the whole household, and who, in all probability, would rule her. But she did not like her any the less for that. There was something romantic, in her eyes, about her present life, and a stern aunt in authority over her added to the romance. She was determined to play the role of a gracefully submissive young lady, not because she was timid, but because she had a taste for the theatrical in life, and it pleased her to play that role just now.

"My son came in on the same train with you this afternoon, did he not?" remarked Mrs. Auldearn, as they awaited the summons to dinner.

"Yes, I was quite surprised to find it was he who sat just across the aisle."

"I wonder why he's not home yet. I am longing to see him."

Once Tirzah had known a son who idolized his mother. She was now to know a mother who idolized her son.

A heavy step was heard approaching in the hall, just then.

"Is that you, Augustine, my love? Come in and see me," called Mrs. Auldearn.

He responded somewhat coldly, though very respectfully.

"I hope you are quite comfortable in your new quarters," said he, turning to Tirzah.

The dinner-gong interrupted her reply, and they proceeded to the dining-room. Dinner at Glendonan! What a change it was for Tirzah. There were no words of thanksgiving, and though she was not a Christ-loving girl, yet she missed the trustful words she had been wont to hear from her childhood.

She was not slow to see the relative positions of the member of Glendonan household. Mr. Auldearn ruled the servants, Mrs. Auldearn ruled Mr. Auldearn, and Augustine ruled everybody. She could not help noticing what a stern set there was about the lips, half-concealed by his moustache. Yet she was attracted in spite of herself. He was cultured and clever. He had travelled far, and mingled much with men, and he could not fail to interest this young dreamer from the hills.

Dinner over, Tirzah had her first

introduction to Glendonan drawing-room, a room like many others of its class, an artistic (alas! they are often inartistic) confusion of statues, vases, pictures, chairs of all kinds, easy and not easy, curtains, rugs, and a general mix-up of everything pretty, rich or odd. There was a picture over the mantelpiece that attracted her attention at once, an old castle, its tower rising grim and tall under the leaden clouds of a Scottish sky, the hills and braes stretching all around, and on the horizon a glimpse of the heaving sea. Augustine came and stood by her side as she looked at it.

"That is Glendonan Castle," he said. "Who knows; you may see it yourself some day? I spent last year there. I was there when grandfather died."

"Oh, is he dead? Father's father?"

"Yes, didn't you know? Look, here is his wife, Lady Auldearn. This is the picture you resemble so strongly."

The likeness was certainly unmistakable.

"I don't suppose you know her life-story. She was a French girl, of aristocratic family, but her people had come to the brink of ruin financially. She loved a young artist, but they compelled her to marry Sir Douglas, for the Auldearns are wealthy, you know."

Yes, they were wealthy, but this was the first time Tirzah had tasted their riches.

"A few years after, when your father was only a little fellow, her old lover went to Scotland, and though she was as true a wife as ever man had, yet Sir Douglas, when he learned that his rival was in the country, grew jealous, and for months he kept her shut up in that suite of rooms in the west wing. See this row of windows? There is a hall right here where she used to walk up and down, watching the sunset and the sea. Right there, by that third window of the tower was her room. She used to sketch in the daytime, and at night the servants heard her playing little sad airs on her harp; but her wifely heart broke under the humiliation, and one morning, when the servant entered her room—she was dead."

He said the last in a low, gentle tone, that surprised Tirzah. He [illegible]eel then. He was capable of [illegible]tion, this man with the sternly-set mouth, and almost overbearing manner.

He sat down at the piano later in the evening, and the music, if not faultless, was, at least, expressive of himself—a dash of fierceness, and a chord of careless melancholy.

"Did I not see a guitar-case in the seat with you, this morning?" asked he, and he pleaded so hard that she went up-stairs and brought down her guitar.

She had never played more sweetly than she did that night. All the feeling she had crushed back in her benumbed soul seemed to live and throb there in her finger-tips. No one would have dreamed of a heart so numb and cold; it had no part in the feelings to which her touch gave utterance. Her small audience was charmed, particularly Uncle David.

Then Augustine took her into what he called his "Hermit's Cell," opening off the library. Tirzah had never before had such a feast as that room afforded. Shells, stones, snake-skins, maps, stuffed birds, furs, guide-books, tusks, teeth, collections of ore, corals, gems, woods, bark—everything, in short, that the seas and lands of the tropics could afford, was represented there. He had travelled much, not only in America and Europe, to which most travellers confine themselves, but in the dark recesses of heathendom as well.

He talked with a graceful carelessness of his travels, not by way of boasting, but simply because he saw she was interested. He was a silent man by nature, but Tirzah had the secret of drawing him out. And he? What did he think of Tirzah? This man of the world, what thought he of the young girl from the hills of Algoma? He had seen women of all classes, from the jewelled and titled in the ball-rooms of Edinburgh and London, to the dark-eyed women of the East, the weary burden-bearers, with their water-pitchers on their heads. Yet the slender girl at his side had a fresh interest for him. Her small, olive face mystified and pleased him. Yes, he liked his newly-found cousin.

The evening passed pleasantly to Tirzah. Nevertheless, she was glad when she closed her door behind her to be alone again in her luxuriously furnished room. It was just the kind of room she had often dreamed of having—a little nest of elegance. She wished Margrete Clifton could see her

for a moment, leaning back in the blue plush rocker.

A picture hanging before her bed suddenly attracted her attention. It was a mob, howling in a city street before the window of a mansion ; the night was gathering darkly, and their wan, despairing faces suggested famine. By the window above a beautiful woman sat, looking down, too far up for them to see the look of pity in her eyes. There seemed to be luxury all around her, but her beautiful hands were chained to the sill, held fast by the fetters of gold; but the crowd could not see them. In the background was the shadowy form of an angel weeping. "Look at her!" she could imagine those haggard faces saying. "Look at her, in her riches, and she will not give us bread! Bread! Bread! Dear lady, give us bread!" The picture puzzled but did not please her.

But it was quite time for sleep, and she knelt beside her bed as she had been taught to do in childhood ; the same moon and stars, looking down through the window upon her, that had looked into the old garret at home. Then the thought almost startled her, the same God was looking down upon her, too. She was not a religious girl, but she had religious moments, and this was one of her religious moments.

The remaining weeks before Radcliffe opened were pleasant and interesting. When Mrs. Auldearn was well enough, they went out in the carriage. Augustine told her she might amuse herself in his cell when she pleased, and as her aunt was sleeping one afternoon, she availed herself of the privilege. There was a huge basket of kodak pictures he had taken on his travels, which held her interest for some time ; then she began examining a row of infidel books he kept on his shelves. Augustine was a skeptic, she had concluded. She had never known one before, and the word had a charm for her, the kind of charm, perhaps, that the serpent's eye has for the bird. She had only read of them in novels, where they were always unselfish, refined people, charming by their gentle lives, but lacking only that one quality called faith. She thought them interesting people on the whole, and felt quite sure she understood them better than did most of their fellow-creatures. Augustine was not liked one whit the less by her for being a skeptic, though, of course, "one ought to take the other side in an argument," she reasoned.

Here the fierce bark of a dog interrupted her ruminations, as a great black creature, with glaring eyes, rushed through the doorway upon her.

"Niger! Here! Stop, you brute!"

Augustine sprang after him, seizing him by the collar. One look cowed the dog, but not before a blasphemous word or two escaped the lips of his master. The vicious creature had resented her seeming intrusion into the room of his lord. Tirzah was frightened, but not too frightened to be startled by the words Augustine had let fall. It was, perhaps, the first time in her life that she had heard blasphemy, and it was not part of her conception of a "gentle, refined infidel."

With October came another change in Tirzah's life, when her college career began. The dear old college days! Who can ever recall them without a shadow of fond regret? They were the same to Tirzah as to the rest of us—crowds of strange faces, black-gowned professors, choruses of song, applause of student feet, crowded receptions, where everybody tried to meet everybody else, hustle, bustle, cram and rush, late hours, concerts that Augustine lured her into attending, and hours of midnight toil to make up for lost time.

Surely her life of dreams had vanished. Yet there were dreams there, too—aspirations, awakening ambitions, all those impulses and stirrings within, that belong to the unfolding of youth. No wonder Tirzah changed rapidly. Her soft, dreamy eyes became what Amelia Barr calls "electric orbs, full of the dart and flash of thought." Her skilful fingers had twined her hair in the latest style, and her dress caught a new air of dignity from her present surroundings. Every hour, every minute of her time was given to improvement in some line or other, and outwardly, at least, the change was for the best.

She had been at Glendonan only a few weeks, when the news of Nellie Gray's death came in one of Granny Hurst's letters. It surprised her, though, how little sorrow she really felt. She only dressed for her drive, and went out amid the gaily dressed crowds, the high walls, and the din and clamour of Boston streets, with perhaps a trifle more of seriousness in her pensive eyes.

AN UITLANDER'S RIDE.

BY EDWARD S. BOND.

In the heart of the Banken Veldt, between the wild fastnesses of the Drakensberg and the slopes of the Lubombo Mountains, lay the farm of Erasmus Uys. This particular district was the famous corn and grazing belt of the Transvaal, as Maputa, the "apprentice" of Erasmus, knew to his cost.

It was high noon, and the rays of a vertical sun shone hot upon Maputa's bare head with its mat of woolly hair. His features were not prepossessing, for the lips were thick, the cheeks puffy, and his eyes obliquely shaped. Yet, to the close observer, there were not wanting redeeming traits, for his Zulu face betrayed humour, shrewdness, good-nature. Not that he felt especially good-natured at this particular moment, for since eight o'clock he had been toiling with the hoe among the rows of newly-planted Indian corn.

"Gott bedank!" exclaimed Maputa, relapsing into Dutch *patois*, as he counted the remaining rows and found them but four; and, Zulu-like, he squatted for a while behind a mimosa thorn, which entirely screened him from view.

Maputa was one of those Zulus who, in the reign of Panda, Cetewayo's father, had sided against Cetewayo in the struggle for the royal succession, and his faction having been well beaten in a battle on the banks of the Tugela, he had fled into Natal. Here he had caught the eye of the wily Erasmus, who, before trekking into the Transvaal, had apprenticed him body and soul, without pay, to weed, sow, reap, and tend his ever-increasing herds.

Maputa did not love Erasmus, and perhaps this was not strange. The Boer is an acquired taste—he does not command spontaneous affection; and Erasmus was no exception to the general rule. To begin with, his physique was repellant. The lithe and supple Zulu found nothing to admire in the large, loose-limbed and corpulent body of his Boer lord. In the kingdom of mind Maputa was at least his equal. He knew by sight many a healing herb, could describe in native nomenclature the varied animal life around him, and follow the spoor with unerring skill.

[redacted]mus knew his Bible, but nothing [redacted] descendant of the Calvinists of [redacted]herlands and the Huguenots of France, he was Puritan to the core. The rustic seclusion in which he had passed his life, and long meditation on the Old Testament, had convinced him that the Boers were the chosen people, and that the blacks had been ordained from the beginning to draw water and hew wood. His Grondwet or constitutional law had so declared it, denying equality between black and white in Church or State.

But his contempt was not confined to the blacks. With him, all uitlanders were swindlers. He looked on their push and bustle with suspicious eye, reading in their increasing numbers a menace to his Promised Land of pastoral seclusion and a check to his "proper management" of the natives. The Book of Leviticus had said nothing about these interlopers on his privacy, therefore they must be Philistines. Virgin as was the soil of Erasmus's mind, it did not promise much fruit. In fact, his condition was one of being and resting rather than of growing and becoming. Such were the characteristics of Maputa's lord.

Rising from the lounge he had occupied since breakfast, Erasmus looked out of the window, and not perceiving Maputa at work, put on his veldtschoens,* and taking down an ox-whip from the wall, leisurely strolled into the mealie patch.

"Maputa, Maputa!" No answer. Then more loudly: "Maputa, you verdomnde black schepsel!"

This aroused the Zulu from his siesta: he got up and zealously recommenced hoeing, for the Boer's hand and whip were not light, and well Maputa knew it.

"You spawn of the Amalekite!" bellowed Erasmus as he came close up to the Zulu, "how many rows have you weeded in the last hour?"

"The Koos† sees big field, and does he ask how many rows?" replied Maputa with native evasion.

"I'll teach you to go to sleep," exclaimed Erasmus, as he noticed where the grass under the thorn was beaten down; and raising his whip he struck Maputa savagely across the back and shoulders till he cried out with the pain of the blows

* Veldtschoens: A rough shoe made of skins tanned in a decoction of mimosa bark and worn by the Boers.

† Koos: Chief.

and begged for mercy. And he might have gone on appealing, had not the heat and exertion proved too much at last even for the phlegmatic Erasmus. Administering a parting kick, he bade him hoe the remaining rows and drive in the cattle for the night.

When he had gone, Maputa rose painfully from the ground where he had fallen. Tears stood in his eyes, but he brushed them impatiently away, and turned doggedly to his unpaid toil.

"How I hate him!" muttered he to himself, as he struck savagely with the hoe among the rank weeds, while green flies buzzed round him and settled on the red weals in his back. "If only the rooibaatjes of the Great Incos* would come, and not go away as they did before, that would mean freedom for Maputa."

There had been rumours of late that this night happen, and less than a week ago, when the smouse had called with his pack from the neighbouring town, Maputa had overheard him telling Erasmus how troops were massing on the border. The thought brightened his face, a grin overspead it, and his white teeth gleamed. The remaining rows were soon cleared, and Maputa breathed a sigh of relief as he straightened his sore back and started to tramp after the herds.

Meanwhile Erasmus, full of righteous indignation, had gone back to his coffee and his vrouw Tanta. Clad in a dress of coarse cotton and close-fitting cap, her general appearance, unlike that of the Holland women, betrayed an antipathy to soap, a dislike which Erasmus fully shared. Perhaps the hot climate, fertile soil, and useful Maputa explained the anomaly. Whilst in Natal, Tanta had been obliged to do all the work of the farm, Erasmus's gifts lying more in the way of a general superintendence; but since Maputa's arrival she had led a comparatively idle life. A shrewd woman, having once tasted the sweets of leisure, she determined not to go back to the hoe. Always uneasy lest Maputa should vanish, she had more than once remonstrated with Erasmus on his treatment of the Zulu. Seeing her spouse come in now now with the ox-whip, she guessed what had happened, and said:

"Erasmus, the Zwaart will trek some fine morning, if you're too free with the sjambok."

"Woman," snarled the Boer, "you're as bad as a tsetse-fly—one everlasting buzz. Keep your tongue tied, and leave me to manage the werft."*

There was a pause, and presently Tanta remarked: "The smouse was here today and said that the commandoes and veldt cornets are already called out, and Wakkerstroom is full of armed burghers."

"Are the cursed rooineks gathering?" asked Erasmus.

"He said there were a few hundreds at Newcastle, and that many are expected at Durban from some uitlander place."

"Yah, yah," sneered Erasmus, "the Old Woman is always sending, sending, but they don't come."

"But the smouse says they mean business this time."

"Let them," replied the Boer defiantly: "by the aid of the Lord we'll Majuba them yet."

"Don't you make too sartin' sure of that," said a voice, and the Voortrekker, turning his head, saw framed in the open doorway the huge form of Jack Rooke, a recent arrival in the country, who since the previous autumn had kept the neighbouring store. Erasmus looked with suspicion at the man, who, with a laugh, descended the stoep and tethered his horse to the acacia tree outside. The mere fact that Rooke was an uitlander was in the Boer's opinion quite a sufficient cause for mistrust; moreover, he had been at the werft more frequently of late than he liked.

"For why are yer not a-sarvin' on the local commando?" asked Rooke, having returned after making a tour of inspection round the house.

"Over sixty," replied the Boer surlily.

"Well now, I'd ha' thought as how the country 'ud need iv'ry man it can get."

"Perhaps it will be too hot for you presently," sneered Erasmus.

"Yer baint sich good shots as yer was since the big game's gone," remarked the uitlander, ignoring the other's suggestion.

"That's the fault of the Johannesburg swindlers with their gold-mines and music-halls; yet at the Wappenschouwing† held in Wakkerstroom only a week ago I saw a burgher break a bottle-neck at three hundred yards."

"A bottle-neck! That ain't good for nowt. It's a long call atween a bottle-neck and a springbok."

"Well, what's your business?" asked the Boer, irritated.

"Just this," answered the uitlander coolly, "you've gotten a Zulu here who

* Great Incos: Lieutenant-Governor, representing the Crown.

* Werft: Homestead.

† Wappenschouwing: A rifle contest.

ain't as happy as 'e shu'd be, an' so I've a-come for 'm."

"Maputa's my property," exclaimed the Boer, and scenting trouble, he signed to his vrouw, who went out.

"Why, did yer buy or beget 'm?" asked Rooke.

"Neither," said Erasmus sullkily: "he's apprenticed."

"'Prenticed, is 'e? I've 'eered of these same 'prentices afore. I reckon you'll soon hav' to drop that game."

"That's what you rooineks tried before. You took our apprentices and gave us nothing in return, so to get rid of your meddling we trekked up here from the Cape."

"An' I reckon yer'll just hav' to keep on a-trekkin' as yer call it."

"You threatened that before," replied Erasmus with a sneer, "but with the help of the Lord we sniped you off the land."

This home-thrust was unpalatable to Rooke. He took a step forward, towering above the bloated figure of the Boer, and there was a menace in his voice as he said: "I didn't come to argyfy; I'm here to bring away the nigger, and by thun'er I'll hav'm."

Erasmus moved towards the door, but Rooke was took quick for him and cut him off.

"You verdomnde verneuker!" cried the baffled Boer.

"I be astonned at you, as set up for a Dutch gen'lman and keeps a 'prentice, a-goin' on so undiggified like: yer allus passed for a Bible man, you did. Now, look y' here. I don't want no trouble over this job; give up the nigger, and mum's the word as to what I seen."

"What have you seen?" asked Erasmus, wishing to gain time.

"I seen yer a-beatin' the very life out of the critter not an hour agone down in the mealie patch."

"He was lazy and wouldn't work."

"Mebbe he were and mebbe he weren't; but where in your Ole Tes'ament as yer so mighty fond o' quotin' did yer find yer might treat niggers as cattle?"

The Boer was about to reply when Tanta returned and handed her spouse a loaded revolver.

"Accursed Engelschmann!" exclaimed Erasmus, advancing hand on trigger upon the unarmed uitlander, "the Lord hath delivered thee into mine hand."

There came a low chuckle from behind. Maputa had crept in unobserved by the [illegible]uw, and just as Erasmus was about to [illegible]e struck up his elbow. The revolver [illegible]ed, the bullet lodging harmlessly in one of the beams supporting the roof. In an instant Rooke had hurled himself on Erasmus, and by his superior weight borne him to the ground. Meanwhile, Tanta, frightened out of her wits, had gone out on to the stoep, where she was now uttering cries for help.

With Maputa's aid, the uitlander strapped Erasmus tightly to the heavy Dutch bedstead, and having bound and gagged Tanta, quickly mounted his horse, and placing Maputa behind, galloped off in the rain and gathering darkness across the veldt.

"Sit tight, Maputa. I reckon it's a matter of nigh on thirty mile, and no time to lose."

But to Maputa all sense of danger was lost in wild excitement; he could only think of one thing: he was going where Erasmus could not reach him. Could he but have executed a war-dance round the bedstead and tickled the Boer with the sjambok, his happiness would have been complete, but time would not admit of these frivolities.

Knowing the country was no longer safe for Englishmen, Rooke had planned his flight days before, but having heard frequent tales of Erasmus' brutality, he had delayed his departure, watching an opportunity to rescue Maputa, foreseeing that when the British advanced the Boer would probably shoot him. Still the risk was great, for the commandoes were out on all sides, and if he were sighted he might look for a short shrift. His horse was fresh and he kept him to his best pace, intending to skirt Wakkerstroom and seek the shelter of the Pagwana Hills, where he hoped to fall in with the small British garrison at Ingogo. But the veldt, soft and green at first with the spring rains, became shingle-strewn, necessitating caution as he advanced southward, so that the dawn found him still north of Wakkerstroom.

The rounded sandstone hills of Pagwana were already visible when he was seen by a party of Boers, and a chase began. They had the advantage, for their horses were fresh, but if he could hold out for four miles, he felt he might cheat them yet. His pursuers gained steadily, and he looked to the priming of his pistols, which, thanks to the saddle-flaps, were dry. Calling to Maputa to duck his head, Rooke turned in the saddle and, taking cool aim at the foremost Boer, fired. The latter threw up his arms, swayed slightly, lost his balance, and fell. For a minute or two the pursuit slackened and the fugitives drew

rapidly away, but as they rounded the first welcome spur, the shouts of the Boers urging on their horses came borne on the wind, and Rooke redoubled his efforts.

Right on the shoulder of the hill ahead was an abandoned quarry, round which were grouped several caves. Selecting one at random, Rooke and Maputa dismounted, dragging the exhausted but unwilling horse within. Bidding Maputa lead the animal farther up the cavern, Rooke sheltered himself behind a boulder, and whenever a Boer showed himself, picked him off with his rifle. The Boers, never fond of fighting at close quarters, having lost several of their number, drew off to consult, and the uitlander took advantage of the respite to strengthen his position. With Maputa's help he gathered a quantity of the débris with which the floor of the cave was strewn, and piled it across the entrance so as to prevent it being rushed. This done, the Boers could be kept at bay so long as his scanty ammunition lasted. But, even so, their position was grave, for the odds against them were a hundred to one. True, if driven to it the horse would afford them food, but to destroy it would greatly increase the difficulty of escape, and they had no water. The quarry which had given them shelter was in reality a death-trap, for the Boers held its only exit, and the hope which Rooke had cherished, that they would withdraw from sheer disgust at being unable to dislodge him, was quickly dispelled. From his look-out he could see them collecting dead brushwood, and their intentions soon became evident. A long rope lay on the ground; over this some brushwood was thrown, tied in a bunch, and the other end attached to the saddle-pommel, a horse started to draw the load toward the cave. This was repeated several times till the opening was almost choked, and all the while Rooke, resolute to reserve his powder, dared not fire a shot. Then came a pause in the operations outside, while many of the Boers refreshed themselves from their wallets. In his hunger Maputa had betaken himself to the saddle-bags, and having fished out some biltong* and hard biscuit, was now squatting beside Rooke contentedly munching his share.

As the darkness came on, Rooke could see groups of men furtively creeping up to the cave. One of them carrying a lighted torch stooped as though to examine the ground. There was a hissing sound as of a snake, followed by the crackling of burning sticks. The fiends had fired the powder-train which led to the pile of brushwood. A broad tongue of flame shot upward, illumining the sandstone quarry and revealing a hundred uncouth figures leaning on rifles. The wind drove the smoke in thick, resinous volumes into the cave, and Rooke fell back, calling to Maputa with half-choked voice. The horse snorted and plunged in the tainted air, but there was no chance of saving him, and the gallant brute that had borne them so well was left to his fate.

Farther into the dense gloom of the cave pressed Rooke and Maputa; narrower and narrower grew the walls and lower the roof as the ground sloped upwards. The smoke-wreaths scudded past them, a blinding and suffocating blast from the furnace behind. Rooke expected every moment to come to the end of the passage, but as they advanced and the smoke thinned, a faint hope stirred in him that there might be some outlet on the other side of the hill. Groping with his fingers along the wall of rock, and holding Maputa by the other hand, Rooke suddenly turned a sharp corner to the left. Striking a light, he saw the columns of smoke sweeping past him, drawn on apparently by some powerful suction. His spirits rose. Behind them lurked the death that had already overtaken his horse; in front might be life and liberty for them both. He would at least make a bold bid for them.

The air had grown less stifling now, but the roof gradually lowered and the passage became more narrow, compelling them to stoop and proceed in Indian file. After a while Rooke struck another match, and saw Maputa in front, now crawling on hands and feet, and in the flickering light the walls of the tunnel glistening with ooze and slime. The hiss of the burning match, as it fell at his feet, warned him that water was near. Dropping on all fours, and reluctantly abandoning his rifle, he called to the Zulu to go slowly. Thus they kept on painfully through the impenetrable gloom, with many a blow from the roof above, their hands and feet cut by the sharp wet gravel of the cave bottom. Presently Maputa cried out to Rooke to stop and listen. The sound of running water could be distinctly heard. Both now crept forward with the utmost caution, keeping close together. A glimmer of ghostly light stole upon them and ice-

* Biltong: Strips of dried game flesh.

cold water began to play about their hands and feet. The light grew apace as they proceeded, the water deepening, while the roof rose and the bed of the cavern sloped downward. Ahead of him Rooke could dimly see Maputa, now wading waist-deep in the swirling water, now clinging for rest to the huge boulders which abutted from the walls of sandstone rock. Suddenly the Zulu disappeared round a projecting boulder and Rooke heard a shrill cry. Almost at the same moment the force of the current carried him off his feet and swept him round the corner like a wisp of straw into a wide basin of calm water. Right in front the tunnel ended in an irregular arch through which the welcome stars shone. They had, in fact, struck one of sources of the Slang River, the water percolating through the sandstone strata and accumulating in the impervious bed of the cave. In a few minutes both had swum through the arch and scrambled ashore.

Exhausted from want of food and the prolonged exertion, chilled to the bone by the icy water, with horse, rifle and pistols gone, they nevertheless did not venture to stay where they were. Dawn on that bare terraced plateau might bring discovery and death.

After a slight rest, Rooke struck off at right angles to the trend of the Slang Valley, which he knew ran north-westerly to Charleston, hoping to reach Ingogo, about eight miles off, while darkness lasted. From time to time he turned to encourage Maputa, who, half dead, lagged farther and father behind. The Zulu lacked the dogged tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon, moreover his apprenticeship to Erasmus had crushed out his spirit. Rooke was frequently obliged to wait for him to come up, and at last, when rather more than half the distance was covered, not seeing him follow, he turned back and found him squatting on the ground. "Maputa can trek no farther," he sobbed as Rooke vainly endeavoured to urge him. There was nothing for it but to carry him. How could he leave him there to perish but for whose cunning he might have even now have been lying like a dog with a bullet in his brain? But he spoke sharply enough as he stooped to raise him on his shoulders, bidding him cling to his neck and keep quiet. For well he knew the Boer's tactics, and how he loves to pot his quarry from behind cover. In this manner, then, Rooke crept with his burden over the final range which separated him from Ingogo, though with frequent stoppages to rest and listen. But luck was with him, and as the first streaks of dawn showed behind, Rooke struggled into Ingogo.

Truly, they made a sorry picture enough: the uitlander, surrounded by a crowd, with haggard face and torn clothing, briefly telling his tale, while the naked Zulu stood by, with teeth chattering from the cold, his eyes well-nigh starting out of his head. But food puts life even into a black, and the Zulu's tongue was quickly wagging, so that the whole camp soon heard the full details of the rescue which else they might never have known, Rooke being a modest sort, not given to self-advertisement.

And the end of it all was that, in spite of protests, he had to submit to be carried through the town in triumph, for had he not outwitted the "slim" Dutchmen? That in itself was a feat, let alone anything else. So at any rate thought the crowd as they cheered themselves hoarse. And for many a night the sole talk around camp-fires was of the plucky uitlander's ride and how he and Maputa cheated the Boers.—*Good Words.*

AT REST.

They're all asleep to-night, they're all asleep!
Those on the hillside, where the cypress-trees
O'erdroop the weather-darkened stones; and these
Where love can still watch over them and keep
Her anxious vigil, lest they wake and weep.
The coverlet moves lightly here; Love sees.
The grasses out there in the midnight breeze
Stir softly; but their wards lie calm and deep.

Hush! lest thou wake these; and hush! a tear
For those so cold and silent on the hill.
But whether these shall rise to laugh or weep
Or whether those, without a waking fear,
Shall still dream on and on, through joy and ill,
Safe in His arms to-night, they're all asleep.

The World's Progress.

A SONG OF THE WHITE MEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

BLOEMFONTEIN, *April 9th.*

Now this is the cup the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the old world's hate—
Cruel and strained and strong.

We have drunk that cup—and a bitter, bitter cup—
And tossed the dregs away,
But well for the world when the White Men drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day.

Now, this is the road that the White Men tread
When they go to clean a land—
Iron underfoot and levin overhead,
And the deep on either hand.

We have trod that road—and a wet and windy road—
Our chosen star for guide,
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread
Their highway side by side.

Now, this is the faith that the White Men hold
When they build their homes afar:
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons,
And, failing freedom, War."

We have proved our faith—bear witness to our faith,
As we enter this new domain,
Dear souls, for the world when the White Men join
To prove their faith again!

—*The Friend.*

GENERAL FRENCH.

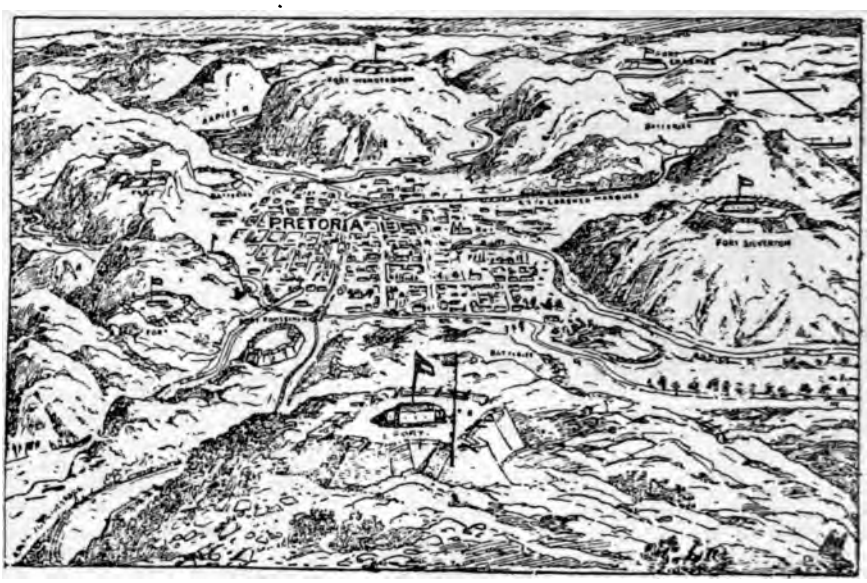
LAUS DEO! MAFEKING SAVED.

With bated breath the Empire has awaited tidings of the doom of Mafeking. Hope and fear alternated. For months its fate hung trembling in the balance. Stormed at with shot and shell, beleaguered by hosts of cruel, crafty, remorseless foes, wasted with famine and fever, still that lone outpost of empire, with a courage that never faltered or failed, held out for seven long months, "and ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew!"

But not forgotten were they by their comrades and their country. Over nine hundred miles of brown veldt, fording rapid rivers, storming entrenched kopjes, forcing serried ranks of foes, succour came at last; and from the remotest hamlet of the Empire goes up the glad thanksgiving, "Glory to God!"

ROBERTS' ADVANCE.

The supreme genius of the British Field-Marshal is seen in his rapid march from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad. The British public had become almost impatient with his long delay after his advance from the Orange River to the Free State capital. But the brave old soldier, unhasting, unresting, biding his time, accumulated the immense supply of stores, remounts and reinforcements required for a forward movement, and suppressed the counter-strokes of Wepener, Reddersburg, and Dewetsdorp. When he was ready, not before, he moved on, by one of the most wonderful marches on record, to Brandfort, Winburg, Ventersburg and Kroonstad, driving the Boers like chaff from a threshing-floor.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DEFENCES OF PRETORIA.

The supreme credit of this rapid advance is that it was almost a bloodless one. By strategic movements, and not by frontal attacks, the Boers were outflanked and out-manœuvred at every turn. Their elaborate entrenchments at many strong positions were rendered untenable, and with comparatively few casualties, either in his own ranks or the ranks of the Boers, these great victories have been won. Thank God that the carnage of Magersfontein and the Tugela, both Boer and Briton, were not repeated.

Let us hope that the misguided Boer leaders will see the futility of prolonging this wretched war. Like desperate gamblers they staked their all upon its hazards and must now accept its issues. They counted upon widespread revolt in Cape Colony, the aid of thousands of military mercenaries from every nation in Europe, and upon early intervention on their behalf. In one of these they succeeded. In a recent action, among the forces captured were Russian, German and French mercenaries. It was not the Boers the British were fighting, but the desperadoes of Europe. We wonder how the simple-minded, pious Boers explain their lying tactics of promising a pound a day for the war and a farm at the close to these mercenary troops, many of whom now bitterly resent their deception.

General French.

General French, whose clear-cut features are well presented in our portrait, has met the Boers with a mobility greater than their own. Almost living on horseback, and with ample supply of remounts, in a broken country, every kopje and spruit of which they know, small wonder that they were able to harass the widely-scattered British forces, and to cut off here a convoy, there a straggling party. But General French has changed all that, and his rapid movements, sleepless vigilance, and British dash and daring, which has been so well seconded by the Canadian and colonial mounted infantry, has contributed in no small degree to the success of the British movements.

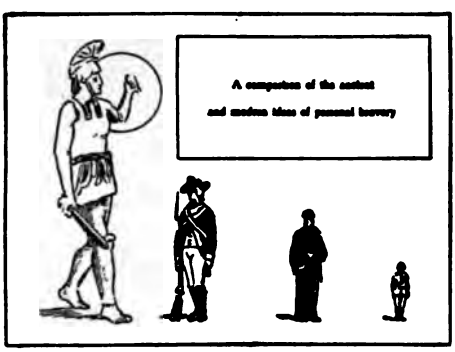
Pretoria.

Our bird's-eye view of the Transvaal capital shows by what a sea of mountains it is surrounded, by what a girdle of forts it is defended. Here for years the best engineers of Europe have been constructing fortresses and arming them with the best modern artillery—fraudulently imported as mining machinery and paid for with British gold, wrung by injustice from the Outlanders—and manned by ablest Prussian, French, and Russian artillerists. But we venture to say that all these devices will prove ineffective

against the forces of the Boers' lawful suzerain, the Queen. Neither will it require a siege as long as that of the tiny garrison of Mafeking to place the grand old Union Jack where the Boer banner floats in the foreground of the accompanying cut.

The Boer Envoys.

The Boer peace envoys, receiving the cold shoulder in every court in Europe, have turned to the United States for succour. In their mission of peace they would gladly precipitate a war that would indeed stagger humanity, between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. But here, too, their nefarious and desperate game is too late. Yellow journals like the Philadelphia *Times* may work up the unthinking enthusiasm of a



COMPARATIVE LOSSES IN BATTLE IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

In the time of Cæsar about fifty per cent. of the participants were killed. In the Napoleonic wars about twenty-five cent. were killed and wounded, in the Civil War about twenty per cent., and in the British Boer War less than ten per cent.—*Home Magazine.*

lot of school-children, and send a special envoy to Kruger with their message of sympathy, but it will avail him little. The crafty old marplot may try to play off the Republicans against the Democrats, and *vice-versa*, in their presidential election, but the American people will not make their nation the catspaw to pull Kruger's chestnuts out of the fire.

The treachery and brutality of the Boers in using the white flag as a decoy behind which concealed assassins shoot down British officers, place them outside the pale of civilization. Such cowardly cruelty is not war, it is murder. The United States cannot become allies of such brutality, even though the Boers should pray for annexation to the great Republic.

We doubt not that there a fanatics in both political pa would set the universe on fir partisan triumph, but the con of the nation will not repeat tioneering blunder of President The tumble in stocks of hundr lions was too significant a les monied interests of the United

We cannot wonder either t American doctrinaires are ca by sympathy with the miscalle publics, when a scholar and hi Professor Goldwin Smith, a editor like Mr. Stead, are foun their cause. Professor Smit course with wise philosophy tory of the Empire, but in his that this South African war the last nail into the coffin of t Federation he has shown how is to prophesy. Mr. Stead l most all the influence he e England, but has the poor sat giving aid and comfort to her arms against the Queen.

Boers and Filipino

Certain American critics bitterly what they term the cru of the Boers. As a matter o never was a war of such magn with so few casualties. The ing diagram shows the contra the present war and those of e The wary and wily Boers wi when they are safe in their on their kopjes. They are buscades, at the treacherous white flag, and shelling wom and using the Zulus as a sc tect them in action; but the able of the reckless bravery the onrush of the British t Tugela, Spion Kop, and Mag

This accusation comes wit bad grace from yellow journa in the victories of Dewey' against the Spanish wooden Manila was captured without a single American soldier or when, two years after, in a war few thousands of half-naked s armed with bows and arrow obsolete guns, the slaughter of these misguided but bra still perpetrated almost every

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Two Americas.

We must remember that t Americas, the intelligent God-fearing American riffraff and offscouring

INTERIOR OF THE GRAND PALACE, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

invested with the privilege of the franchise, nurse their bitter prejudice against Great Britain and become the prey of reckless politicians. The generous sympathy of the former with the famine-stricken millions of India and with the fire-swept cities of Ottawa and Hull, are a demonstration of the international good-will which we believe widely prevails. The frothy declamation of the hustings and ward meetings and jingo journals are what we chiefly hear.

A Pledge of Peace.

Amid the bruits of war which have filled the world, it is gratifying to know that there are counter forces at work for peace—the Mission Ecumenical, the Methodist General Conference, the peaceful gathering of the nations on the banks of the Seine. The last is, at least, a pledge that peace will be maintained throughout the summer. By that time, let us hope, all danger arising from the South African crisis will have passed away. But for the restraining influence of this world's fair and the enormous monied interests which it represents, it would have been difficult for the French Government to restrain the fighting instincts of the perfervid [illegible]ots" of the boulevards, and the [illegible]tions of the Jesuits and monarch-[illegible]hate the Republic and desire its [illegible].

Our larger cut shows the great hall in the Palace of Peace at the Exposition. Along the banks of the historic Seine are ranged the picturesque buildings representing the different nations. Our small cut presents that of the German Empire, modelled after one of the old Rath Houses, or town halls of a mediæval German city.

"Never Again."

Mr. Chamberlain's plain words at Birmingham, on May 12th, but express the feeling of the British Empire: "While the Government do not wish to be vindictive, they are determined that never again shall the republics be a nursery of conspiracy, and they will see that justice is done to those who are determined to be loyal. The Government is not prepared to recognize the independence of the Boer republics, and we are determined that the republics shall be finally incorporated under the British flag. For an interval they must be a crown colony such as India is, but we hope they will eventually become a great self-governing colony like Canada and Australia."

This decision, we believe, will eventually win the approval of other lands and of after ages. If Britain has erred, it has been on the side of leniency to these vassal, so-called republics. She has shown them a magnanimity which they

THE GERMAN BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

are incapable of comprehending, and which, in their purblindness, they attributed to fear.

The Duke of Argyll.

The death of the Duke of Argyll, says the *Outlook*, marks the disappearance of another of the remarkable group of men who have given dignity and interest to English public life during the last half-century. The descendant of a house whose traditions run back into prehistoric times, holding a position of the highest rank in the peerage of Scotland, the Duke of Argyll added to the best associations of a name long held in honour in the North Country. His ancestors were men of distinction and position; before the Wars of the Roses they were prominent at nearly every striking period of Scotch history; more than one of them is invested with the interest of a martyr's fate. But among them all none reveal greater constancy of purpose, steadfastness of character, or fidelity to convictions than the late Duke. Born in 1823, the eighth duke of his line, while still Marquis of Lorne, at the age of nineteen, he threw himself into the ecclesiastical controversy then going on in Scotland, as an advocate of the freedom of the Presbyterian Church of that country. He became interested in politics at an early period, and soon became prominent in the councils of the Liberal party. As a public speaker he was notable for grasp of his subject, for elevation of style, and for lucidity of statement; but he never secured the highest influence of the great orator, owing to a lack of flexibility; he was an impressive rather than a persuasive speaker. His intense energy of nature found an outlet in many interests. He was a student of science, philosophy, literature, and theology; a controversialist by temper and by practice, he did not hesitate to encounter scientists of the standing of Professor Huxley. He was the author of many books, the best known being "The Reign of Law," which was published in 1866, and which has passed through many editions.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

His eldest son is the Marquis of Lorne, who married Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. He was the popular Governor-General of Canada some years ago, and now succeeds his father, entering into possession of his large estates, assuming the title of the Duke of Argyll, and taking his place in the House of Lords.

Religious Intelligence.

A CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE D. WILBUR.

In glad obedience to Thy last command,
Preach we Thy Gospel now in every land;
And laden souls who sought from sin release
Now find in Thee, O Christ, eternal peace!

Lo! from the sunset to the sunrise shore
Millions confess Thee, Lord, whom they adore;
While looking ever toward Thy home above,
They find in Thee, O Christ, eternal love!

Thou, Lord, shalt reign o'er land and over sea;
In Thee are life and light and liberty;
In Thee all nations of the world are blest,
And find in Thee, O Christ, eternal rest!

O Thou blest Sun of Righteousness, arise
Ere the new century dawns upon the skies;
Shine from on high with all Thy power and might;
Shed on the world, O Christ, eternal light!

Jesus, our Saviour and our Morning Star,
Turn we to Thee like exiles from afar,
Longing a blessing after years of strife,
To find, O risen Lord, eternal life!

—*New York Observer.*

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference.

This notable Conference well rounds the closing year of the nineteenth century, which is conspicuously the century of missions. It was the third of these great gatherings, and was marked by intense religious interest and spiritual power. It has even been described as the most significant assembly in the history of the Christian Church. We think this an exaggerated expression. The great councils of the early centuries, which have shaped the thought of Christendom for all time, can never lose their pre-eminence in this regard. But it was a demonstration of religious unity, of unfaltering faith, of noble ideals and sublime endeavour, which was an object-lesson to the world.

It was very significant to hear from the same platform, on the same night, stirring missionary addresses from the President of the United States, from ex-President Harrison, and from the President that-is-to-be, Theodore Roosevelt. But most significant of all were the soul-stirring addresses from the veterans from the high places of the field, men who had borne the burden and heat of the day, men full of faith and hope and of the Holy Ghost, rejoicing in victories achieved and rejoicing not less with Christian confidence in the final victories to be won.

We have received complete files of the New York *Times*, containing full reports of this great Conference, but we avail ourselves of the admirable summary prepared by the New York *Independent*, from which we quote as follows:

It is not deliberative so much as it is declarative. It declares the unity of all the Protestant churches of Christendom in the work of converting the world, and the immeasurable importance of that work. It was a real ecumenical conference of Protestant Christianity. Some four hundred societies were invited; and all but one accepted and were present by delegates, or by a message of adherence and good will. All but one, for the Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, a High Church society, declined, on the ground, we believe, that the sects have no commission from Christ; but the much larger and more active Anglican Church Missionary Society was fully represented. So this was, for Protestant Christianity, of all languages and nations, a really ecumenical meeting.

A DEMONSTRATION OF UNITY.

'as a demonstration to Christians istian unity. There was not an herly or divisive word spoken by ainst sect all through the meetings. embers felt that they had one task irpose. This expression of unity pose will react upon the manage- of the societies and upon the work- the field. They will be the more to bury all jealousy, and to help ther, and yield to each other for 's sake.

'as a demonstration to the world unity of the various Churches. great things they are one; and nd more every year they feel their nd recognize the insignificance of ings in which they differ. What thods of government or orders of inistry to the conversion of the It is well that the world should denominations all gathered in one meeting, full of enthusiasm for and for man, and displaying that which exists deep down in the and which rises to sight none too

'as a demonstration to the world power of the Church. The meet- ere enormous, four or five held at n the biggest halls and churches, l crowded. The world had to see he Church amounts to not a little. llow journals placarded their wag- with 'All About the Missionary ence.' Men that are given to gibes een compelled to see that missions great interest to a multitude of , and that those engaged in them ble and sensible men. Such a ficent speech as that of ex-President on will be translated into a multi- f languages, and will be quoted ave its influence as the utterance a missionary or a preacher, but of er, a general, a President of the l States. In such ways as this the and the enthusiasm for missions greatly increased.

ry phase of mission life, every m of mission work, stood out with inctness that was almost startling. spake out of the depths of their ence, not out of the theories of tudies; because they had to speak; e the great interests committed to ands forced utterance.

special feature was the large r of missionaries. The plans that en made contemplated about 300 ; over 700 came, and they made elves manifest in the gatherings representing the different fields and in the discussions. All the world was there, and a message came from every section, so that the Conference was ecumenical in truth.

There was the enthusiasm of a Christian Endeavour Convention, if somewhat less jubilant and more serious. There were more white hairs, there were deeper lines in the cheeks. Lips were set more firmly, as the result of years of practical life, but when the vision arose of the possible future, the light that gleamed in the eyes was not less intense than in the gatherings of the younger. One could not but feel the deep, strong undercurrent of practical work assuredly to be the outcome of the meetings. There were times, too, when a hush rested on the audience, and men sat silent because God was speaking to the heart.

The New York papers gave full reports each day, presented by men who were most faithful in attendance and considerate in all their relations. The religious press throughout the country was also represented to a greater degree than was anticipated by any one, and the efforts to spread the knowledge of the preparations for the Conference bore fruit in many unexpected ways."

COMITY IN MISSION WORK.

Our own Dr. A. Sutherland presented a summary of exceeding value, from which we quote a few paragraphs:

"It should be understood that the advocates of an enlarged measure of comity in foreign mission work are not aiming at a comprehensive organic union of Protestant churches at home, or even abroad, but only at such mutual adjustment of plans and distribution of territory as will result in efficient work, rapid extension, and economical administration. However much we may seek to minify the differences which separate the great divisions of Protestantism, it still remains true that each division stands forth as the exponent of certain aspects of truth which it regards as fundamental, and it would not be reasonable, nor in accord with Christian charity, to expect men to surrender at a word, even methods which they deem important, much less principles which they hold sacred. It is believed, however, that without the surrender of principle it is quite practicable to substitute co-operation for competition in the foreign field, if not in directly evangelistic work, at least in those undertakings in which concentration tends to efficiency, such as printing and publishing, hospitals, and higher edu-

cation. . . . Although the time may not be opportune to introduce the large and complicated question of the organic union of Protestant Christendom, yet in presence of the colossal problem of world's evangelization there are strong reasons why at least Churches holding the same general system of doctrine and church order should consider whether a closer or even an organic union would not be in the interest of the work of God among the heathen. The comparatively recent union of five Methodist bodies in Canada, and of the Presbyterian Churches in both Canada and Japan, are illustrations of what may be accomplished in this direction, if only there be, first of all, a willing mind."

WOMAN'S WORK.

Woman's Day was one of peculiar interest. Woman's work, however, extended through the week, and there was easily manifest the great power that exists in the women's boards and societies for the great work. No one appeal moved the audience more than that by Mrs. Montgomery, of the Baptist Woman's Missionary Society of Rochester, N.Y., as she set forth her reasons for believing in the outlook for great work for the women's societies:

"There is a work to be done on the foreign field which can be done only for women and by women. The work of evangelization, of organization, of establishing colleges, of building railroads, of founding government, of transcribing languages, of creating industries, can be done largely by men, but there is another work different, without which all these other activities will be thwarted and defeated, that can be done only by women, through women, for the world. Our Lord gave it to us in a picture when He said: 'The kingdom of heaven is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in a measure of meal until the whole was leavened.' The final citadel of heathenism is in the home, and that fortress can be taken by women only. It seems such slow work, this gathering of children into kindergartens, this friendly contact with little groups of mothers, the teaching of needlework, this living one's own home life through long lonely years that seem to count for nothing. It is women's work, my sisters, the patient hiding of the leaven in the lump until the whole is leavened. And there is no one agency which has such power to hasten the triumph of the kingdom of our Lord as this hidden work committed into the hands of women. A thousand trained nurses to incarnate the tender compassion of Jesus, a thousand women physicians to carry into closed homes the gospel of healing, a thousand kindergarten teachers to gather the children into the arms of the Christ, a thousand zenana visitants to carry fresh life into stagnant hearts, a thousand missionary mothers to set up the white fragrance of their home in the darkness—these are our forces, these the reinforcements that shall take the strongholds of error and darkness. I am not undervaluing the other great evangelizing forces, of which it is not my province to speak. I am only trying to show that among them all there is none greater than this lowly task which none but we can do."

YOUNG MEN AND MISSIONS.

"President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary, spoke on 'The Young Men of the Future Ministry; How Fire Them with the Missionary Passion and Make Them Leaders of Missionary Churches':

"The problem of the divinity school is this: Not how to train an occasional man for the foreign field, but how to kindle the missionary passion in every man that passes through the school, that he may thereby become an able minister of Christ. For if, as Canon Edmonds said in his address on the translation of the Holy Scriptures, 'the missionary idea is conquering the life of the Churches,' then the missionary idea must conquer the life of every man who proposes to enter the ministry of the Churches, whether abroad or at home. In the last analysis it is a secondary consideration whether any individual student in the divinity school has volunteered for service abroad. The primary and essential thing is that there shall be within the school a sacred altar of missionary passion, whereat the torch of every man shall be kindled and the lip of every man shall be touched with the living coal.

"This conception of the life of the divinity school as a life transfused and saturated with the spirit of missions is founded upon two practical needs. The need of the man who may possibly have the gifts for service abroad; the need of the man who shall enter the pastorate at home. . . .

"As to the man who may possibly have gifts for service abroad, it is his need, it is his right, to have an atmosphere about him that shall promote the deep self-discovery which may lead him

to volunteer, or that shall establish, strengthen and settle the purpose formed in college days to do his life-work upon the foreign field. The divinity school should be hot with the zeal for evangelization—it should be radiant with the appreciation of missionary heroism, it should be alert and eager for contact with the living workers—it should be charged with solemn anxiety for the world's condition, so that no man can live within its walls without facing for himself the vital issue: 'Is it Christ's will for me that I go forth to serve Him in the regions beyond?'

"As for the man who shall enter the pastorate at home: he cannot be an able minister of the Lord Jesus until his torch has been kindled at this altar, his lip touched with this living coal. Deny him this access in the days of his ministerial training, fail to provide him with the world-wide interest, neglect to teach him how to lift up his eyes and look upon the white harvest fields of the world, omit to conquer him with the missionary idea, and he goes forth to his life-work lagging behind the eager spirit of his time, shackled with disadvantage, condemned in an age of catholicity to lead a life of provincialism. . . .

"I see a spirit developing among our young men that portends a vast accession of missionary enthusiasm for the ministry of the future. The Lord Jesus Christ is manifesting Himself in His absolute Godhood, in His availing atonement, in His enlightening Word, to a great company of our most educated and most gifted youths. Personal concentration for personal service is a conception of living that grows more and more attractive to a multitude of our finest minds. And out of this class of minds shall be gathered the ministry of the future. It shall be a ministry devoted to the highest scholarship and the most fearless search for truth, looking upon the culture of the mind as no foe to the spirituality of life."

THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Mr. John R. Mott's setting forth of this purpose in its true significance was most telling, and carried his audience with him very effectively. He closed as follows:

"There are here and there to be found those who speak of the idea of the evangelization of the world in this generation as fantastic and visionary. And yet was it not Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell who, in 1818, issued an appeal to Christians to evangelize the world within a generation? Did not the missionaries of the Sandwich Islands, in 1836, unite in most impressive appeal to the Church to preach the Gospel to every creature within their generation? Did not the Shanghai Missionary Conference, of 1877, express its desire to have China emancipated from the thraldom of sin in this generation, and its belief that it might be done? . . . It is significant that during this Ecumenical Conference it has not been the young men chiefly, but the veterans of the cross, who have exhorted us to a larger achievement. Was it not Bishop Thoburn who said that if this Conference and those whom it represents would do their duty, within the first decade of the new century ten millions of souls might be gathered into the Church of Christ? Was it not Dr. Ashmore who expressed the belief that before the twentieth century closes Christianity would be the dominant religion among the multitudinous inhabitants of the Chinese Empire? And was it not Dr. Chamberlain, in his burning appeal, that expressed the possibility of bringing India under the sway of Christ within the lifetime of some at least in this assembly? If these great leaders, after forty years' experience or more at the front, in the face of difficulties, are thus sanguine of victory, and sound the battle-cry, should those of us who are at home hesitate or sound the retreat?"

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This august body, numbering 750 delegates, opened successfully in the great Auditorium, Chicago, on May 2nd, and at once got down to practical work. By action of the Annual Conferences, 150 additional lay delegates had been elected to place the lay representation on an equality with that of the ministers—an equality which has been observed in our own General Conference ever since its organization in 1874. The first action of the General Conference was to accept these elections. The body thus becomes, however, so large as to be almost unwieldy, and it is probable that the delegations will be restricted in future Conferences.

The Episcopal Address, prepared and read by Bishop Andrews, was a remarkably able document. It surveyed the progress of the quadrennium, and, indeed, of the century. The Methodism of the United States has increased since 1800

from 61,000 to nearly 6,000,000. While the population has increased fourteen-fold, Methodism has increased ninety-seven-fold. The Protestant population of the whole country has advanced during the century from one in fourteen to one in five. Missions, Sunday-schools, publishing interests, church extension, have all increased *pari passu*—with equal step. This great result in America, and the still greater result throughout the English-speaking world and many foreign lands, is to be traced under Divine Providence to the consecrated zeal and devotion of the man called of God to be the founder of Methodism throughout the world.

Bishop Hartzell and the War.

Dr. Hartzell, the missionary bishop of Africa, erroneously described in some of the papers as a black bishop, in a lecture before an immense audience in the Auditorium, presented a very strong vindication of Great Britain in the present unhappy South African war. He has traversed the country from end to end, he has studied its problems, he understands its issues. He places the responsibility for the war upon Kruger and his ill-advisers. He declared that history would condemn the war which they thus inaugurated. Every friend of the black man, he said, should pray for the success of the British in South Africa. Britain deserves the good wishes, and as far as possible, the practical sympathy of the United States.

Wesleyan Theological College.

A new milestone has been passed in the history of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. The Rev. Dr. Shaw, under whose administration it has so greatly prospered, is compelled, by failing health, to retire from the arduous duties of office, but, we are glad to know, will continue to render important service on the professorial staff. In his address, Dr. Shaw referred to the growth of the institution since it was founded by the ever-to-be-venerated Rev. Dr. Douglas, in 1873, with six students and very limited resources. To-day it has forty-two students, property valued at $55.000, and an endowment of $120,000. A magnificent oil-painting of Principal Shaw was presented to the college as a memorial of this interesting occasion.

The Rev. J. T. L. Maggs, B.A. (London), B.D. (St. Andrew's), has accepted the invitation to be principal of the college. Mr. Maggs receives the strongest commendation as a scholar and author by distinguished scholars of Great Britain. He has laboured for twenty-two years in some of the principal stations of British Methodism. We give this new reinforcement to Canadian Methodism a hearty welcome.

The Montreal press describes the Rev. Dr. Potts' lecture on "The Pulpit and the Pew" as "a magnificent oration."

We congratulate our friend, Rev. W. R. Young, B.A., of Port Hope, on the well-deserved honorary degree of D.D., conferred by his Alma Mater. The same distinction was granted Rev. W. Flint, editor of the *Methodist Churchman* of Cape Town, South Africa, and the Rev. R. W. Moss, Instructor of Classics at the Didsbury Wesleyan College, Manchester.

Distinguished Visitors.

Toronto has been very greatly favoured by the presence of two distinguished visitors from beyond the sea—the Rev. Dr. Thomas Allen, of Handsworth College, and the Rev. Dr. James Robertson, of Dublin, delegates from the British and Irish Wesleyan Conferences to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The deeply spiritual sermons of these brethren, the ringing patriotic address of Dr. Allen at the Social Union banquet, and the soul-stirring address of Dr. Robertson at the convocation of Victoria University upon the growth of character, those who heard them will never forget. Victoria College honoured herself by conferring on these distinguished brethren, and upon Professor Paisley, of Mount Allison University, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Marvellous Success.

It is gratifying to note that the Twentieth Century Fund has reached within a small amount of $800,000—four-fifths of the million asked for. This is a remarkable result since October, when the campaign opened. It brings us within sight of the triumphant completion of this great movement. While our thanksgivings ascend to God for the success of the financial side of this great endeavour, unceasing prayer should be offered for the transcendentally important religious revival throughout the length and breadth of the Methodist Church to which we look to crown with the benediction of heaven this thank-offering.

Charles Beecher.

The Rev. Charles Beecher, says the *Outlook*, the last surviving son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, died at Georgetown, Mass., April 21st, in his eighty-fifth year. Like all his brothers, he entered the ministry. He resided some seven years in Florida, and when seventy years of age served the Church in Wysox, Pa. He was the author of five or six books, and the editor of his father's "Autobiography." The "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," was indebted to him as musical editor, and several lyrics are from his pen, among them the ringing hymn, "We are on our journey home." His death and the immediately preceding death of his brother Thomas and his sister Mary leave now but one survivor of Dr. Lyman Beecher's family of eleven, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the author and lecturer, now in her seventy-ninth year.

The Rev. James Anderson.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. James Anderson, a highly venerated superannuated minister of the Methodist Church. For over forty years of faithful service he proved "his apostolic succession by his apostolic success." Three years ago he was compelled by illness to desist from active labour, and has since lived in retirement. He passed away in great peace at his home in Belleville in his sixty-eighth year. Many friends throughout the Province of Ontario will learn with regret of his departure. Brother Anderson was a graduate of Victoria College and filled many important positions in the Church of his choice.

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*ECHOES FROM THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.**

The receipts for Missions during 1898 were $19,126,120. Of that sum nearly three millions was gathered in the two-cents-a-week contributions of the women. Ruth has not yet forgotten how to glean.

The Conference moved on like the sweep of a mighty river, illustrating "how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The representatives of almost every division of the mighty army of Protestantism gathered at this Conference sing as their only motto-hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run," while the greatest halls and churches in the city fail to accommodate the throngs that flock to hear the crowd of witnesses gathered from the ends of the earth to testify to the effect of the "old, old story, of Jesus and His love."

It was Dr. Pierson who cried: "Sound it out and let the whole earth hear: Modern Missions came of a symphony of prayer. Following the lead of the humble Baptists who, in Widow Wallis's parlour at Kittering, made their new covenant of missions, great regiments have formed and taken up the line of march, until the whole Church has joined the missionary army. And that which one hundred years ago was the motto of a despised few has become the rallying cry of the whole Church of God."

Not one note of pessimism has been sounded by this Conference. One in heart, one in love, one in purpose, all unite in singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" All seem eager to square practice with precept, and expect to bring the world to Christ.

Bishop Thoburn,

with all the apparent vigour of other days, spoke as follows:

"Never was there such need for missionaries as to-day. There are great masses of densely ignorant people. But many millions of the people of India have tacitly accepted the outline of the Christian religion.

"I pause to say a pressing need for the evangelist is among the baptized Christians. We find there about the same conditions as you have in English and American cities. We need men there to do a work such as was done by Moody among the professing Christians.

"In all matters of religion we, much like the printer, are inclined to follow copy. We pay much respect for precedent, forgetting that precedent was first an innovation. We must, therefore expect to depart from some old methods. If the women of India are to be reached, the work must be done by women. It is the blessed heritage of their sex ever since Mary was chosen to receive and pass on the tidings that Jesus had risen and was alive for evermore.

"The work inaugurated by some few noble women already is going forward,

* Abridged from the *Christian Advocate.*

Mr. Moody's great and good work was new in many features. All this has led to many evangelists following his example, and many have enlarged upon it. These may be well enough, but it is liable to give wrong ideas of the evangelist's work. The getting together of great audiences is not the only thing to do. Christ stopped by the wayside and spoke to one or two. The evangelists must look to this point."

Bishop Thoburn said the successful evangelists of the future will be the men who come from the very people, often, who cannot read and write. Their work is effective even though rude.

"In the great outlying regions beyond the confines of Christendom," he continued, "many thousands may be found who understand the outlines of the Christian religion. Many millions of the people of India have advanced beyond paganism, and more or less tacitly admit the truths of Christianity."

Dr. W. F. Oldham, of Columbus, O., formerly missionary at Singapore, and called a little prematurely by some of the local papers, Bishop of Malaysia, followed Bishop Thoburn. His address, one of the best of the Conference, was enthusiastically received. He spoke of the manner and form of

PRESENTING THE GOSPEL TO NON-CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

"The presentation," he said, "must be levelled to the understanding of the hearers. 'Faith cometh by hearing.' But the hearing is not merely of sounds falling upon the outer ear, but reaching the inner mind. Here, therefore, is great call for skill and thorough knowledge of the people addressed. Each people has its own mental characteristics. Ideas can only be adequately conveyed by him who has a knowledge of the mental processes that obtain among those with that particular type of mind. The preaching to a primitive South Sea Island congregation must necessarily be very different from that to a philosophical Hindu audience or to keen rationalistic Japanese hearers.

"When the preacher is a foreigner very great delicacy is necessary in avoiding the hurting of the national feeling or race prejudices. The European, particularly, needs to remember the precept 'not to think of himself or his nation and its ways more highly than he ought to think,' and, whatever the facts may seem to warrant, a flaunting of the superiority of his own people and their ways, as over against the 'effete East,' can never pave the way for that lending of the heart to the power of the message, which alone is the paramount object sought in all preaching.

"It goes hard with the heavenly message when the earthly messenger appears in any way an alien in thought and in national affinities; and when the smoke from the funnel of a gunboat is constantly on his horizon, and the loss of a province or two is the penalty of any physical violence done to him, the non-Christian hearers cannot be blamed for violently disapproving of any expressed or implied exaltation of foreign lands over their own, nor for doubting the self-sacrificing motives that inspire the preacher.

"When the hearers are ambitious Japanese or contemptuous Chinamen, or fanatical Moslems, or the secretly aspiring men of young India, the need for the greatest delicacy is imperative. There is room for wide divergence of opinion, but I am persuaded that he is the best missionary who, when he reaches the people whom he is to serve, ceases to be an Englishman or an American or a German, and loses all national distinctiveness in one great engulfing desire to serve those who henceforth should be his own, and, as a step in this direction, the custom of such Missions as the China Inland Mission, whose agents assume the native dress and the native method of living, might well be the subject of earnest inquiry in this ecumenical gathering. But whatever the missionary may do about his habits of dress and Western housekeeping, very real to him must become the Pauline creed that in Christ Jesus 'is neither Greek or Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all.'

"Much, too, will depend upon the presence of a deep, sympathetic love. We win not because we love not. Attempt to disguise it as we may, if there be in us any secret contempt for the people, any lofty feeling of haughty superiority, any idea of comparative worthlessness in the race or poverty of salvable material in the persons addressed, the message is without power, and rarely effects anything."

The old man eloquent, Dr. Ashmore, closed his address upon China in the following glowing sentences:

"A reconstructed China will become a mighty factor in the world's political and industrial future; a regenerated China will become a mighty factor in the world's religious future. With the first we are

not especially concerned at this time. Its issues can be left to the speculation of the economist and the statesman. Concerning the second we have a little somewhat to offer. The conversion of China has been slow, very slow; but the past is no standard for the future. The Chinese think in bulk—it is hard to get them to flake off. The terrible shaking up they had in the Japanese war has had an effect upon them akin to that produced by shooting an oil well.

"So now they are rousing themselves, and many of them are striking their tents for the morning march. Twenty thousand applicants for baptism in one province alone is a sign of the times. Expectations may be optimistic, but the optimistic carries the sanction of the Word of God and has the right of way."

EDUCATIONAL MISSION WORK.

The school-house goes everywhere hand in hand with the church. The Gospel quickens brain, as it does heart. Missionaries made little of higher criticism, but very much of higher education. Methodism holds a place well to the front in this great work. A ripple of discussion that took place in one of the overflow meetings is worthy of note. A paper had been read discouraging the use of missionary funds in the higher education of native girls. Miss Lilavati Singh, from the audience, heard the paper, and, on gaining the floor, in ringing words challenged the writer's position. Miss Singh, a Hindu girl, who had fought her way up through high school and university, claimed the right of native girls to the best advantages in education. Thursday was

WOMEN'S DAY,

when enthusiasm seemed to reach its flood. On the spacious platform were gathered an army of women from the mission field. Among them were Mrs. William Butler, forty-four years a missionary in India and Mexico. By her side sat Mrs. Yule, a white-haired, self-possessed little woman, who had seen sixty-three years of foreign service. Miss Isabella Thoburn was there, looking the youngest veteran of the company, though she can boast of thirty-five years of service in India. Space will not allow to call the roll of these heroines.

Miss Thoburn's deep, resonant voice could be heard in every part of the great hall. "The power of educated womanhood," she began, "is simply the power of skilled service. We are not in the world to be ministered unto, but to minister. We are not greater than our Lord, whose feet were washed in loving gratitude by women whom He had raised in service, and through this womanhood to the high place it holds in all Christendom, by Himself taking the lowly servant's place and Himself washing the feet of His disciples, self-seeking and doubting though they were.

"Power is not manifested by the quality of the work we undertake, but by our success in the undertaking. The world is full of need, and every opportunity to help is a duty. Preparation for these duties is education, whatever form it may take or whatever service it may result in."

A SONG OF FAITH.

Out from the earthly harbour, how soon will the going be?
Will the sunbeams play on the waters, enjewel the smiling sea
Will the moments be woeful or pleasant, will the voyage be gloomy or gay,
On a course where the ship-prows ever are headed the other way?
Shall we pass by the isles that are fragrant with flowers of a tropical clime—
Our bark with the blue waves moving as sweetly as rhyme with rhyme?

Out from the earthly harbour, what time will the ship set sail?
Will the nights be formed of the shadows from wings of an endless gale?
Shall we crouch in our berths in silence while away on the desolate waste
Lost shallops go floundering helmless in a gloom that shall not be effac'd?
Shall we pass near the mystical starlands where those of the other spheres
May shout in an unknown jargon their queries within our ears?

Out from the earthly harbour, shall we drift in the by-and-bye,
Unnoticed the clinging of loved ones, unheeded the kiss and the sigh?
But the compass of faith will avail us, and the prayers that we have pray'd
Will twinkle as lights in the distance, illuming the heaviest shade;
And instead of the bell-buoys sounding a warning of ambush'd harm—
We will hear "It is I" from the Saviour, as He called once before through the storm!

—*Will T. Hale.*

Book Notices.

Flame, Electricity, and the Camera. Man's Progress from the First Kindling of Fire to the Wireless Telegraph and the Photography of Colour. By GEORGE ILES. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate, Limited. 1900. Pp. xv-398. Price, $2.00.

The romance of science is far more fascinating than that of the novelist. As Mrs. Browning sings, "God is far the greatest poet, and the real is His song." It is a long journey that mankind has made from the first use of fire, yet within this century, flint and steel were the chief means of ignition. It is fitting that the marvellous progress in science of the century should be summed up in this handsome volume. Mr. Iles records its best achievements, especially in the production and application of electricity and photography.

Many of us use the electric car and telephone or telegraph every day, yet we are as ignorant as Choctaws, or as Oom Paul, about the principle of their operation. We have here recounted in untechnical language the chief advances of science in the century—multiplex and wireless telegraphy, the telephone, stellar photography, the theories of light and heat and electricity, their permutation and persistence, the mysteries of dry plates, the curiosities of the kinetoscope and telephoto lens which proved so useful in South Africa, and many other curiosities of science.

We may claim Mr. Iles as a Canadian. He was for many years a resident of Montreal, and much of his scientific work has been done in this country. This well-printed Canadian edition is very handsomely gotten up and beautifully illustrated.

Professor John Fiske, one of the ablest scientific authorities of the United States, writes thus of this admirable book: "I have read the proof-sheets of your book with an intense interest growing into red-hot enthusiasm. It is one of the most fascinating books that I have seen in the last ten years. Your points are so well taken, so happily and so richly illustrated with examples, and their bearing on the [redacted]rgument is so skilfully kept in [redacted]t the result is to my mind a book, and I venture to pre[redacted]great future."

The General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1792 to 1896. Prepared by a literary staff under the supervision of REV. LEWIS CURTS, D.D., Publishing Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-427. Price, $2.50.

This well-printed octavo is a record and monument of the marvellous growth of Methodism in the United States in a hundred years. It is divided into two sections—one chronological, the other topical—which makes it invaluable for ready reference. While most of the Conference journals have been greatly abridged, those of the earlier Conferences were so very meagre that more information will be found in this book than in the original publications. In fact, the journal for 1792 has never been found, and, under the direction of the last General Conference, the Publishing Agents secured Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely to reproduce it from such sources of information as he might find obtainable, and he has accomplished the difficult task with the precision that marks all his efforts.

The Lord's Arrows. By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D., author of "Christ and His Friends," "The Heavenly Trade-Winds," "Anecdotes and Morals," etc. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 309. Price, $1.20.

There are thousands of ministers who preach excellent sermons, sermons that are highly effective as heard; but there are comparatively few that can preach sermons that are so effective as read. Guthrie, Spurgeon, and Dr. Parker, all had this rare gift; so, also, in a very conspicuous manner, has Dr. Banks. These discourses are forceful presentations of divine truth; they possess also literary grace and a human interest which reminds us strongly of Guthrie's great masterpieces. Several things contribute to this result. For one, they are brief, the wordsmith strikes while the iron's hot, and doesn't hammer away after it has cooled. The sermons abound in incident and illustration, especially from the Scriptures and religious

art. The truth is often illustrated by strikingly apposite quotations, especially of religious verse. The subjects, while not sensational, quicken and sustain interest, as "The Swiftness of Love," "The Banishment of Tears," "Drinking from Christ's Cup," "Anchors that Never Drag," and the like. The titles of the volumes are also very attractive, as "The Heavenly Trade-Winds," and "The Lord's Arrows."

The Farringdons. By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "The Double Thread," etc. Price, cloth, $1.50; paper, 75c. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited, and William Briggs.

Miss Fowler is the distinguished daughter of a distinguished house. Her grandfather was an eminent Wesleyan minister. Her father is Sir Joseph Fowler, late Secretary of State for India. Miss E. T. Fowler and a younger sister have won name and fame as brilliant writers. Their books abound in epigram and repartee, exhibit a knowledge of a wide range of English life, especially of the Methodist circles whose inner life they so well understand. This story is a distinct advance, we judge, on the accomplished author's previous works. It describes life in an English manufacturing district whose chief characteristics are "the making of iron and the saving of souls." It is one of the most strongly written books, and most sympathetic with religious and especially Methodist life, that we know.

The Anglo-Boer Conflict: Its History and Causes. By ALLEYNE IRELAND, author of "Tropical Colonization," etc. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Toronto: [illegible]

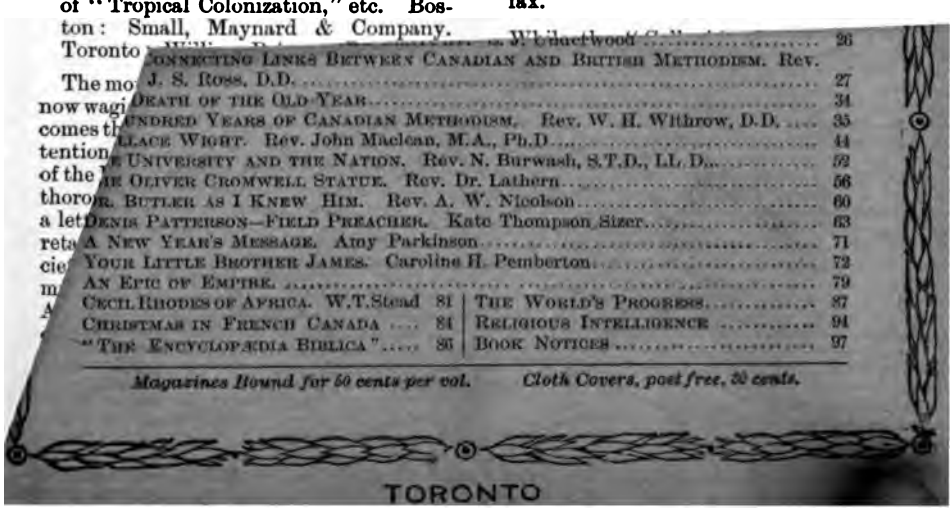
The mo[illegible] now wag[illegible] comes th[illegible] tention[illegible] of the [illegible] thoro[illegible] a let[illegible] reta[illegible] cie[illegible] m[illegible] A[illegible]

war is, in a word, "the fatuous attempt of one man to govern a republic at the end of the nineteenth century by the methods of the seventeenth."

A Mental Index of the Bible and a Cosmic Use of Association. By REV. S. C. THOMPSON. 12mo, cloth, 300 pages. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

For those who have not a lifelong familiarity with the Bible contents, and wish to escape some of the distraction caused by handling a cumbersome concordance, it is a great advantage to have in mind a simple index with which chapters, passages, and the language of texts can be naturally associated and readily found. This mental classification is made possible by a study of this helpful book. The fundamental principle of all reliable memory systems, that natural memory depends upon the association of ideas, has been applied to the Bible. The practical application of this idea is that a verse, text, incident, name, or chapter, which may not be easily remembered, must be associated in the mind with something easily remembered. The author has arranged simple rules and directions which, if studied, are sure to greatly increase the helpfulness and usefulness of the Bible.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Over 1,100 illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 1,116. Price, with complete reference index: Cloth, $3.00; sheep, $4.00; half morocco, $5.00. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.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tions. The scholarship of the "Collegiate Dictionary" is also shown in the completeness of its etymologies. To the student and the careful user of words these etymologies cannot fail to be of great value.

Pronunciation is indicated by the simple and effective method of respelling with the diacritically marked letters familiar in the school-books of the country.

Other important and instructive features of this appendix are a pronouncing vocabulary of Scripture, Greek and Latin proper names, with modern geographical and biographical names.

As its name indicates, it is especially adapted to the use of college and university students, and is very highly commended by educators of the highest rank.

The Domestic Blunders of Women. By a MERE MAN. 12mo, cloth, 206 pages. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This clever and humorous book, with its amusing pictures, will not win the suffrages of all its readers. In its pages "A Mere Man" sets forth, among other "blunders of women," "Women's Ignorance of the Value of Money," "The Management of Servants," "The Mistakes of 'the Missus,'" "The Management of Children," "Misuse of Kitchen Utensils," "The Love of Dirt," "The Waste of Food," "Feeding of Children," "The Folly of Flowers and Bric-a-Brac," and last, but not least, "Things in General." The men and women who are anxious for an ideal home life, with peace, quietness, and mutual esteem, will find abundant material for consideration in Montreal, and much of the sermonic work has been done in this country. This well-printed Canadian edition is very handsomely gotten up and beautifully illustrated.

Professor John Fiske, one of the ablest scientific authorities of the United States, writes thus of this admirable book: "I have read the proof-sheets of your book with an intense interest growing into red-hot enthusiasm. It is one of the most fascinating books that I have seen in the last ten years. Your points are so well taken, so happily and so richly illustrated with examples, and their bearing on the main argument is so skilfully kept in view, that the result is to my mind a truly great book, and I venture to predict for it a great future."

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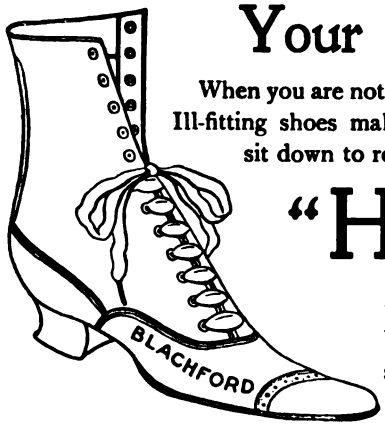

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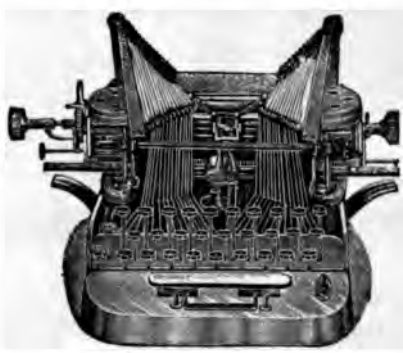

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